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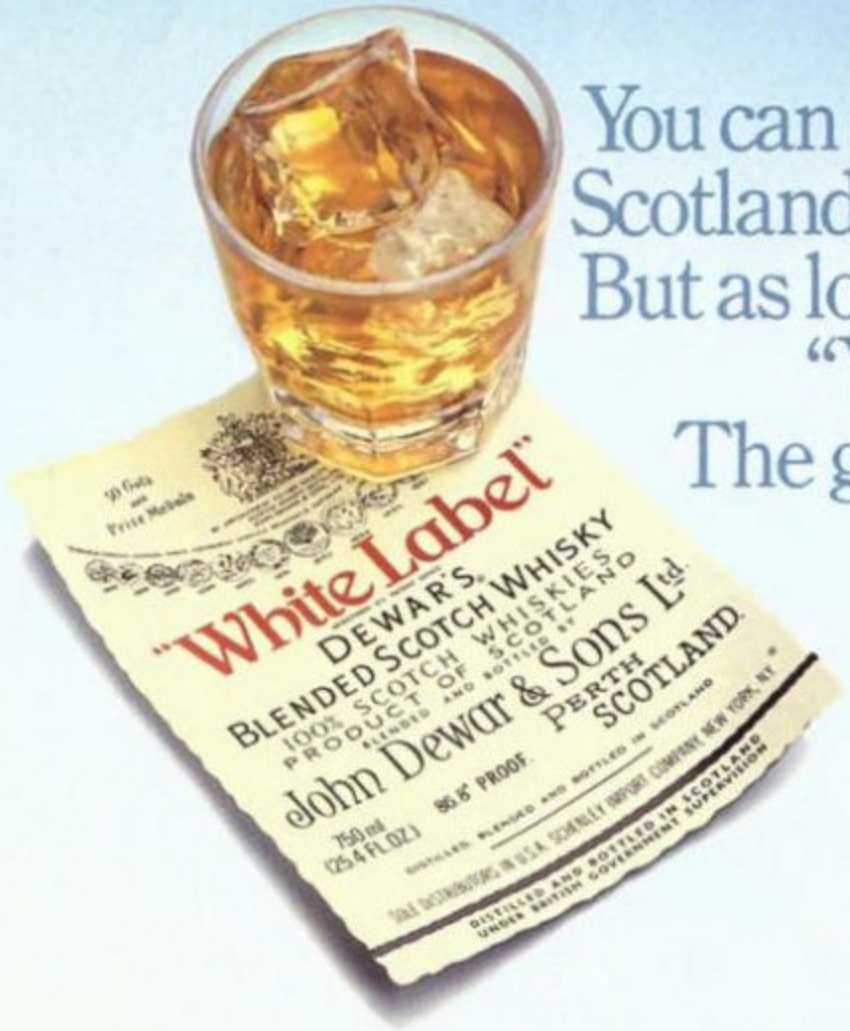

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PLAYBILL

SOMETIMES, IT SEEMS the whole world is on video. "Do I marry her? Do I ice her?" Those immortal words were spoken by Charley the hit man, the central figure of *Prizzi's Honor* (available on video). **Richard Condon,** author of more than 21 novels, brings Charley and his first love, Maerose, back in a prequel called *Prizzi's Family*. Our excerpt (illustrated by **Robert Risko**) is part of a novel that will be published in September by G. P. Putnam. Figuring that one good hit deserves another, we also present *Hush Puppies*, by West Coast Editor **Stephen Randall.** It's the story of a Yuppie hit man whose target is the neighborhood dogs. (**Bill Benway** supplies the graphics.) Imagine *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* (not available on video, but who cares?) meeting *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (available on video) to get the idea.

We like to read. It's one of the few forms of entertainment that don't come with a warning from the FBI about illegal copying. However, for those of you who get your jollies electronically, we have put together a fantastic video six-pack. **P. J. O'Rourke** sets a fine legal atmosphere with *The Ethics of Video Dubbing*. Is it right to make a copy of that rental tape? Is it worth the bother? **Kevin Cook** interrupted his self-education in quantum mechanics (he hopes to discover a plaid quark) to write *The VCR Date*. Former *Saturday Night Live* writer **Anne Beatts** makes a two-for-one first appearance in PLAYBOY with *The All-Time Best Gals' Movies*, a list of videos that will drive dates crazy, and a *Travel* column. **James R. Petersen,** the Playboy Advisor, dispenses an alternate form of sexual advice: *The All-Time Best Guys' Movies*. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** provides a guide to X-rated films in *Adult Movies, Grow Up!* (The video revolution has taken sex out of the streets and theaters and put it back where it belongs, in the bedroom.) Associate Fiction Editor **Teresa Grosch** gives a definitive rundown of microwave vegetable groups in *Nuclear Popcorn*.

P. F. Kluge is another newcomer to PLAYBOY. You've seen his work before, though: He co-wrote the magazine article that was the basis for *Dog Day Afternoon*. While researching his fourth novel, *MacArthur's Ghost*, he spent some time in the vicinity of Subic Bay. *Why They Love Us in the Philippines* is a dark tour of Olongapo, home of 16,000 prostitutes. Miss this and we'll make you polish all of Imelda's shoes.

For those of you who need a break from ESPN, check in with **Anson Mount** for *Playboy's Pro Football Preview*. Will **Jim McMahon** continue as Honda's spokesman? Will the **Fridge** score another McDonald's ad? Our peerless prognosticator will give you the scoop. **Andrew Tobias** gives us a *Quarterly Report* on *Spreads*, which is *not* a betting scheme. If you make a killing in the football pool, you can spend time reading *Wines to Bank On*, by **Robert M. Parker, Jr.** Smart money knows value and how to protect it. Now that you've bought the Ferrari, perhaps you'd like to know how to stop it. **Montxo Algora** provides diagrams for *Hit the Brakes!* by Contributing Editor **Gary Witzenburg.**

We also have two killer interviews. **Tony Schwartz** took time off from writing *The Art of the Deal*, with **Donald Trump,** to interview **Carl Bernstein,** the only living legend to be played by **Dustin Hoffman** (in *All the President's Men*) and **Jack Nicholson** (in *Heartburn*). Big deal? You bet. Next, it's time to put on your dancing shoes. **Claudia Dreifus** asked **Gregory Hines** *20 Questions* and reports that she and the terpsichorean star of *Running Scared* became great pals.

This month also sees the third simultaneous appearance of a Playmate (**Rebekka Armstrong**) in the magazine and on video tape. Imagine being naked in two places at the same time. It boggles the mind. For those of you who like beauty the old-fashioned way, we have two dynamite pictorials: *Farmers' Daughters* and *Belle of the Ball Club*, starring **Marla Collins,** the ball girl for the Chicago Cubs. **James Schnepf** helped out on both shoots. He also took the picture of **Andy Friendly** for *Fast Forward*. Schnepf recently moved from Milwaukee to Los Angeles to let his lens do the talking. Look for more of his work in future issues. And when you've finished this issue, remember to rewind.

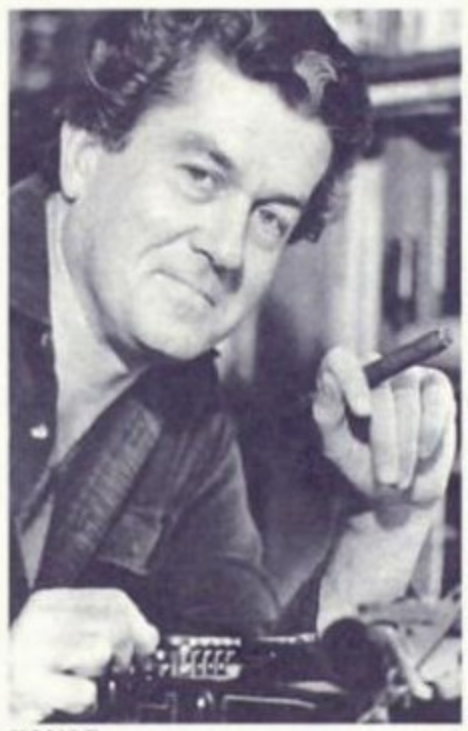
CONDON

RISKO

COOK

RANDALL

BENWAY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PLAYBOY

vol. 33, no. 9—september 1986

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		17
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS	29
MEN	ASA BABER	31
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	32
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		35
DEAR PLAYMATES: WHAT'S YOUR LAST SEXUAL FRONTIER?		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
SMUT—satire	JULES FEIFFER	42
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CARL BERNSTEIN—candid conversation		49
THE VCR DATE	KEVIN COOK	64
NUCLEAR POPCORN	TERESA GROSCH	66
THE ALL-TIME BEST GUYS' MOVIES	JAMES R. PETERSEN	67
THE ALL-TIME BEST GALS' MOVIES	ANNE BEATTS	67
THE ETHICS OF VIDEO DUBBING	P. J. O'ROURKE	68
ADULT MOVIES, GROW UP!	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	69
BELLE OF THE BALL CLUB—pictorial		72
PRIZZI'S FAMILY—fiction	RICHARD CONDON	80
BACK TO CAMPUS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	82
WHY THEY LOVE US IN THE PHILIPPINES—article	P. F. KLUGE	88
DESERT FLOWER—playboy's playmate of the month		92
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		104
HIT THE BRAKES!—street smarts	GARY WITZENBURG	106
20 QUESTIONS: GREGORY HINES		108
HUSH PUPPIES—fiction	STEPHEN RANDALL	110
WINES TO BANK ON—article	ROBERT M. PARKER, JR.	112
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—sports	ANSON MOUNT	114
FARMERS' DAUGHTERS—pictorial		118
THE PLAYBOY GALLERY		129
QUARTERLY REPORTS: SPREADS—article	ANDREW TOBIAS	135
FAST FORWARD		144
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		173

Farmers' Daughters P. 118

Condon's Prizzis P. 80

Desert Playmate P. 92

Brake Fast P. 106

COVER STORY

A heavenly hick if we've ever seen one, February Playmate Julie McCullough plays every traveling salesman's dream come true to send off this month's pictorial on America's most beautiful rural girls. Julie was photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, who had help from hair stylist John Victor, make-up artist Susan Neckopolous and stylist Lee Ann Perry. And where's that elusive Rabbit Head? Take a tip: The hare's on a tear.

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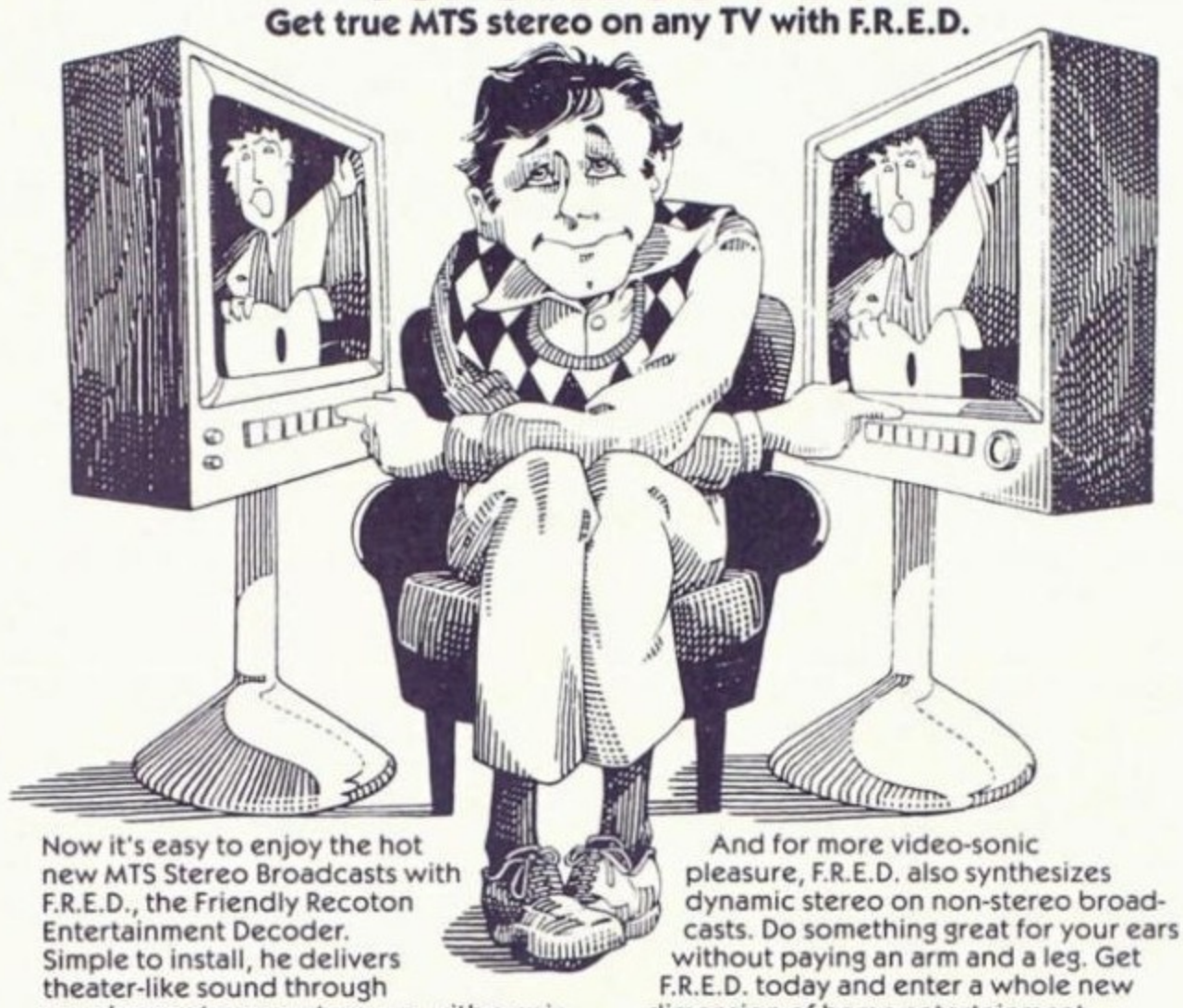

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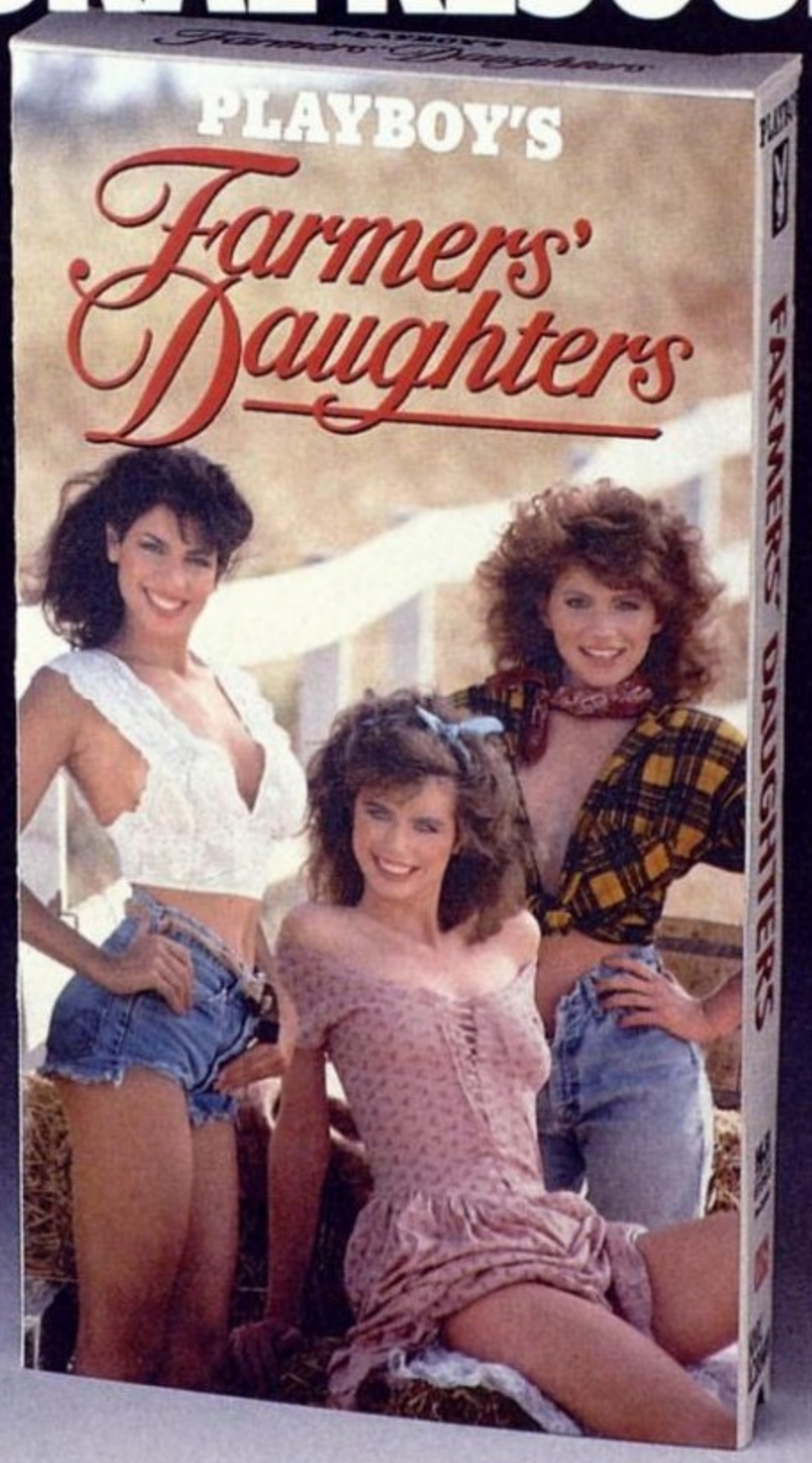

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WHAT'S HOTTER THAN 7-ELEVEN'S COFFEE? OUR READERS!

I am writing this letter to you, as I am getting madder and madder at some people. Why don't they just mind their own business and leave well enough alone? My husband and I have been married 40 years. We have three wonderful children—two fine young ladies and one great handsome son—and now two sons-in-law named Jim and four wonderful grandchildren, ages 11 to 15. My husband and I have been smoking for 42 years. We are both very healthy and so are our children. Now, all of a sudden, people say that smoking will kill us. *Bull.* Then they say that if you eat or drink certain things that we have been eating or drinking all our lives, it's bad for your health. I don't know how. We all lived this long. Now some *jerks* want to tell us what to read. I have written to my governor, Senator and Congressman, but nothing has come of it. We've been getting PLAYBOY for years. We send our son, Bill (in the Navy for 13 years now), a package every month with a lot of goodies, including PLAYBOY, *Reader's Digest* and *Mad* magazine. I have received letters from so many of his buddies telling us how they enjoy our monthly packages. We send Jim (also in the Navy) a package with the same things. They *both* have Bibles, too. We read the PLAYBOYs first, then send them on. My husband and I are 59 years young and we have a great marriage. Thanks to some of the articles in your magazine, we always try something new, and it is great. If there is anyone else I can write to about this current 7-Eleven problem, please let me know.

Mrs. J. Meyers
Hesperia, California

I never want my right to purchase your magazine abridged. With this thought in mind, I am boycotting 7-Eleven stores. How about a list of other Southland Corporation companies and products?

Walter Naaf
Elgin, Illinois

Red alert! Recently, I stopped by my local Thrifty Drug Store just as it was pulling PLAYBOY off the racks. Although I subscribe, this activity struck a nerve. Now is the time to decide: Are we Communists or Americans?

D. A. Warne
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY should pick five Southland stores and, for a period of ten weeks, employ three pickets per store to distribute to all potential customers who either enter or just walk by the store the following handout.

"Do not shop at this market with communistic attitudes! Southland wants to dictate what you can read or what you should read . . . according to Southland (7-Eleven) taste! In Communist Russia, they control your mind. Pride in the good ol' U.S.A. says we have a choice! That's the democratic way . . . don't let Southland take our democracy from us."

Rotate the pickets every ten weeks to some other area. I'll bet you a nickel you'll kick ass like love on a hot tin roof.

Please publish a list of the Senators who should be told that the Meese commission is coming down on our rights of "freedom of the press" and we subscribers will write to those Senators.

Marty Benson
Los Angeles, California

Write to the Senators and Congressmen in your area, Marty. If our other readers do the same, we'll get the message across. As for boycotting 7-Eleven, it's up to you. We certainly don't shop there anymore.

O, WHAT A FEELING

Men and women perform no act without its being a selfish one, as noted by Marc and Judith Meshorer in their article *Ultimate Pleasures* (PLAYBOY, June and July). It is pointed out clearly that orgasmic women go for the "gusto," or the pleasure that they get from the experience. The article clearly shows that orgasm is something a woman does for herself with

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the aid of a cooperative partner who also takes pleasure while he gives it.

When men and women learn to get pleasure from giving, they are on the road to successful sex. Orgasm is never the goal; it is the by-product of taking pleasure for oneself, as the women quoted in the article so aptly describe.

The Meshorers point out what our physiological research has so clearly shown: that every orgasmic woman is unique and does her own thing. She is not confined by norms of behavior and shoulds and should nots but does what feels good for her. Doing it your way, as one of their subjects points out, is important. In our observations of women with different partners, too many of them adjust to the man and his preference rather than doing their own thing. This article presents personal experiences that both men and women need to heed if they wish to get where they say they want to go sexually.

Recent research indicates that women don't think about sex as often as men do, and this may inhibit them. The women quoted by the Meshorers suggest that thinking about sex prepares women for it and helps them respond easier and sooner.

William E. Hartman, Ph.D.
Marilyn A. Fithian
Long Beach, California

Thank you for the Meshorers' very informative article, *Ultimate Pleasures*. As a psychologist in private practice specializing in intimacy and sexuality, I have long been aware that for women (and men, too), abandoning oneself to pleasure and building to exquisite orgasm is mostly an acquired skill. It takes what many men have been aware of all along: regular practice, a rich erotic-fantasy life and an active involvement in the amorous choreography of the boudoir.

The good lover of today doesn't have to work hard to please a woman. His major task now is to let himself off the performance hook, to lie back and relax and let the woman do more. For many men, as well as women, this is not going to be easy.

Stella Resnick, Ph.D.
Los Angeles, California

What a pleasure it was to read *Ultimate Pleasures*. The simple but elegant words of women who have found their way to consistent orgasmic response with their partners offer justified encouragement and hope to the untold numbers of women who seek but have not attained that ability.

As research sexologists who have extensively studied women's orgasmic patterns, we are delighted to see such accurate and helpful information being made available to the large readership reached by PLAYBOY. As the women in the Meshorers' study attest, good things will come to women who know their own bodies intimately, who wish to feel sexual pleasure, who turn themselves on and who communicate their desires to their partners but take ultimate responsibility for their own orgasms.

Dwight Dixon, J.D., Ph.D.
Joan K. Dixon, Ph.D.
San Diego, California

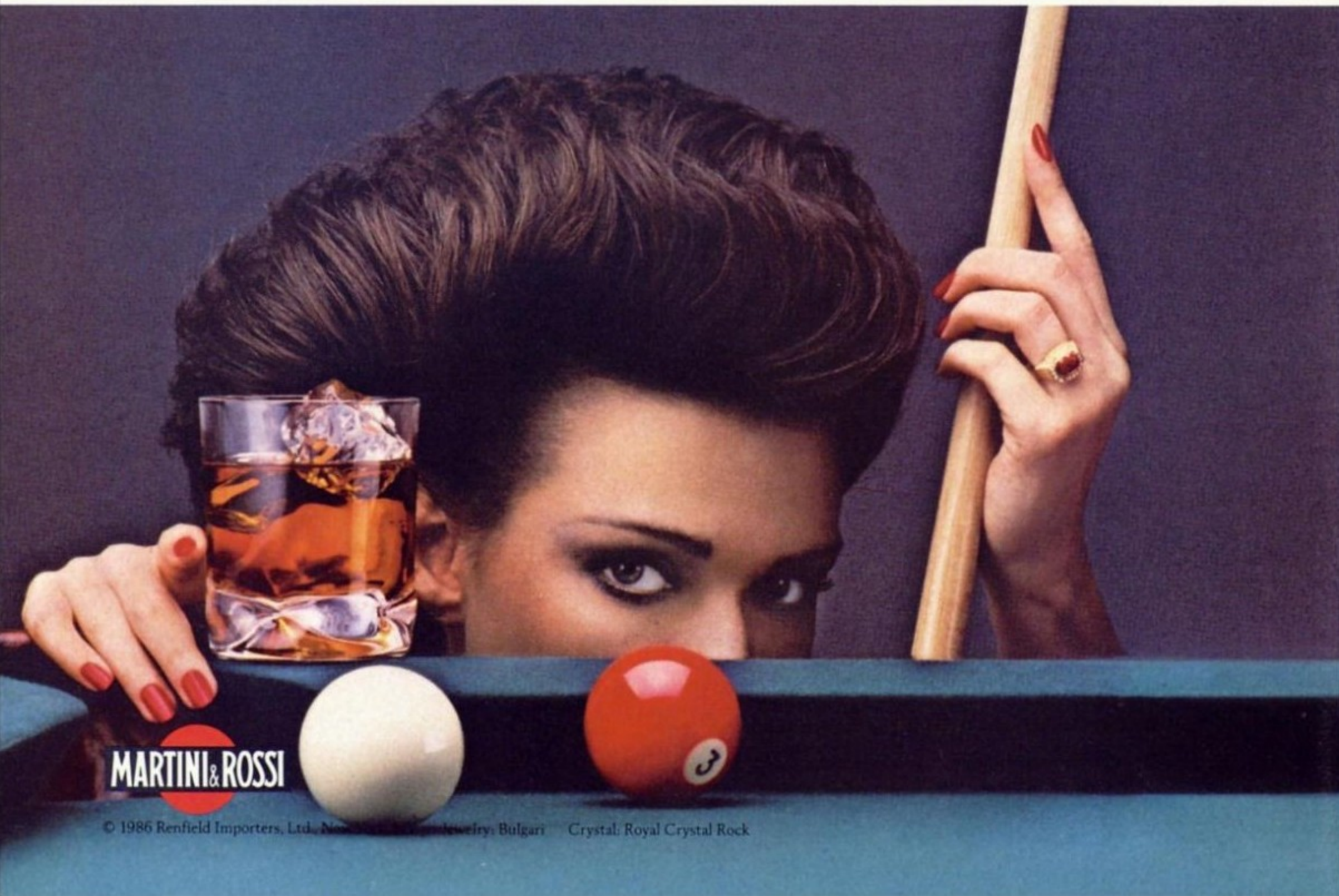
KAREEM OF THE CROP

It certainly has been interesting watching the career of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and recognizing his superior athletic ability and his drive to win. Now, through Lawrence Linderman's *Playboy Interview* with Jabbar (June), we see a professional and personal side of Kareem never seen before. A great interview with a truly great individual!

Richard K. Pomelear
Westmont, New Jersey

Your June interview with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar hints at possible racism by the Boston Celtics because they employ a majority of white players. Let's look at the Celtics' history. They were the first N.B.A. team to have a black player, the first to have a majority of blacks on a team, the first to start five blacks, the first to have a black head coach—and they have had three black coaches. The Celtics' record concerning employment of blacks cannot be attacked and, in fact, should be commended.

Nick Gravenites
Santa Monica, California



HIGH-INTENSITY CONTROVERSY

I have just finished Asa Baber's fine article *Smack in the Middle of a Low-Intensity Conflict* in the June issue of PLAYBOY. I agree with him totally. Quite a few Americans are trying to "forget or overlook" the El Salvadors, Philippines and Libyas, hoping that someday they all will disappear. It's not that simple.

I get out of the Marine Corps in three days, but I still have two years in active reserve left. I think we all should remember what someone once said: "No one prays that America doesn't go to war more than the men and women of the Armed Forces."

Rick Davis
Williamsburg, Kentucky

Obviously, Baber went down south with a negative attitude about any American intervention in the countries on which he was reporting. It's sad that a Vietnam veteran can't understand why or how this nation gets involved militarily in a situation like this. No, war isn't pleasant or beautiful, but sometimes it's necessary for little things like keeping the ideal of freedom alive. Then again, I'm sure if we have a "dirty little war," your sons will be safe, Mr. Baber, hiding from a nonexistent draft in Canada.

Sp/4 Alan C. Burd III
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

HEY, MOM, CAN WE TALK?

I am an 18-year-old high school student. I have been subscribing to PLAYBOY for about a year. When I got my first issue, I showed my mother the magazine and she told me that it was basically OK for me to look at PLAYBOY, but she did have problems with some of the articles.

I read to her "The Other Woman," Asa Baber's *Men* column in the June issue. She agreed with the facts that were stated, but she didn't agree with some of the opinions given. Baber says that "a man falls in lust about 50 times a day." My mother said that if a man had his mind on lusting after other women, he wouldn't have his mind on his children and wife. She thinks that that teaches the decent husband and/or father to feel that he is not normal and that he is missing something—a lot of excitement. His wife would seem dull to him. My mother, who has been divorced for a couple of years, wants to know if a man should not be able to control his thoughts and actions and says that wives should be respected.

I would like your response to my mother's opinions and views. I want to prove to her that PLAYBOY is a good and decent magazine. I love PLAYBOY and respect Asa Baber for his fine articles.

Jim Dedula
North Royalton, Ohio

Baber replies:

A man should be able to control his actions—no question about that. But the control of thoughts is another subject entirely. The normal male is lustful in thought, and no amount of disapproval or censorship will change that. As for husbands whose thoughts tempt them to stray, I suggest you read my "Close Encounter" column in the June 1984 issue. It's about lustful thoughts and honorable actions, and it argues that we married men have to learn how to say no to women without feeling guilty about that.

AIDS AGAIN

I am writing in response to your article *AIDS Update: Myths and Realities* (PLAYBOY, June). I am a resident physician in Miami. I was appalled by the article's manipulation of statistics and the use of selective quotes to downplay the risk of the disease to non–drug (i.e., intravenous) abusers who are heterosexual.

Your article cites several experts who believe that the risk of transmission to heterosexuals is minimal or nil. You fail to refer to other medical experts who have cautioned against any casual heterosexual intercourse due to the ability of the AIDS virus (HTLV-III) to survive in the cervix for perhaps several days.

We have had a young heterosexual man with no risk factors die of AIDS (presumed source: a Miami prostitute). We have had a young heterosexual woman with no risk factors die of AIDS (presumed source: a casual sexual affair overseas). As I write

this letter, a young heterosexual woman with no risk factors lies in our intensive-care unit dying of AIDS (presumed source: a bisexual lover). I am sure your article's comments on the minimal risk to heterosexuals would be of little consolation to their surviving family members.

Craig Feder, M.D.
Miami, Florida

We at H.I.R.E. (Hooking Is Real Employment) are delighted with your AIDS article in the June issue. It is certainly the most honest and informative piece offered to the layman to date.

Thanks also for your comment that "there is no significant connection between heterosexual intercourse and AIDS . . . whether the partner is a prostitute or not." We're tired of taking the rap as the heterosexual AIDS link, particularly in view of the fact that *not one* case of heterosexual AIDS has been attributed to a hooker. While some hookers are carrying the AIDS virus, to be sure, these women tend to be I.V.-drug users who support their habits through prostitution.

As you may know, the Federal Government is conducting a study through the Centers for Disease Control to determine what percentage of prostitutes in several major cities in the U.S., as well as in San Juan, Puerto Rico, is carrying the AIDS virus.

As a consultant and interviewer to Project 72, as the study is known, I'm happy to say that while we in Atlanta have completed only a quarter of our study, not one of our women has had a positive result in the HTLV-III/LAV screening.

Eighty percent of the women we've interviewed so far, by the way, report that they insist on their clients' using condoms, even for oral sex. They don't do so to keep from giving AIDS to the Johns but to keep from getting AIDS from a bisexual or needle-using man.

I'd like to see everyone taking care of himself or herself the way Atlanta hookers are. When everyone is so enlightened, we'll see a marked decrease in the spread of AIDS.

Thanks for helping put an end to the fear epidemic.

"Sunny" Lynn Carter, Vice-President
H.I.R.E.
Atlanta, Georgia

FANTASTIC FERRATTI

I just want to thank you for making Rebecca Michelle Ferratti your June Playmate. It's the first time in a long time that I've really enjoyed the Playmate of the Month pictorial. Fantastic.

Ken Cline
Tucson, Arizona

Rebecca Ferratti is by far the most gorgeous woman I've seen, and I have some 35 years of keen observation for credentials. If she uses what's between her ears, she will "have it all," as she wishes.

Please tell her that if she should ever tire from her "high-energy" life, she can come do a little fishing or hunting with me. Just give me a holler.

David A. Flory
West Fork, Arizona

LINDA EVANS: TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE?

Thank you for the nude spread on angelic Linda Evans (*The Prime Time of Linda Evans*, PLAYBOY, June), the first woman to move me since Farrah Fawcett! Now, how about some pix of Linda as she is right this very moment?

Joseph V. Hamburger
Tallahassee, Florida

I'm sick and tired of the way you use the word nudity to denote toplessness. Linda Evans does not appear nude in the June issue, since not a single photograph of her below the waist appears. Her condition is therefore topless, a state that I'm sure you're aware constitutes the height of normality and respectability on the beaches of southern Europe. Is it too much to ask that your magazine show a greater respect for the English language in the future?

Jeremy Edwards
Stamford, Connecticut

I am absolutely livid at how that pimp John Derek makes money by selling pictures of his wives to you. Of course, if these women—Bo, Linda, Ursula—weren't famous, you wouldn't pay up. Would you publish nudes of your spouses in PLAYBOY?

Raymond Hickey, Jr.
Alameda, California

Your pictorial on Linda Evans is very deceptive and misleading, because it is reasonable for your readers to infer that the photos are more recent than 15-year-old photos. All you've done is rerun photos you showed in 1971. As a matter of fact, the one you display on page 79 as "previously unpublished" was published in your December 1981 issue on page 241. Hardly responsible journalism.

Joe Zindugue
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Oooooch. Right you are. Our caption is mistaken. The photo of Linda Evans on page 79 of the June issue was published previously. The photos on pages 78 and 80 of that issue had never been published before. We appreciate your fastidiousness, but are you sure you didn't get any pleasure from seeing that fabulous woman one more time?

REIGNING SHOWER

Thank you for making Kathy Shower Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, June). She's the best! OK, so I'm a little prejudiced. I'm her age and also a mom. You've publicized a fact I've always known: Moms can be beautiful, too! Good job, Kathy.

Debby Mendes
Cleveland, Ohio

Being college students and recent subscribers to your magazine, we were pleased to see Kathy Shower on *Late Night with David Letterman*. Miss Shower not only was very attractive but seemed very intelligent. We were also impressed with her willingness to put up with Letterman's humor and general abuse.

Paul Koch
Todd Urmanic
Andy Katzung
Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, Ohio

Kathy Shower as Playmate of the Year? Come on now, OK? She's great-looking for a 33-year-old who has had two kids, but she's not Playmate of the Year material.

I suspect you chose her for two reasons. One: She is a high-visibility woman; e.g., on *Santa Barbara*, and will put PLAYBOY in the limelight (a "respectable" limelight, at that). Two: Christie Hefner probably likes the idea of a Playmate of the Year who is in her 30s and has two children.

Michael Severin
Los Angeles, California

Kathy Shower is an outstanding choice as Playmate of the Year. I think PLAYBOY will be as proud of Kathy as her daughters, Mindy and Melonie, are.

Frank Warner
Lafayette, New York

I realize the readers selected the Playmate of the Year, but I'm very upset by their selection. I had her 12th.

Howard Skarks
Merced, California

I wish to relate to you my gratitude for your pictorial on Kathy Shower, your Playmate of the Year. She is really beautiful and seems to have her life together. Two cute kids, too! Anyway, I had to have more, so I went back to the issues of January 1986, May 1985 and even her cover in April 1984. What a treat to see she's just as gorgeous now as then. How about one more picture?

Adam King
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Glad to oblige, Adam. And our compliments to all our readers who voted for Kathy. You have great taste in women and obviously know a winner when you see one.

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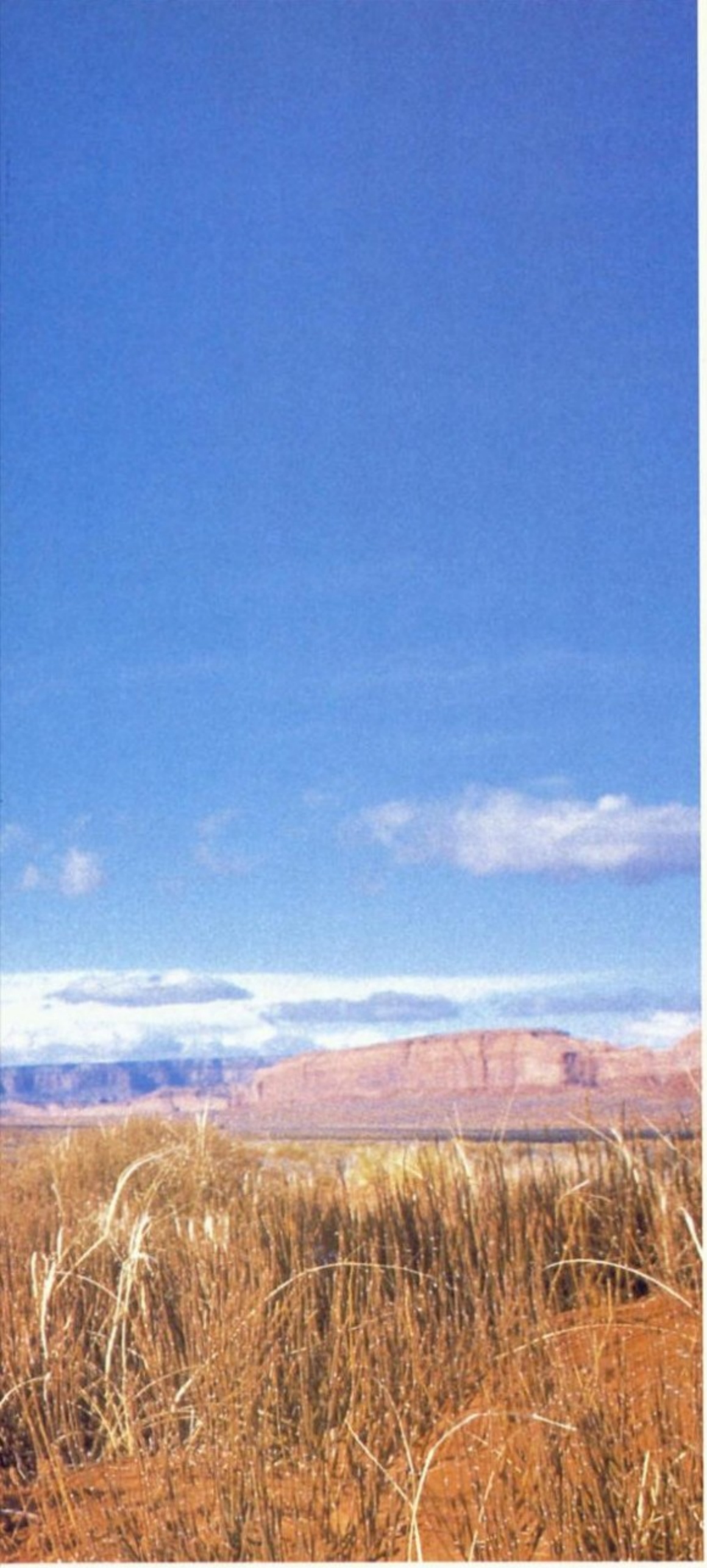

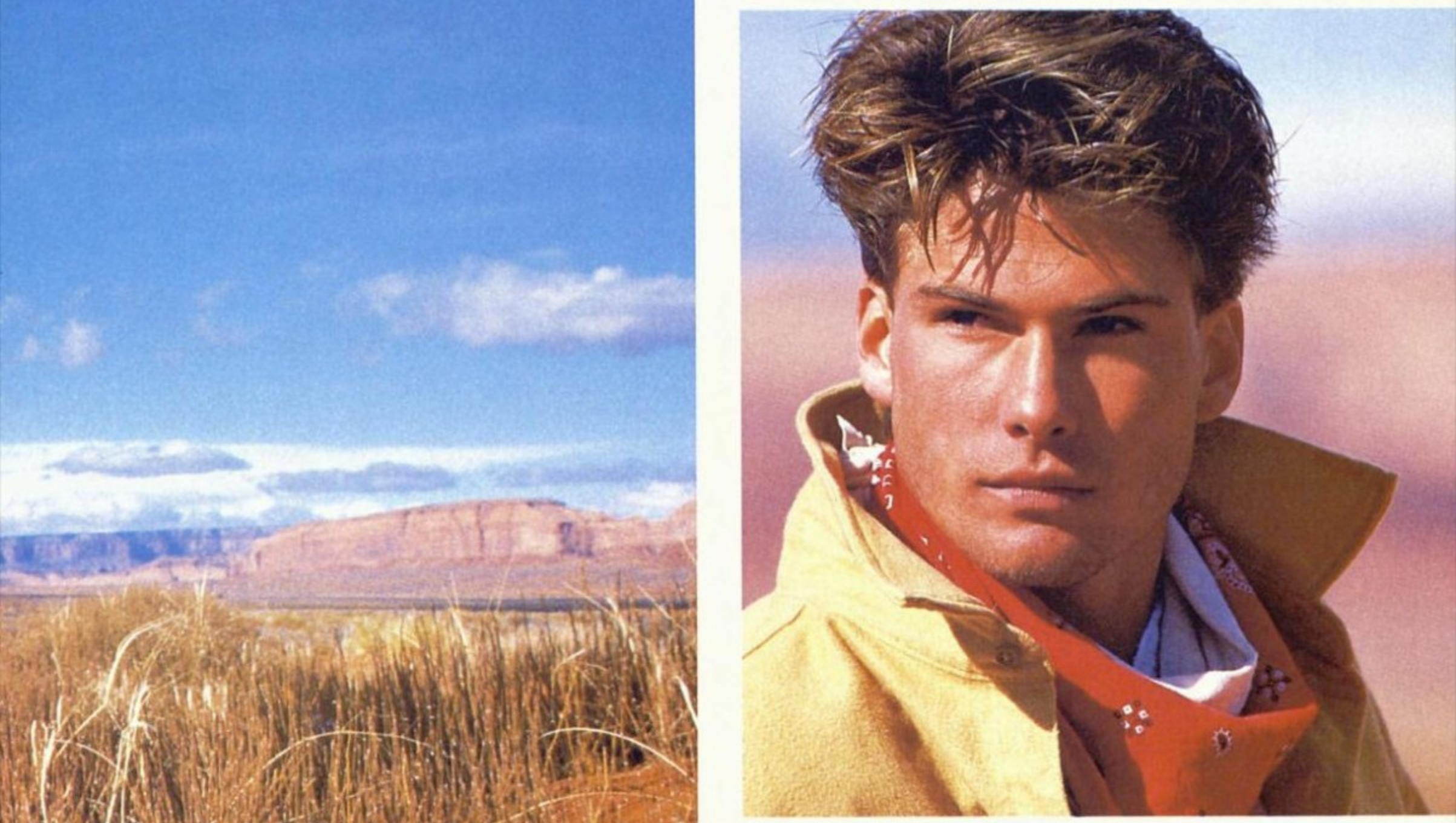

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Spike Lee had a problem. The award-winning New York University Film School graduate wanted to make a film about a single black woman who had three boyfriends and a lesbian admirer. Hot material, to say the least. But how could he get it right on film? He set a premium on realism and believability, so he decided that a sex survey would provide accurate data. With the aid of a female friend, Lee, 29, surveyed 30 black women about sex. Among other things, he asked them, "What would you consider a freak? Are you one?" and "Have you ever O.D.'d on sex?" Some of the replies ended up in the final version of Lee's independently made, low-budget sex farce, *She's Gotta Have It*, one of the surprise favorites at this year's Cannes Film Festival and currently in U.S. release by Island Pictures.

The survey, though, stands alone as a richly entertaining piece of work. Lee shared it with us recently, and the bluntness of the respondents was, well, edifying. Here are some of the most enigmatic comments (names have been deleted to protect the not necessarily innocent): "Now I'm celibate. I wish I was still a virgin." "When I have to have it, I get calm and go out on a man hunt. I watch everybody and everything—teeth, eyes, legs and problack back-to-Africa men." "I reached my sexual height when I was ten or 11." "Men are dogs, because a man will do to you what you let him do." "You can ruin a man's self-esteem after sex totally. Just dog him."

The analogy between man's sexuality and the canine's was used so often that Lee included a hilarious section in which men were described as Dog One, Dog Two, Dog Three, etc., and demonstrated their come-on lines ("B.A. . . . M.B.A. . . . BMW" was one dog's self-introduction).

Lee says the survey opened his eyes to the diversity of female sexuality. He met a woman in her mid-20s who was a virgin and another of the same age who'd slept with more than 50 men. To him, the most striking discovery was "that women talk among themselves just as men do, and they often say the same things." You mean they talk baseball?

ROW, ROW, ROW

One of our writers has been dying to do an article called *1001 Uses for a Dead Rowing Machine*. Only one problem—he can't think of any. He should go look for a trade-in on Bally's new $2495 Liferower, the world's first rowing machine/video game for individuals, gyms and hotels. All you have to do is take a seat and start rowing with eyes focused on the video rowers. A gunshot starts the race and two rowers—one is you, the other is a computer-driven pace boat—give it their all. The object: to row so fast and become so engrossed in the little rowers on the 13-inch screen that you forget you're working out.

The machine is similar to Bally's high-tech Lifecycle exercise bikes. The Liferower features data on how many calories you're burning per hour and supplies a tiny video crowd to cheer you on.

Bally says the Liferower is for people who are tired of dull exercise routines and that for those who need to be motivated throughout a workout, it takes the place of a trainer, supplying such coachlike tips as "Use your legs," "Keep your back straight" and "Try to beat the pace boat of the previous record holder."

And at the finish line, the video crowd cheers your victory. When's the last time somebody applauded *your* workout?

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If your road leads to Austin, Texas, in the near future, we have a great local band for you: Skank, a lively *ska-cum-reggae-cum*-R&B ensemble of funk punksters. They have a record—*I Never Said That* (Spindletop)—but nothing beats their live performance. You'll like Skank's lead singer, Lisa Gamache, who has been compared to Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics. Lisa, too, favors wigs and unusual hairdos—and has a big-girl voice. See Skank now and later you can say you saw them way back when.

A GREAT RESTAURANT OF THE WESTERN WORLD

We asked Tom Miller, co-author (with Barbara Rodriguez) of "The Interstate Gourmet: Texas and the Southwest" (Summit), to tell us about the zaniest roadside diner he knows. His choice: Delgadillo's Snow Cap in Seligman, Arizona.

"John or Juan, you can call me either one" Delgadillo has a joy-buzzer sense of humor. The Snow Cap on old highway 66 in Seligman, where he serves cheeseburgers, fried fish and foot-long chili dogs, is his stage. Park next to his 1936 open-air Chevy roadster with the Christmas tree in the back year round, walk inside through the door with handles on both the left and the right and go up to the window below the smoke-charred NO SMOKING sign.

"Do you wanna look before you order? Here." He pulls out a fake candy bar that says LOOK on it.

"Would you like today's coffee or yesterday's coffee? We got both. What do you

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want in your coffee, cream and sugar or sugar and cream? Would you like a napkin?" He reaches under the counter and pulls out a handful of used napkins. "Here, choose."

"You want catsup on your fries?" He squeezes a trick plastic catsup container at your face; a red string spurts out.

The bathroom key is a paper clip.

"My card," he says, handing you his business card, which reads, MY CARD. His advertisement in the local *High Plains Trader* mentions Dead Chicken and Male or Female Sundaes. "You know the difference?" he asks. "The male one has nuts."

If the Snow Cap had any chairs, Delgadillo would hide a whoopee cushion under each seat.

How "John or Juan, you can call me either one" has managed to do this day in and day out since the early Fifties is unfathomable, but it works. Taped to the window are fan letters and paper currency from satisfied customers living in such countries as Belize, Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, Nigeria and Vietnam. "After ten days rafting down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon," a river-rat friend told me, "the only thing I want as much as a bath is a burger from Delgadillo's."

Delgadillo himself plays rhythm guitar in a family band that includes his brothers, who run the barbershop and the combination grocery store/gas station on the same block.

DATES FROM HELL

Nothing is quite as deflating as the date gone awry. You've planned the event with great care, you've dressed for it, made reservations for it and chosen the mate for it; and then, somehow, flying in the face of all logic, it goes kablooey. You've got to be tough to survive. As a service to our readers, this month we present the first in a series of true-adventure dates. After a few of these stories, you'll be ready for anything. Better than that, you'll know when you're having a good time.

"I had tickets to a ZZ Top concert. She was a pharmacist and she was beautiful. At seven, she was ready. I helped her on with her coat, admiring her lean neck. As she turned to me, our eyes met; and at that very moment, she began to twitch, first her face and then all over. I dialed 911. The emergency squad and the police arrived to relieve her seizure and to discover a cache of illegal pharmaceuticals. The police stuck around for questioning. Her last words to me were 'Stupid. Had to call the police.' At least they weren't Springsteen tickets."

BABY ON BOARD!

As someone who loves small children, I'm worried by the way some parents needlessly endanger the little ones by festooning their cars' back windows with signs that read BABY ON BOARD!

You know the signs I mean—the diamond-shaped ones in cautionary yellow, with black letters and borders, as seen in the rear windows of quality compact cars and station wagons driven by stylish young couples who buckle up, lash their kids into Federally approved safety seats and generally present an attractive image of youthful optimism, prosperity, good breeding and good sense. Good sense except, perhaps, in the case of the cute car-window BABY signs, which presume that other drivers share their enthusiasm for little children and will refrain from deliberately crashing into automobiles containing them. Of course, it's possible that the signs are merely the way Yuppies signal one another that child-bearing is now acceptable and that they have proved themselves capable of reproduction. But if that's the case, it's all the more important that we consider the other implications.

One is that these people regard child-bearing as something special and that as parents, they think they now deserve special consideration in the motoring community. As a two-time victim of contraceptive failure, I can tell you from experience that parenting is something that almost automatically follows a nine-month gestation period; there's nothing special about it. It's child *rearing* that gets tricky, if you take the matter at all seriously.

Another implication, which I don't like a bit, is the idea of using a child as a protective shield against other drivers. The average proud parent probably doesn't realize it consciously, but what that sign says is, *OK, you reckless bastards, stay back or the kid gets it!*

The benefits of using a child as a safety hostage need rethinking all around. Logically, the BABY sign would better serve as bait for weirdos and perverts, if anyone wanted to attract those, but that's usually not the intention.

Some truckers use Kewpie dolls as hood ornaments or stuff parts of baby dolls in their grillework, out of superstition that such symbolic dismemberment reduces the likelihood that they'll plow into school buses or something. If that worked, fine; it would be sympathetic magic in reverse. Or maybe homeopathic medicine of the road, where like cures like and you develop people's immunity to serious crashes by giving them mildly dented fenders. Or is that something else? The perversity principle? I don't know, but I do know that I'm not favorably disposed toward anything that gives truckers a false sense of security.

I also know that the signs are already generating a certain disrespect. A skier friend of mine has come up with the idea of slinging one of those denim baby carriers on his back, the way intellectuals do at art fairs, stuffing a Cabbage Patch doll in it and posting BABY ON BOARD! just to freak out skiers *schussing* down the mountain behind him. And on my last trip to California, I saw a somewhat sportier car than usual with a rear-window sign declaring, CHILD IN TRUNK. This should tell us something.

Using a child to ward off evil is a misuse of procreative powers. Besides, the sign may provoke some citizens, such as those who know the joys of flying from New York to California in close proximity to a forceful bawler. Or who have dined in a restaurant where children at other tables are being trained to screech as a means of establishing parent-child communication. Or who must suffer the intelligentsia's common practice of taking their offspring everywhere, peasant style, in the belief that cultural growth is fostered by exposure to folk and bluegrass concerts and to small-stage plays and art films, as long as the young ones are not made to suffer the emotional scars of discipline.

If eugenic considerations make it important that quality people breed for the sake of the species, those same considerations behoove them to not advertise the exact whereabouts of their gene-bearing offspring, as with BABY ON BOARD! Some other motorist with the temperament of a W. C. Fields and the involuntary responses of a fighting bull may see red instead of yellow and set his sights accordingly.

After all, it's easy to misplace blame in these matters and contemplate child abuse instead of the more appropriate parent beating. —WILLIAM HELMER

BOOKS

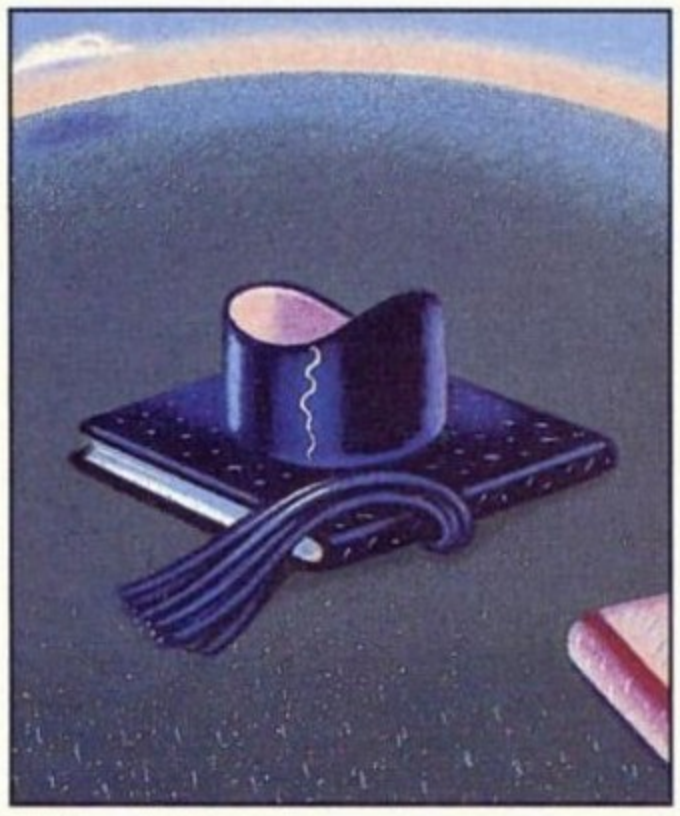
IT USED TO BE that you could trust university presses to be, well, academic—to publish tomes with titles such as *Bronze Age Meat Distribution*, *Leigh Hunt's Laundry Lists: An Inquiry* and *Beyond Phenomenology: The Syntax of the Fluctuating Absolute*, books redeemed neither by general interest nor by felicitous writing, unreadable to all but the most devout of scholars and similar masochists. But no more. University presses are publishing some pretty interesting books these days—and I mean interesting to a regular low-rent reader, like me.

More intriguing than its title, for instance, is ***Friendship and Literature*** (Duke University), by Ronald A. Sharp. It *sounds* academic enough, but it's really a thoughtful and readable essay on the nature, importance and current hard times of friendship—using primarily literary examples but also bringing in historical and anthropological detail (male best friends in Mali, to demonstrate their affection, throw shit at each other and insult their respective parents' private parts), with a personal thread about the author's own friendships running through it. The book includes some good thoughts on long distance, both the real thing and the telephone version.

Another that is more enjoyable than it should be is ***Prostitution in Medieval Society*** (University of Chicago), by Leah Lydia Otis. Evolved from a Ph.D. dissertation and resolutely scholarly in intent, the book is nevertheless a fairly rich look at life in southern France between the late 12th and 16th centuries—a time that saw radical changes in attitudes toward prostitutes. Early on in many towns, prostitution was institutionalized, with authorized brothels built and run by municipal governments. Hard to think of now—imagine the whorehouse the Chicago city council would come up with, for instance. There'd be patronage, graft, seniority, long lines—frightening. Otis details the conditions leading to this pragmatic accommodation of the oldest profession and how it all changed for the worse because of the Reformation, among other things.

Margery Wolf's ***Revolution Postponed: Women in Contemporary China*** (Stanford University), with similar scholarly feminist intent, is far warmer and more human than scholarship generally manages to be and is, incidentally, an excellent book for travelers to China. A good part of the story deals with Wolf's frustrations in *getting* the story, that of a still-second-class status (which also affects foreign female researchers) in a supposedly egalitarian society. Everywhere among the scholarly analysis are pointillist portraits of women, men and babies Wolf met along the way.

One for us Cubs fans and Bud men (though I swear by Stroh's, myself) is



Not for scholars only.

An eclectic pick of academic press books; a stock-car-racing legend's auto biography.

A. G. Spalding and the Rise of Baseball (Oxford University). With the Cubs again mucking about in the cellar, it's great to read about the glory days 100 years or so ago, when they were the White Stockings (not to be confused with today's White Sox), winning pennants right and left, and old A.G. was running things. Originally a natural from Rockford, Illinois, Spalding made his name in the late 1860s as a pitcher for Boston, sometimes winning as many as 55 games a season. But he was also a great entrepreneur. As much as any one person, he was the force behind the National League. But at the same time, he was establishing a family-run sporting-goods empire that would make him a millionaire, a firm so successful that kids everywhere reminded one another to "keep the Spalding up" when they were at bat. It's a real all-American story, economically told. And for any sports-minded reader, ***Sport Inside Out*** (Texas Christian University) is a treasure: the most *intelligent* anthology of writing about sports imaginable. This one is for the summer cottage—it's a keeper. Edited by David Vanderwerken and Spencer Wertz, who are English and philosophy professors, respectively, the book offers up treat after treat—among them Updike's classic "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu," Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" and contributions by Don DeLillo, James Dickey, Frederick Exley, Roger Angell, Dan Jenkins, Ring Lardner, literary scholar Edwin Cady, poet Marianne Moore and even former President Gerald R. Ford, writing "In Defense of the Competitive Urge"—all of it organized in a way that makes you think a little harder about the complexities and appeal of sport, from the opening section, "The Participant," to the closing one, "Death." —DAVID STANDISH

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Richard Petty is the genuine article. He began driving when he was five years old and at 12 became chief mechanic to another stock-car-racing legend: his daddy, Lee. Racing on dirt tracks near their Level Cross, North Carolina, home, Richard learned to tap the brake going into a 100-mph turn, "so's to set the front end," then jam the gas going into a straightaway, so's to pile up a staggering 200 NASCAR victories. He learned that when another driver squirrels out in front of you and there's nowhere to go, you aim right for him, since he won't be there in another millisecond. He discovered drafting—the slingshot effect that propels one car through the vacuum created by another—as well as the enduring wisdom of his daddy's advice: "If she runs right, run 'er hard. If she don't, don't be afraid to back off." With wife Linda, whom he describes as "cute as a speckled pup," Richard sired NASCAR heir apparent Kyle Petty; and with the able assistance of William Neely, he wrote ***King Richard I*** (Macmillan), the best sports book of the year. Clear, clever and fascinating throughout, Petty's auto biography is for NASCAR nuts and Sunday drivers alike. If you're not a Petty fan by the time you finish it, there's something wrong with you, boy.

BOOK BAG

Alamo House (Norton), by Sarah Bird: Romantic misadventures in a Texas sorority, aptly described in the subtitle—"Women without men; men without brains."

Walk Thru to Par (Jefferson International), by Peter Beames with Frederic Swan: Irritating to read, due to a tone that alternates between patronizing and simpering, this is nevertheless a valuable golf instruction course that will take five strokes off your game.

The White Jaguar (Richardson & Steirman), by William Appel: Take this novel to the beach and settle into the Amazon jungle with a German coke tyrant.

All Things Are Lights (Ballantine), by Robert Shea: Unlucky in love in 13th Century France (his dippy sweetheart takes chastity vows), hero Roland joins a Crusade, where he *really* screws up but manages to squeak through all manner of personal and military misadventures and even to get himself laid.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE TWO BEST reasons for seeing ***Heartburn*** (Paramount) are Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, a masterful team of movie icons able to glue your attention and affection on characters who are not particularly likable. Of course, everyone with an ounce of curiosity about the Washington, D.C., social whirl already knows that author Nora Ephron's bitterly bitchy best seller was a thinly disguised fictional exposé that made antic hash of her shattered marriage to reporter Carl Bernstein, of Watergate fame (see this month's *Playboy Interview* for Bernstein's rebuttal). Ephron's book and screenplay identify them as Rachel and Mark, a New York food writer and a famous Washington columnist who meet, make out, marry, renovate their love nest and are expecting their second child when infidelity (his) and a seriously ruffled mean streak (hers) set them on the road to Splitsville.

Given a pair of flawed protagonists in a hot property, director Mike Nichols has brought *Heartburn* onto the big screen sizzling with high style. The New York Jewish ethnicity of Ephron's wry original is played way down, but there's plenty of withering wit and sophistication, plus showstopping scenes any actor alive would die to sink his teeth into. Streep and Nicholson, though, are not just *any* actors. Superb as always, he has the most hilarious bits, unforgettable when he responds to the prospect of fatherhood by croaking through the "my boy Bill" soliloquy from *Carousel*. Looking for a way to make a habitually philandering son of a bitch hold audience sympathy? Nicholson's your man. Streep assumes even heavier chores, because she is seldom off camera while struggling to make emotional sense of a heroine who is bright, vindictive, smug, conniving—and cruelly betrayed. Jeff Daniels, Maureen Stapleton, Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara and director Milos (*Amadeus*) Forman (as a European entrepreneur) vibrantly portray the friends taking sides during *Heartburn*'s marital conflict. If it were *wholly* fictional, this might be a rueful but routine domestic comedy. Recycled by Nichols for mass consumption, it's a superstar-struck showpiece. ¥¥¥

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Britain's burly, brilliant Bob Hoskins won a best-actor award at this year's Cannes Film Festival for his performance in ***Mona Lisa*** (Island Pictures) as George, an ex-con assigned to drive a high-priced London prostitute from gig to gig. She may be a tall, thin black tart, Hoskins insists, "but she's still a fookin' lydee." The Mona Lisa who suddenly fleshes out his fantasies calls herself Simone; she's a schemer played with elegant assurance by leggy Cathy Tyson, a 20-year-old niece of Cicely, making an auspicious debut. The relationship between chauffeur and chippy evolves to give a complex thriller substance and intimacy. Co-author and director Neil Jordan (whose *Company of Wolves* was an eroticized updating of *Little Red Ridinghood*) has here worked a handy switch on the *Pygmalion* legend, with a harlot as the Higgins who transforms a smalltime thug into a semigentleman. Falling in love with her is poor George's unfortunate mistake. No whore with a heart of gold, Tyson's Simone is clearly a wanton with a will of iron. Michael Caine, as a sleazy London gang lord, oversees the bad lot who put her to the test. *Mona Lisa* occasionally seems more meandering than a street map of London, but it's illuminated by the arresting cinematography of Roger Pratt, who also shot Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* and has a sharp eye for evil-does-it cityscapes after dark. ¥¥¥

Nicholson, Streep team—it's *Heartburn*.

Two talents at odds in *Heartburn*;
in love with *Mona Lisa*;
two new funny cops.

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Some chilly scenes of winter in Chicago are warmed up by Gregory Hines (see *20 Questions*) and Billy Crystal, whose thoroughly engaging teamwork makes ***Running Scared*** (MGM) look like one of the hottest comedies of 1986. Well, not *exactly* a comedy. As a couple of Windy City crime busters who have decided they'd really rather retire to run a bar in Key West, Hines and Crystal keep getting sidetracked by high adventure and lovely women (Tracy Reed as Hines's steamiest off-duty dish, Darlanne Fluegel as Crystal's irresistible ex-wife). The adventure is provided by a ruthless drug dealer named Julio (Jimmy Smits), who keeps confronting our guys in farfetched but fast-and-furious action sequences. Being a director who revels in such riotous material, Peter Hyams (of *2010* and *Capricorn One*, to name two) gets top mileage from a slightly ramshackle but smart-talking screenplay by Gary DeVore and Jimmy Huston. I'd rank *Scared* somewhere between *48 HRS.* and *Beverly Hills Cop* as a buddy movie in praise of law and disorder. But Greg and Billy let the good lines roll, so stay with 'em. ¥¥¥

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Together again in ***Big Trouble*** (Columbia), Alan Arkin and Peter Falk revive bits and pieces of the madcap magic they brought to *The In-Laws* back in 1979. Directed by John Cassavetes, of all people, they appear to be inventing the screenplay as they go along, but that's true Cassavetes style. Part of it is an outright affectionate parody of Billy Wilder's classic *Double Indemnity*, with Arkin as a hard-pressed insurance man plotting with a dizzy blonde (Beverly D'Angelo) to bump off her terminally ill husband (Falk) for big bucks. In this version, Arkin's motive is to raise tuition money for his three musically gifted sons to go to Yale. About midway, *Big Trouble* goes off on tangents all its own, or perhaps pilfered from other movies. The actors—Charles Durning, Robert Stack, Paul Dooley, Valerie Curtin and Richard Libertini to back up the A trio—plunge into the screwball spirit as if they were performing for pleasure rather than profit. Of course, ensemble work is another Cassavetes hallmark, and here he has an ensemble able to chew the scenery as well as the script. ¥¥½

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Its title suggests all sorts of cloying cuteness aloft, but ***The Boy Who Could Fly*** (Fox) is an imaginative fantasy that treats troubled teens with compassion and respect. Director Nick Castle—who showcased his skill at sending up science fiction's clichés in 1984's *The Last Starfighter*—wrote his own screenplay for *Boy*, which deals with loss, loneliness and . . . well, yeah, how to rise above earthly sorrow. The hero is an orphaned teenager (Jay Underwood) who lives with an amiable alcoholic uncle and hasn't spoken since his parents' death. Whether the mute lad's aerial exploits are real or fancied remains a mystery for most of the movie's length but is eventually unraveled by the charming girl next door (Lucy Deakins). Castle wins a small set of wings for squeaking by with the sort of cinematic whimsy generally doomed to go down in flames. ¥¥

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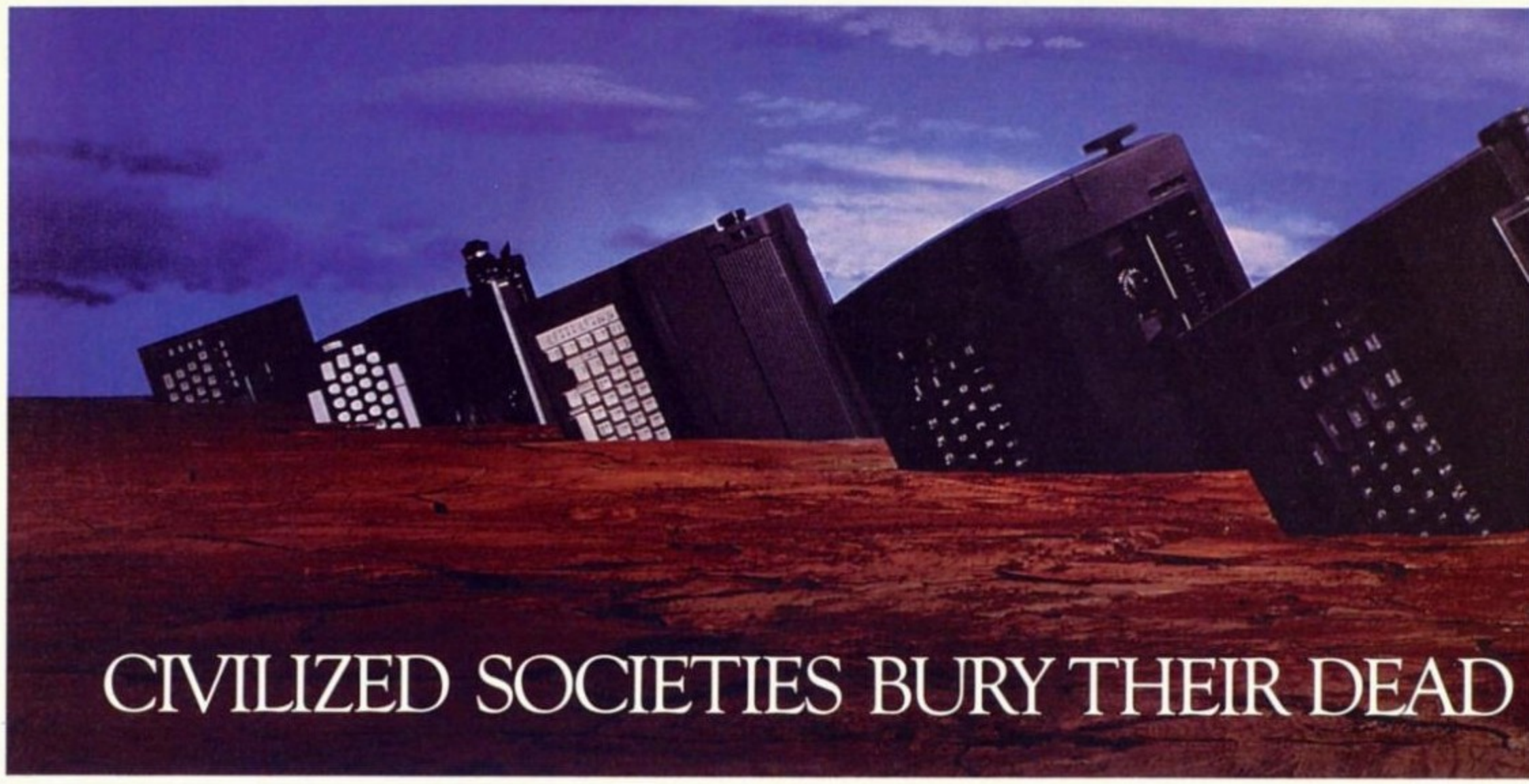
One of the gay young males in ***Parting Glances*** (Cinecom) blithely relates how he justified homosexuality to his family by telling them, "Your dick knows what it



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likes." That sort of gag sums up the sardonic humor and straightforwardness of writer-director Bill Sherwood's first-rate first feature. Focusing on 24 hours or so in the lives of a loving couple, Michael and Robert (Richard Ganoung and John Bolger), Sherwood incisively separates contemporary gay men from *The Boys in the Band*, which raised some eyebrows back in 1970. About to break up for a number of reasons, Michael and Robert have reached a stifling emotional plateau, made worse because one of them is deeply committed to another man, a doomed AIDS victim named Nick (played with crisp shove-your-pity wit by Steve Buscemi). Set in New York, with a farewell-party scene as its showy dramatic centerpiece, *Glances* is an out-of-the-closet comedy less concerned with homosexual lifestyle per se than with the strains on love and loyalty between intimate friends of any feather. ¥¥¥

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Except for the new ice machine—obviously waiting to cool a corpse—it's slash and splatter as usual at the Bates Motel in ***Psycho III*** (Universal). Back for his second sequel as Norman Bates, Anthony Perkins has also directed the movie and at this point in his career, could probably do Norman by the numbers or in his sleep. Luckily, there's sufficient mayhem, plus macabre humor, to keep an audience awake and keep Hitchcock from turning over in his grave. Perkins re-creates the famous shower scene with a fresh twist but tops that in Norman's iffy romance with a rather disturbed blonde (Diana Scarwid) who apologizes for leaving one of the bathrooms such a mess. "I've seen it worse," Norman deadpans. The same might be said of *Psycho III*, several cuts below the original but a marked improvement over *Psycho II*. Even so, enough is enough. ¥¥

•

About Last Night . . . (Tri-Star), the updated film version of David Mamet's play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, suffered a change of title because the distributors, in this strait-laced era, faced severe restrictions on advertising anything called *Sexual Perversity*. While I've never seen the play, the adaptation by two other writers is an uncontroversial but emphatically trendy, entertaining view of sex and the singles bars. More upbeat than Mamet, it dwells on a fairly conventional love story between velvet-voiced Demi Moore and pretty boy Rob Lowe, whose one-night stand evolves into a live-in relationship. They're compatible only in the sack, it seems; and after a while, breaking up begins to look easier than a serious commitment.

Essentially a series of romantic-comedy clichés (boy meets girl; blah, blah, blah), *Last Night* sparkles because all the fringe benefits are so flashy. The atmosphere and the city rhythm captured by director Edward Zwick, a Chicago native, feel just about right. Zwick lets his camera feast ad infinitum on Moore and Lowe as beautiful people, abed or abroad. But their close friends take the best of the show, particularly Jim Belushi, re-creating his stage role as Bernie, an M.C.P. whose basic response to hearing that his buddy has met a great girl is "Does she give head?" Elizabeth Perkins, in her movie debut, also plays strong hardball as Demi's caustic roommate, a kindergarten teacher who has a low opinion of men, yet says yes to quite a few. Despite the onslaught of four-letter words (a Mamet imperative), here's a tidied-up picture of Yuppie love likely to be a major hit with members of a generation for whom marriage is so awesome a prospect they still think of divorce as something their parents do. ¥¥¥

•

Rodney Dangerfield reciting poetry by Dylan Thomas? Hiring novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., to help him pass his English-lit course? How about Rodney as a freshman on the diving team of a college headed by a dean named Martin (played by Ned Beatty)? Those are the highlights of a whatchamacallit comedy titled ***Back to School*** (Orion), with Dangerfield as a clothing tycoon (Tall & Fat is his line) who decides to attend college with his son (Keith Gordon). He also takes along a

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bodyguard (Burt Young) and seduces the English prof/tutor (Sally Kellerman) who asks him to sum up his opinion of Joyce. "She's my favorite writer," quoth Rodney. Next question: Is *Back to School* a good movie? No, it's gross, obvious and wildly uneven, as well as mostly enjoyable. Unless you're immune to R.D.'s brand-X humor, you will laugh like a fool and feel like one when the show's over. ¥¥½

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Producer-director Ivan Reitman, who made *Ghostbusters* materialize, never finds the proper comic spirit to get ***Legal Eagles*** (Universal) going at a steady clip. With Robert Redford and Debra Winger as lawyers most likely to fall in love while nose to nose on a case of art fraud, intrigue and murder, *Eagles* plays like a vintage Tracy-Hepburn comedy with all the starch taken out of it. Daryl Hannah is the vague, slightly dubious blonde at the center of the mystery, also serving as a temporary distraction for Redford, whose superstar persona now looms like an alien presence over every character he portrays. Winger, very scrubbed and down to business, gives the movie some anchorage in reality. Intelligent, meticulously programed but hardly compelling, *Legal Eagles*' bottom-line flaw is a soulless screenplay by Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr. (authors of *Top Gun*), that seems full of how-to-succeed plot twists and hard-sell brain storming as substitutes for bona fide inspiration. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films, by bruce williamson

About Last Night . . . (See review) Young, ripe and ready in Chicago. ¥¥¥

At Close Range Sean Penn following pa Chris Walken into a life of crime. ¥¥

Back to School (See review) The old college try, tested by Rodney. ¥¥½

Big Trouble (See review) Wilder made even wilder by Cassavetes & co. ¥¥½

Black Joy In London town today, with immigrant strutters on tap. ¥¥½

The Boy Who Could Fly (See review) Up and away to unexpected heights. ¥¥

Desert Bloom Under a mushroom cloud in Vegas, Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams fight the battle of the sexes. ¥¥¥

A Great Wall Sino-American Yanks in China experience culture shock. ¥¥½

Heartburn (See review) Nicholson and Streep on D.C. marriage-go-round. ¥¥¥

Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling All-that-jazz bio by Richard Pryor. ¥¥

The Karate Kid Part II No black belt for his second round. ¥

Legal Eagles (See review) Redford and Winger in fairly low orbit. ¥¥

The Manhattan Project Darkly funny satire about a boy and his A-bomb. ¥¥¥

Mona Lisa (See review) Ex-con hooked on callgirl in British drama. ¥¥¥

My American Cousin Voted Canada's best, but not all that prizeworthy. ¥¥

Parting Glances (See review) Gays on the go, night and day, in Gotham. ¥¥¥

Psycho III (See review) Fresh batch of check-outs at the Bates Motel. ¥¥

The Quiet Earth All alone and lonely down under, after the bomb. ¥¥½

Rebel Messy quasi-musical, with Matt Dillon OK as a GI in Australia. ¥¥

A Room with a View Top billing for top cooing in a graceful adaptation of E. M. Forster's classic comic novel. ¥¥¥¥

Running Scared (See review) Fun afoot with two mahvelous Chicago cops. ¥¥¥

Short Circuit Boy meets girl meets robot, featuring an electronic E.T. ¥¥

Sincerely, Charlotte France's Isabelle Huppert as a wicked and wily *jeune fille* on the lam with her lover. ¥¥

Sweet Liberty Moviemakers making whoopee, as seen by Alan Alda. ¥¥½

3 Men and a Cradle French megahit about baby-sitting bachelors. ¥¥¥

Top Gun Navy pilots on deck, Tom Cruise doing a superstar stint. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

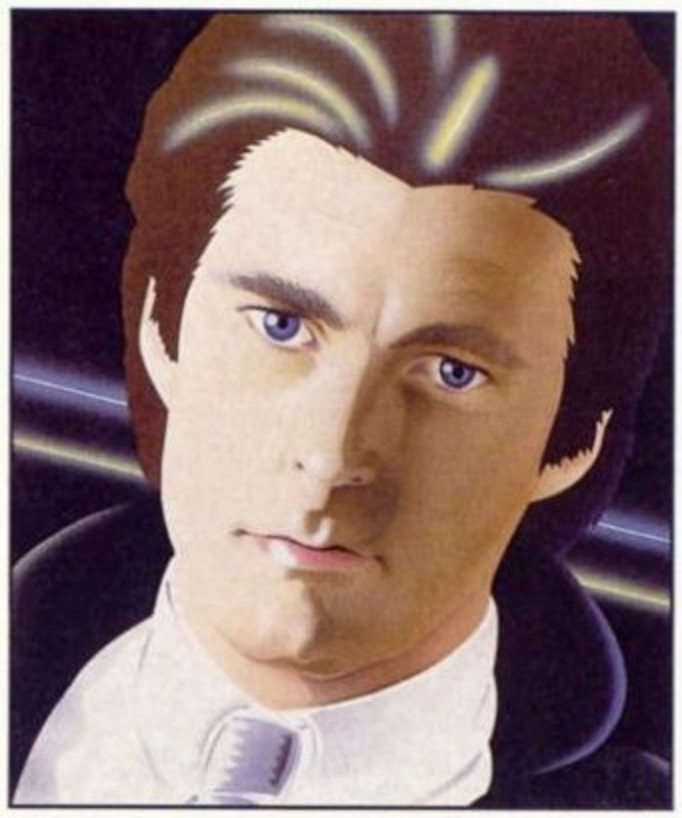
ROCK 'N' ROLL may eat its young, but it buries its dead most reluctantly. In 1978, Rick Nelson recorded a fine modern rock-a-billy album that featured excellent period tunes, including Buddy Holly's *True Love Ways* and *Rave On*, and contemporary songs in the same mode, such as the Stealers Wheel hit *Stuck in the Middle with You*. But the album, ***Memphis Sessions*** (Epic), had never been issued until now, after Nelson's death in a plane crash.

Nelson's specialty was ballads, and his readings of both *True Love Ways* and Bobby Darin's *Dream Lover*, done as a moody country number, are very fine. But Rick, whose skills as a rocker were constantly questioned, goes out of his way to prove them here. Side one kicks off with a rush of sheer nerve, a cover of Elvis' debut cut, *That's All Right*, that defines *hubris* but works anyhow. The toughest rocker, though, is John Fogerty's *Almost Saturday Night*, which has been done to death but never better than here. Nelson sings with confidence, fire and authority. It's hard to think of a finer tribute.

Bigger reputations are on the line with Class of '55's ***Memphis Rock & Roll Homecoming*** (America/Smash), which features Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash. Producer Chips Moman expertly handles the superstar cast—plus such guests as Nelson, Fogerty, June Carter Cash, Dave Edmunds, the Judds and even Sam Phillips—and from moment to moment, everything clicks: hot licks, good tunes and some of the most unmistakable voices in the history of recorded song. It's hard to imagine a more salacious event than Lewis' performance of *16 Candles*, and the finale, Fogerty's *Big Train from Memphis*, choogles exactly as it's supposed to. Unfortunately, this self-conscious project's tributes to the ethos of 1955 and Elvis simply don't measure up to the originals. Nonetheless, both of these Memphis sessions are persuasive evidence that you don't have to be as teenage as L. L. Cool J to make fine music in 1986.

NELSON GEORGE

With songs on the sound track of a hit movie, a bravura performance on a highly rated TV special, her own network-TV special and the hair style of her life, Patti LaBelle's stock has been soaring. Unfortunately, her debut on MCA Records, ***Winner in You,*** won't yield many dividends. It is not a bad record, but it is a dull one. It has none of the spark of Aretha Franklin's *Who's Zoomin' Who* or Tina Turner's *Private Dancer*. LaBelle sings well, but the material fails her. Nothing here is as memorable as *Beverly Hills Cop*'s *New Attitude* or her live version of *If You Don't Know Me By Now*. There are some tasty moments—the Ashford & Simpson–composed title track, for one—but *Winner* is not the triumph you'd expect.



Rick raves on.

Memphis music,
a yearning Journeyman
and Patti LaBelle.

Mtume's ***Theater of the Mind*** (Epic), in contrast, is a definite leap forward for the producer-performer. With the aid of Tawatha Agee's operatic soul voice, Mtume has built his reputation on sensuous love songs such as *Juicy Fruit*. This time, he weaves dramatic vignettes through several songs of biting social commentary. *New Face Deli*, prefaced by a report from Ted Copout, ridicules entertainers who get nose jobs, while *Deep Freeze* attacks militarism, supply-side economics and MTV. Happily, Mtume hasn't completely turned into Bruce Springsteen: Tawatha shines on two love songs, *I'd Rather Be with You* and *Body & Soul (Take Me)*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Paul Lazarsfeld, one of the first sociologists to take seriously the emergence of a new mass culture after World War Two, argued that "people look not for new experiences in the mass media but for a repetition and an elaboration of their old experiences into which they can more easily project themselves." Such is reality. Either you can project yourself onto some shit or you can't. In the case of Journey, I can't. So am I therefore entitled to say, "All Journey fans are scum," as so many critics have before me, when I listen to music most of the time with the same motivation as Journey fans? Yes, because I project myself onto good shit, and Journey fans project themselves onto bad shit. Such is aesthetics. And Journey's ***Raised on Radio*** (Columbia) is, indeed, bad shit. The basic problem is a certain lack of dramatic movement: Steve Perry starts yearning, yearns for 45 minutes and stops yearning. So if you yearn to yearn, go ahead and project yourself onto this Johnny Mathis–backed-by-Styx repetition of old experience. But know that I think you're scum.

My definition of good shit this month is ***Frenzy*** (Enigma), by Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper. To project yourself herein, you've got to have a taste for boy humor—that is, the occasional reference to jism—and John Lee Hooker's vocal style coming out of Mojo's white throat. I do have a taste for it, as Mojo has a major talent for blues rap and a powerful stroke on his semi-electric guitar. My favorite song is *I Hate Banks*, which would be a massive novelty single ("Dow Jones can suck my bone") if anyone in radio had the balls to play music that didn't yearn. My second-favorite song

GUEST SHOT

LESLEY GORE *is celebrated for having originated such great oldies of female pop as "It's My Party" and "You Don't Own Me." Now we're awaiting her new solo LP and a collaboration with Lou "Lightning Strikes" Christie, both due out on the Manhattan label soon. In a brilliant move, we asked Gore to judge former Go-Go's lead singer Belinda Carlisle's first solo venture, "Belinda" (I.R.S.).*

"Belinda Carlisle has made an accessible, well-rounded LP. Stylistically, she has included a little bit of everything, and it works. I liked several songs a lot—especially *Mad About You* and *Since You've Gone*. The production on *Shot in the Dark* is particularly strong. And I got a kick out of *Stuff and Nonsense*—she really lets herself get into it, and that impresses me. She should sell a lot of records, and I look forward to the next one. One technical criticism—the way they printed the lyrics on the sleeve gives me a headache."

is *I'm Living with the Three-Foot Anti-Christ*, which all humans over the age of five ought to find massively hilarious. My third-favorite song is *Where the Hell's My Money*, about collecting one's due from a sleaze-bag club owner, a situation that has certain parallels in a free-lance writer's life. My fourth-favorite song is a voice-plus-harmonica cover of *In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida*. My fifth-favorite song is. . . .

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Starting in 1982, Lou Reed's second great band made three flinty, lyrical albums that combined jazz chops with a taste for the minimalist rock Reed invented. Unpropitiously, guitarist Robert Quine quit before 1984's *New Sensations*, and now, on ***Mistrial*** (RCA), drummer Fred Maher abandons the pulse to the syndrum programing of bassist Fernando Saunders, always the combo's jazzer. The new songs still rock, but like set pieces, and the lyrics seem more programmatic as well—too often, these reflections and vignettes are generalized (*Video Violence*), insular (*Outside*) or not quite there (you choose). Let's hope rock 'n' roll's premier adult isn't getting bored again.

The Ramones' 1985 single *Bonzo Goes to Bitburg* was the outcry of political pain their nonpinhead fans always hoped they had in them and the soaring rock anthem they always hoped they had in themselves. ***Animal Boy*** (Sire) has no additional examples of the former and, as a consequence, not enough of the latter. Jean Beauvoir proves himself their most sympathetic outside producer, but not even *Something to Believe In* takes off like *Bonzo*, which is clearly what was hoped for it. If only the Ramones could stop squandering their compassion on cartoons and believe in something.

VIC GARBARINI

Belinda Carlisle / *Belinda* (I.R.S.): Glitzy L.A. megaproduction takes the edge off ex–Go-Go's impact. You don't need a limo to cruise for burgers.

Jane Siberry / *The Speckless Sky* (A&M): Out of Joni Mitchell and Kate Bush. Intriguing but airily abstract lyrics obscure more than they reveal.

GTR (Arista): Steve Howe left Asia for this? Former Yes/Asia ax man and ex-Genesis Steve Hackett are too undisciplined to make good pop and too addicted to clichés to be truly progressive.

Emerson, Lake & Powell (Polydor): The biggest artistic challenge for these guys was finding a new drummer whose last name began with P. The usual bloated pomp without circumstance.

Various artists / *Live! for Life* (I.R.S.): OK concert tracks by R.E.M., The Bangles, Go-Go's, Squeeze, General Public, et al., highlighted by Sting and Jeff Beck's raw and raucous blues jam. All profits go to cancer research.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Belinda Carlisle ***Belinda*** (I.R.S.)	3	5	6	5	6
Journey ***Raised on Radio*** (Columbia)	1	4	6	5	1
Patti LaBelle ***Winner in You*** (MCA)	5	5	6	8	4
Ramones ***Animal Boy*** (Sire)	7	5	9	6	6
Lou Reed ***Mistrial*** (RCA)	6	7	8	7	7

WE TOLD YOU IT WAS LOUD DEPARTMENT: A Toronto shrink, **Thomas Verny,** co-author of *The Secret Life of the Unborn Child*, says that heavy metal and hard rock are hated by the unborn. He cites two women who were exposed to heavy metal during pregnancy, one at a concert, the other at a recording session. In both instances, the babies kicked so hard that the mothers suffered broken ribs. Verny's advice: Go for melody.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Donna Summer's** hit *She Works Hard for the Money* is being turned into a film for her to star in. . . . Look for **Tom Petty** in the upcoming **Tim Hutton** picture *Made in Heaven*. . . . **Maurice White** did the music for the **John Candy/Eugene Levy** comedy *Armed and Dangerous*, due soon at your local theater. . . . **Jimmy Buffett** is still trying to get his script for *Margaritaville* made into a movie. Mainstream Hollywood doesn't seem to be interested, so he plans to do some rewriting and finance it as an independent film. He also has some scripts under consideration for TV's *Amazing Stories* and *Miami Vice* and has been working on a new album, tentatively titled *You'll Never Work in This Business Again*. . . . *Playing for Keeps*, a rags-to-riches youth movie, has a score by the likes of **Phil Collins, Pete Townshend, Julian Lennon** and **Arcadia.**

NEWSBREAKS: **Ted Nugent** on **Dr. Ruth:** "Life is one big female safari . . . and Dr. Ruth is my guide and outfitter." . . . **The Pointer Sisters** practice democracy when working on their albums. Usually, a song will noticeably fit one of the sisters, but if they all want to sing lead and can't work it out, they simply throw out the song. . . . A novel out this month, *Sweetie Baby Honey Cookie*, by attorney **Freddie Gershon,** is about ruthless promoters who kill a fading rock star to boost album sales. Gershon, who has worked with **Peter Allen** and **Chicago,** was also president of the Stigwood Group. He says, "The music business is a scuzzy business; it attracts people who want to make quick bucks." He says he wrote fiction to "protect the guilty and my kneecaps. I hope I haven't gone too far." . . . **Quincy Jones** has added movie, TV and home-video divisions to his company and currently has two films in development, as well as a long-form video on the making of his next album. Expect the album and the video in early 1987. . . . Great Britain has rejected plans by the British Virgin Islands to issue a **Michael Jackson** stamp, because British stamps have to have Her Majesty's portrait or the royal cipher on them. . . . **Mary Wilson's** book on **The Supremes** is finished. Watch for sparks from the others—and, coincidentally, from Mary's resumed performing career. . . . **A-ha** has begun its debut American tour. . . . **Belinda Carlisle** on the best part of her solo career: "It's the excitement of not knowing what's going to happen." Her album has songs written by her former teammates, the **Go-Go's.**

RANDOM RUMOR: Our favorite recent headline reads, "SPANDEX-CLAD CHICKENS AT HEAVY-METAL SHOW SPARK CONTROVERSY." We certainly hope so. Here's the story: The group **Y & T** placed four **Mötley Crüe**–look-alike chickens on stage during the last night of Crüe's tour. The A.S.P.C.A. was notified, and Y & T lead guitarist **Dave Meniketti** was forced to defend the stunt by saying that the spandex and bow ties the chickens were wearing kept them from flying into the audience and that the Humane Society had them picked up following the concert. Isn't showbiz fabulous?

—BARBARA NELLIS

Thousands of years from now,
they'll know this was a society of good taste.

TRAVEL

FOR GOOD OLD American fun, nothing beats a road trip. So, last year, my friend Jane and I decided to hit the road. We went for the big one. Coast to coast. We detoured onto the blue highways and, since we're both girls, even onto the pink. We drove 5000 miles across a country that's only 3000 miles wide. We rediscovered the dime phone call and the ten-cent cup of coffee. And, best of all, we discovered America.

America is a country of superlatives: Everything is always the biggest, best, newest, whateverest of its kind. Here are some highlights from our trip that were the most . . . the most . . . well, you'll see.

Best Hotel That Both Nazis and F. Scott Fitzgerald Used to Stay In: At different times, the Grove Park Inn in Asheville, North Carolina, housed both Fitzgerald (in room 441) and interned Axis diplomats. Its elevators, which run up inside huge chimneys, are in *Ripley's Believe It or Not*. Believe it.

Best Relic of a Dead Rock Star: The Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum, in Nashville, Tennessee, displays Patsy Cline's Confederate-flag lighter, salvaged from the wreckage of her tragic plane crash. It must have been a Zippo.

Best Collection of Weird Things that Sorta Go Together But, Then Again, They Don't: The Roy Acuff collection in the Ryman Auditorium, former home of the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tennessee. A green beret and a punji stick nestle beside an ashtray used at the Nuremberg trials and a signed copy of *God Is My Co-Pilot*, by Robert L. Scott, under a paper fan advertising blackface stars Jamup and Honey.

Best Full-Size Replica of the Parthenon: Nashville is the only place in the world that has a full-size Parthenon—besides the one in Athens, of course, of which this is a replica. Good site for re-enacting the climactic scene from the movie *Nashville* in which Ronee Blakley is shot on the Parthenon steps.

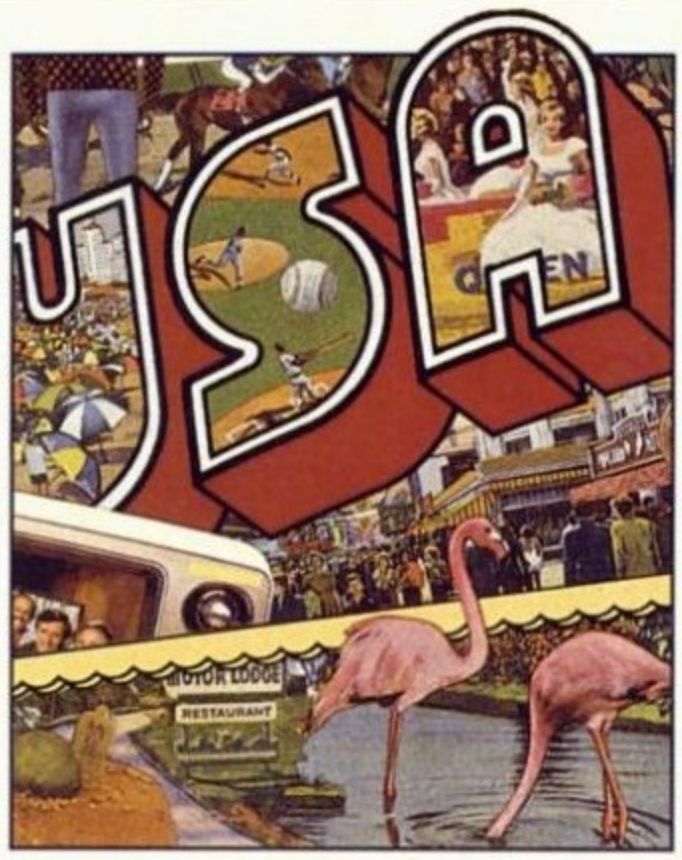
Best Elvis Souvenir: Ear muffs with the King's face in molded plastic on each ear. They're blue, Elvis' favorite color.

Worst Elvis Souvenir: See above.

Best Necrophiliac Monument to a Dead Rock Star: Aw, go on, you know: Graceland. See it before you die.

Best Evidence that the U.S.A. Really Is God's Country: An amazing number of references to the Almighty on roadside signs from sea to shining sea. Our favorite, outside Roxie, Mississippi: JESUS IS LORD, HAMBURGERS $1.50.

Best Explanation of Why There Are So Many Members of the Widette Family Down South: Everything is fried. Even the pickles are deep-fried. At the City Café in Winona, Mississippi, we had fried pie. Anne Gentry and her husband, Bruce, wouldn't let us pay for our fried pie and coffee, on the grounds that I was the third New Yorker and Jane only the second English person



From sea to shining sea.

What I did
on my summer
vacation.

ever to enter their establishment. Anne was an Elvis fan. Her son, Allen, was a Martin Short fan. The fried pie was pretty decent, I must say.

Best Reminder that the Top Half of the Country Once Invaded the Bottom Half: A map sold by the Lorman Old Country Store, in Lorman, Mississippi, that indicates among local points of interest "where we whipped the Yankees" and "where the Yanks whipped us." When they talk about the war down there, they don't mean Vietnam.

Best Place to Run Across Helen Hayes Unexpectedly: Natchez, Mississippi, at the Miss Floozie Contest, held as part of an annual jamboree down at the levee. Unfortunately, we were too late to enter. But we joined a lively crowd of locals and tourists off the riverboats cheering on their favorites, just as the m.c. announced the panel of celebrity judges, starting with "the first lady of the American theater." Sure enough, there she was, sitting under a parasol: Miss Helen Hayes. She looked as though she was having a good time. So were we, especially when a kid with a punk haircut asked us on the way out, "Did y'all win?"

Closest We Ever Got to *Easy Rider*: At a roadside stand in Johnson City, Texas, boyhood home of President Lyndon B. Johnson, a cowboy asked us, "Where'd you gals get those haircuts? I want to know so's I can be sure not to go there." Our mouths were too full of homemade fresh peach ice cream to answer before he added, chuckling, "Looks like some fella took his barber school exam on your heads and failed."

Best Shrine Where the Dirt May or May Not Have Curative Powers: El Santuario de Chimayo, New Mexico. In an adobe chapel dating from 1813, we joined other pilgrims filing into the inner sanctum, which was lined with castoff crutches. The lady in front of us knelt in front of a small hole in the ground, inserted her head into it, ostrich style, and reverentially touched her forehead to the dirt. We followed suit, realizing too late that the idea was to bring the afflicted portion of your body into direct contact with the healing dirt. The lady in front of us was probably asking God to cure her migraines. On the other hand, I haven't had a really bad headache since.

Best Misleading Sign: Just over the New Mexico border and into Arizona, we came across a souvenir stand in the shape of a giant tepee. Large signs promised, WE ICE YOUR JUGS FREE. After we'd driven all day in 90-degree heat, it was an offer we couldn't refuse. Imagine our disappointment when we discovered that they meant Thermos jugs.

Best Outdoor Art Display: The life-size sand sculpture of the Last Supper in Sedona, Arizona.

Most Convenient Tourist Attraction: The Hoover Dam, a masterpiece of engineering and art deco, right on the main road. Tourism at its best; you don't even have to turn off to see it.

Best Thing About Fort Davis, Texas, and, Probably, the Whole U.S.A.: Texas Bob's Ardt Showcase Popular Culture Museum. He spells it that way because "some folks say it ain't art." So what is it if it ain't art? Well, stuff. Stuff you never even thought of saving—and aren't you sorry now, because someday, it's gonna be worth a fortune. Stuff like, for instance, Pez dispensers. Hopalong Cassidy cereal bowls. Virtually every Coke bottle ever made. Bicentennial beer cans. Arcane rock-'n'-roll memorabilia from the Beatles, Stones, Doors, Dylan. Edgar Rice Burroughs first editions. Stuff like that. It's all crammed into a few tiny rooms where Bob conducts tours by flashlight. Bob's planning to move his museum to a local hotel later this year, so if you can't find the place, he says to ask for him at Applejack's Restaurant and he'll buy you a cup of coffee. Texas Bob is from New Jersey. His museum was my absolute favorite thing on the entire trip. In fact, if you want to know what America is all about, just go directly to Fort Davis, Texas, and visit the Ardt Museum. And you can see the U.S.A. in a day.

—ANNE BEATTS

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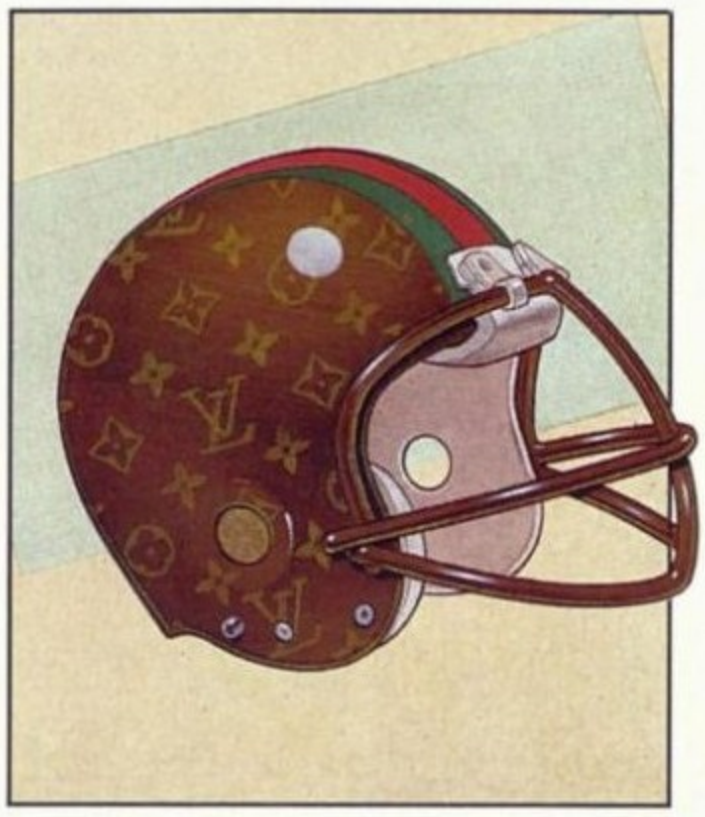
SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS



LETTER FROM AN N.F.L. OWNER

Dear Team Member:
Sorry I've allowed another great season in the National Football League to draw so near without letting you hear from your owner, who only happens to be your biggest fan; but, as many of you know—or perhaps have read in the columns—Clarissa and I ran into a good bit of trouble redecorating the beach house in Fiji.

Clarissa shares my enthusiasm for the coming season, by the way. In fact, at this very moment, my wife is working on some ideas about the new fabric for the walls of our sky box. I might add that she also has some thoughts in regard to improving our half-time entertainment. It's pretty exciting stuff. Without going into any detail, I'll only mention two things: piano concertos and dissident poetry!

Now I want to say something to you that I know you've heard before but can't be repeated too often. This team is a family! And I intend to stand by an oath I took, which is to meet each and every one of you personally before the end of the season, travel permitting.

I've already had the pleasure of knowing some of you, of course. I speak of those interior linemen who worked at my grandfather's steel plant during the off season, the two quarterbacks who came to our hunt ball in Virginia and the charming little place kicker who was kind enough to head up the janitorial staff at the family estate in Key Biscayne. (If you're reading this, Raoul, I haven't forgotten my promise to help out with your citizenship papers.)

To all of our rookies, let me say welcome! And let me say a special welcome to those half dozen who were in the fraternity house with me a couple of years ago. I make no apologies for the fact that I exercised a certain amount of influence at the N.F.L. draft. Size, speed and drug tests are important, as our coaches argued, but I firmly believe that a bunch of guys who've creeped some brews together, like they say, will be more likely to hang in there when the going gets tough. I often think about the things I learned of character, loyalty and teamwork, in those pledge days when I had to get naked and slide headfirst down those hallways of barbecue sauce and live minnows.

I mentioned the coaches. I think you'll like the new ones. They should be arriving in camp almost any day. I'm happy to announce that Coach Brains Temple, our new head man, is bringing his whole staff with him, including Bag Man Bailey, his top talent scout and offensive coordinator, a man who has perhaps gained more notoriety than the others. Together, as I'm sure you're aware, Coach Temple and his assistants were responsible for six probation sentences and the loss of more than 700 scholarships at four universities in the Big Eight and the Southwest Conference alone. I don't see how any staff can come more highly recommended.

A word about the new stadium. While it *is* located across the state line, we're still going to be representing this community, the same faithful community that supported the team when my father moved the franchise from the Midwest, which was after he bought out his narrow-minded partner and shifted the club from its original location up East.

There's no question that those of you who make your homes in this community are going to be slightly inconvenienced by the 125-mile drive to the new stadium, but most of the friends Clarissa and I have spoken to about it seem to feel that it will be worth the trouble to have a modern facility with a dome and a north end zone leading directly into a shopping mall and lake-front condo development.

I'm sure a few of you are concerned about the change of our nickname and logo. Believe me, nobody will miss the old Fighting Auks more than I. The name has served us well through three cities, after all, and I'll certainly never forget the season during my senior year of prep school when I *was* the Auk on the side lines in my costume with the webbed feet and the little wings.

Times change, however, and I agree with Clarissa that the team will have a greater appeal to the new breed of pro football fan with our new name. I think the Happy Shoppers has a certain ring to it. I think it will strike fear into the hearts of our less sophisticated foes and, frankly, I'm counting the minutes until the grubby bargain-seekers among our opponents see the Happy Shoppers roar onto the field in our new helmets with the proud and familiar Gucci stripe sweeping across the proud and familiar Vuitton pattern!

I want to take this opportunity to express my deepest sympathy to those of you whose agent/managers died in the crash of one of our private jets. It was a terrible tragedy and I suppose it will be months before we know the exact cause. It was doubly unfortunate, because I think the meeting we had scheduled would have been very productive. I believe we could have ironed out most of our contractual differences.

It goes without saying that I will be pleased to meet with all of your new agent/managers when you have finished selecting them.

Lastly, I want to say to the veterans on the team that I greatly appreciate the support you showed my father, both in your depositions and in your personal testimony, during his trial. While I know that many of you benefited from his inside stock tips, I'm certain that friendship was your real motivation.

As you might imagine, my father has had a very difficult time dealing with confinement. But things are looking up. He's working in the kitchen now and has made numerous friends, mostly ex-bankers and real-estate developers. He thinks there's a very good chance in the next several months that a few of them will be given occasional weekends off to play in various member-guest golf tournaments around the state of Texas. That would be good. Although I haven't actually been able to get out there to visit him, I'm sure he could use some sun.

Well, I see my pep talk is getting a little long, and I *am* due for a board meeting at the yacht club. Let's get tough and have a heck of a year, men. And remember—you've got a pal in the front office!

Go, Shoppers!
Bucky III

Superman & Clark Kent-TM & © DC Comics, Inc.

Eye Contact.

"Most guys who get into contact lenses have a very good rationale. And it isn't looks.

Mine was racing.

I felt glasses were screwing up my concentration. I don't need anything hanging off my face while I'm hanging the tail out with six things to check out at once.

So, at first, I wore my contacts just for driving.

It was like being born with wide-angle eyes. I felt like Clark Kent when he turned into Superman. I could see everything. Front. Sides. Every detail.

Then it dawned on me, I can see this way all the time!

I've worn contacts instead of glasses ever since. With today's contact lens care products, it's even easier to clean and care for them.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Strange days, indeed; most peculiar, Momma. The tension in this culture is tight. There's something happening here, and what it is *is exactly clear*: There is an Unholy Alliance of extreme right-wingers and fundamentalists and feminists that is antimale, antisexual and anti–First Amendment. Three for three.

The heat is on. Censorship is the order of the day, repression the mode of operation. PLAYBOY is being dropped from bookstores and newsstands, and the things men like to read, look at and think about are under fire.

The Unholy Alliance is trying to change or eliminate the habits and thinking of the American male. We men are, it seems, too rude, crude and unmannerly for the new world on the horizon; and unless we reconstruct ourselves along more tame and polite lines, the Unholy Alliance will consider us expendable.

Consider:

• I attend a writers' conference and am asked by two women to tape a reading of some of my *Men* columns and short stories. Their tape recorder is in their hotel room. As we ride the elevator, there are a few disparaging remarks about PLAYBOY. It is clear that they do not like the magazine and that they take me as a symbol of it. As we enter their room, one of the women turns to me and says, "Actually, we're here to shoot you."

She does not smile for a second. In the silence, I wonder if she could be serious. And I think that if it is a joke, it is also a luxury; if I said anything to her that was half as provocative, the SEXIST label would be stamped on my forehead. "I'm glad you didn't shoot me," I write to her later.

"You're welcome," she writes back. "Shooting you would have been so messy, anyway." Great repartee, right?

• Walking down Michigan Avenue in Chicago, I see a crowd of people picketing a large bookstore. They carry signs objecting to PLAYBOY, among other publications. They want a boycott of the store until the magazine is dropped from the shelves. A group called Citizens for Media Responsibility Without Law (what does that mean? I wonder) is passing out a flier. Its members object to what they call this magazine's "Violent Objectification of Women" (what does that mean? I wonder again). They speak of the bookstore as a "Christian family-owned business" and say it "refuses to stop selling pornography." In blocking access to the bookstore,

THE HEAT IS ON

they say, "We perform these actions in the same spirit as the suffragettes . . . and Rosa Parks. . . ." Such nobility while they go into stores and tear up magazines! Next thing we know, they'll be burning books and magazines and claiming that they're doing so in the spirit of Joan of Arc. Most peculiar logic, Momma.

• "PLAYBOY will be gone in a short while (*hurrah!*)," writes a so-called Christian in a letter addressed to Hugh Hefner and copied to me. "When you languish on your deathbed and cry out to know the state of your soul, it's a sure bet you won't ask to see a PLAYBOY!" The language of the letter is violent, apocalyptic, and it runs in the old, familiar pattern of fundamentalist preaching: "A society that allows free rein to man's baser passions will be torn apart by the lusts of its less-principled members. In short, *it's either vote for morality or be destroyed by your neighbor's lusts*!" I think about that and try to determine who among my neighbors I would first ask to destroy me with her lusts. There are several candidates. If you include the health club where I work out as part of my neighborhood, there are literally scores of possible destroyers. What a way to go!

Make no mistake about it: The Unholy Alliance is trying to make us ashamed of our maleness, our sexuality, our freedom, our love of humor and our love of play. To be a vigorous and happy male in this time and place is somehow dirty and wrong, the Unholy Alliance implies. We men are reading and enjoying improper words and images and thoughts. For that, we will be punished and censored. Our reading materials will be taken away from us and we will be closely monitored for signs of decay.

I wish I could report that we men were responding to the heat with intelligence and cool. Unfortunately, I think we are a little slow on the uptake. We don't have any role models to lean on—we're the first generation of males in thousands of years to be labeled unfit and improper in our thought and being—and we hesitate to take on the Unholy Alliance. After all, some of its members may live in our own homes.

Example: One of the bravest men I know, a Vietnam veteran and a very fine writer, comes to town and we have lunch. "I really like your *Men* column, Ace," he says. He quotes details from several columns and talks about how my work has been of some help to him. He toys with his salad, momentarily embarrassed: "Uh, could you send me the magazine every month? In a plain brown envelope? My wife won't let me subscribe. She won't allow PLAYBOY in the house." He does not look me directly in the eye as he asks this.

I think about how many times men have said things like this to me. Some make appointments with their barbers every month just so they can read my column. They can't have the magazine in their homes, either.

"I'll send you a copy of the column if you want," I tell my friend, "but I can't send the whole magazine. I don't have those kinds of perks." He thanks me. He laughs at his own fear.

Here is a man whose bravery under fire is unquestionable, a man I would trust with my life. Yet under this other fire, he withers. I do not talk to him about it. I know he is uncomfortable. But I also know that until he stakes a claim to his own freedom of choice in what he reads, he will be a captive in a mean-spirited culture.

The heat is on. Believe it or not, that's good. The Unholy Alliance has come out of the closet and set itself up as prosecutor and judge and jury. And the bet in this corner is that men will not let aliens define them; instead, they will stake out their own territory, claim their own consciousness, celebrate their own virtues and contributions and strengths.

The heat, in short, will help us thrive.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

WE ATTEND A WEDDING

Maybe it was the stress of flying halfway across the country, maybe it was the ambivalence that a wedding brings out in women of a certain age, but we were out for blood that Thursday night.

Sammy and Jean were getting married in Texas and a couple dozen of us had flown from New York and Los Angeles to end up that night in a small fishing cottage next to a bayou, where we played full-contact charades to unwind.

"You call *How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You When You Know I've Been a Liar All My Life?* a song title?" Rhoda yelled at Cleo. "It's got 21 words!"

"Oh, really?" said Cleo coldly. "And I suppose *Spaceships from the Planet Iagra* is a best seller, moron?"

The bride-to-be had to send everyone to bed.

"Here's my dress," said Rita in our motel room, which contained a ceiling fan. She pulled out a pearl-gray A-line, simple and elegant, and then an electric-blue bundle of sequins. "Or this, in case I'm feeling rowdy."

"Here's mine," said Cleo. "I know it's got puffy sleeves and a million colors and looks like a little girl's party dress, but it's the only one that spoke to me."

I duly showed my pink-and-black taffeta with too much cleavage. "So tomorrow's the barbecue," I said, "and the next day's the bridesmaids' luncheon and the wedding that night, and then on Sunday we nap and have another party. That's four separate-but-equal outfits. Festive."

"I'm exhausted," said Rita. "Personally, I think that when somebody gets married, she should give parties for us."

"Kind of as a consolation prize—a good idea," said Cleo. "'You may still be a spinster, but here's a lovely tea service.'"

"We're not spinsters," I said. "Those five years I spent as a housewife are etched in my brain, and Rita's had dozens of husbands."

"Well, I was married for only a few months when I was 18," said Cleo, "and I don't think that counts. I'm a spinster. And do you know what my chances of getting married again are? I've been reading magazines. They tell me the probability is greater that I will get swooped up by a flying saucer than that I will ever marry."

"Poor baby," I clucked. "What are you wearing to the luncheon?"

"Ah, my purple, I think. All the girls are sleeping at Myrtle's, the town's beautician. A slumber party."

"Weddings turn the world into teenagers," grumbled Rita as she removed the last vestiges of eye make-up and got into bed. "Good night, hons."

"Don't think bitter thoughts, dear," I said.

We moved into Myrtle's after the barbecue. She was a fine, handsome, middle-aged woman with a grand smile. "Hon," she said to everyone, "if you can't find somethin', just look for it. There's plenty of cakes and pies in the kitchen; all the neighborhood women have been baking for you all's coming. Drink some wine."

"She's got $500 patchwork quilts on all her beds," I whispered to Rhoda, who was frantically looking for her blow drier and simultaneously patching a run in her stockings with nail polish.

"Weddings turn me berserko," she said, "and there have been so goddamned many lately. Why is everybody suddenly getting married?"

"*People* and *Newsweek* both say none of us has a chance in hell of getting married again, now we're in our mid-30s."

"What do they know? They're crazy! They're full of shit! All my girlfriends have lost their marbles and gotten themselves husbands! They've all forgotten the Seventies, when they fully and maturely came to terms with the fact that marriage was a male plot to keep us in our place!"

"I want to get married again," I said placidly.

"Why?" asked Rhoda, Rita and Cleo.

"Because I like the intimacy and I want another baby."

"We notice how long you kept your husband first time around," said Rita.

Jean, the bride herself, blew in like a tornado, all nerves and excitement. We made her lie down on Myrtle's fluffy carpet, where we took turns massaging her from head to toe.

"I want to get married every day of my life," Jean said hazily. "I'll never get so much attention again."

"You just wait till tomorrow, honey," said Myrtle, "when we give you a hot-tub bubble bath and iron your dress and I do your hair and Sarah does your make-up and Mona does your flowers and you turn into a princess."

The next day held only one calamity: The bride's mother turned on the water for her bath and the shower came on instead, all over her new coif. Myrtle had to make an emergency house call.

After the bridesmaids' luncheon, when 31 women dressed in ladylike fashion got as pissed as newts on Great Western champagne and caroused mightily at 11 A.M., I found myself with Cleo and Rhoda, helping Jean make a fruit cascade in her mother's garden.

"Gimme about 20 more toothpicks," I said as I tried to make a bunch of grapes adhere to a pineapple that was itself skewered to a watermelon. "I'm so excited, I'm about to die."

"We all are," said Cleo. "Look at Sammy, our blushing groom, over there, pretending to be normal. He's in a coma."

"My blue spike heels will never make it across this lawn during the wedding march," Rhoda prophesied gloomily.

A wedding turns people tribal. The night was soft and thick and pungent with eucalyptus. All the girls were fiercely protective, gathered around Jean—our angel in white sequins. The men, in their penguin suits, hovered around Sammy, keeping him erect and functioning.

Jean marched to her fate across her momma's lawn. We cried. Then, later, we laughed and ate shrimp and got drunk, and many of us made shameful advances toward strangers.

Jean threw her bouquet; Susie happily caught it. Jean threw her garter, and all the men stood there, watching it arc into the air, then ran away.

"Who are they kidding?" Rita asked.

"Nobody," I answered.

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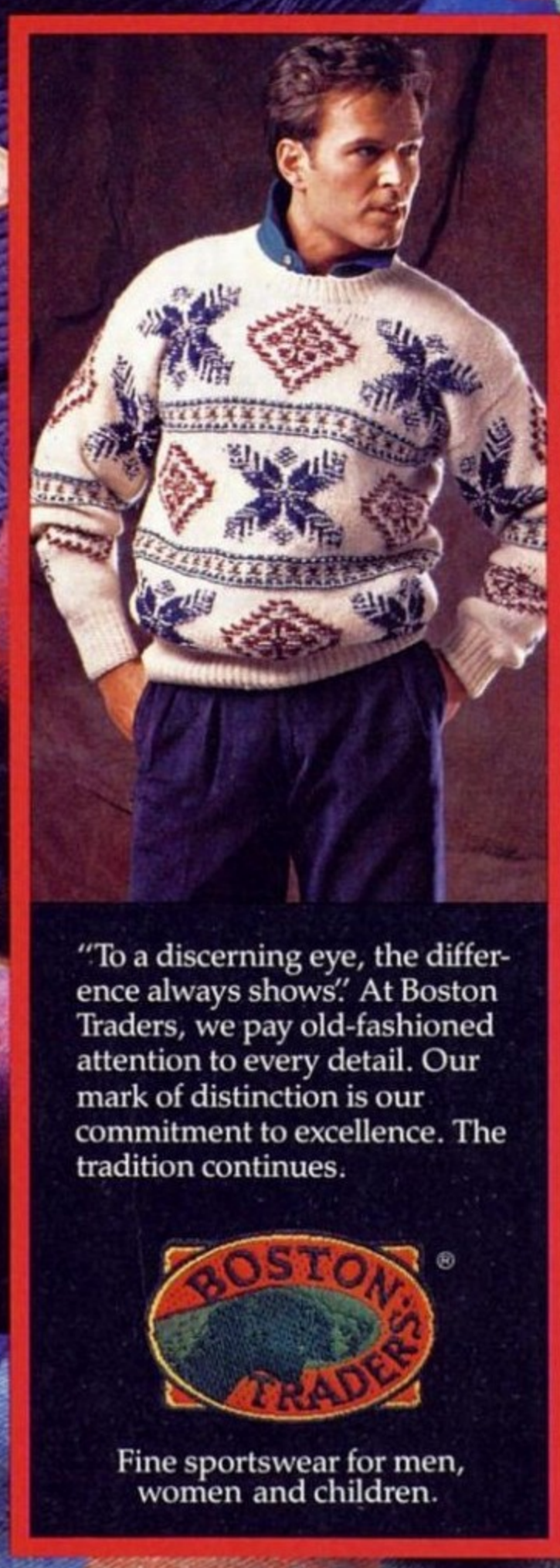

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When I read Asa Baber's column "The Lysistrata Syndrome" (*Men*, PLAYBOY, February), something I'd always wondered about came to mind. Baber portrays the men in *Lysistrata* as "hobbling about the stage with unquenched erections." I can go weeks without a hard-on unless I am in bed with a woman or jacking off. Although I've had my few instances of not being able to get it up at all, my hard-ons never seem to last as long as I'd like (unless I'm drinking) or to be as hard as on those few mornings I wake up with a real stiff one. It's an awkward thing to talk about, so I've always had these doubts and fears in the back of my mind: Am I a wimp? Am I gay? Is it hormones? I feel guilty every time I see a good-looking girl or one of your pictorials and don't get an instant erection. I've been to bed with 50 or 60 women (I'm 29) and, for the most part, perform fine. Am I crazy or would taking hormones help me? Where do you get them?—J. J., Indianapolis, Indiana.

It could be that you are just not as responsive to visual stimuli as some men and perhaps require more direct stimulation in order to feel aroused. It could be that you're too busy having sex (50 or 60 women? Really?) to have surplus erections. However, you are not abnormal or deficient in any way. And since you are satisfied with your performance with women, we see no reason for you to be concerned. There is no reason to feel guilty about not getting an erection every time you see a pretty girl: If that were the case, you'd be writing for advice on coping with the embarrassment of your instant erections.

I am applying for a job that requires a physical, including a urine test. I don't know whether or not the company is looking for any specific drugs, but I am somewhat concerned. Can I refrain from most recreational drugs for an extended period of time prior to the urine test and receive a clean bill of health?—A. A., Los Angeles, California.

There are several strategies for beating urine tests. The most outrageous strategy is to borrow a urine sample from someone who doesn't do drugs and take it to the physical with you. If you can't find anyone who doesn't do drugs, maybe you can whistle "Message in a Bottle" and refrain from drugs for a while. Every individual has his own metabolism, so the exact length of abstinence is hard to determine. Cocaine stays in the urine for two to four days. A moderate (four times weekly) marijuana smoker should go five days without toking, a daily smoker ten to 21 days. Tranquilizers such as Valium stay mellow in the fellow for three days. Quāāludes stick around for 14 days. Heroin shows up for two to five days, while amphetamines disappear after two days. Of course, you may be applying at some company that requires an observed urine test, in which case you should piss on the observer's shoes and tell him to fuck off.

A few months ago, you suggested that oral sex had fallen out of fashion. I beg to differ. Some of the best head I ever received was from a woman in Burbank, California. She put every bit of her perfectly shaped 4'10", 87-pound frame into what she considered to be her greatest sexual skill. She was a miracle. My brother, who also used to date her, once commented, "If she were a ride at Disneyland, she'd be an E ticket." This was in 1982. In 1983, I dated a girl who'd go down on me and then, after I came, would hum the theme from *Rocky* as she went about reviving my spent member. Nineteen eighty-four was the year in which I met that woman on a westbound 727—you know, the one who spoke of her Scorpio-driven passion to give blow jobs while fondling me beneath the blanket. We met again on land three weeks later. And now I'm living with a woman who, during a recent vacation, blew me on an amusement-park chair lift. She takes the cake. And you're suggesting that oral sex is *déclassé*. Yeah, right.—K. L. B., New York, New York.

OK, OK. You don't have a problem, unless your current girlfriend reads this and starts asking about your past.

My inquiry deals with the problem I have with cassette tapes. It seems that the tapes that are fairly old (two to three years) or that I rarely play produce a high squeal when played on any stereo equipment—car stereos and/or home stereos. Reducing the treble on my equalizer does not stop the problem. I am wondering if there is anything I can do, short of buying new tapes, to stop the noise.—C. R., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Your problem with the older tapes in your collection is a common one and, unfortunately, there is probably nothing that can be done to solve it. From your description, the squeal sounds as if it is a property of the tape mechanism itself, since it occurs on any equipment on which the tapes are played. Even though this is extremely irritating, it will not affect the sound of reproduction. The hubs on older tapes will often squeal because of age or because the graphite slip sheets have become worn. Unfortunately, any attempt to lubricate the hubs will permanently damage the tape itself. The tapes that you purchase now should not give you this problem—even after years of use. In an effort to eliminate the squeal problem, the tape mechanism currently manufactured is of a much higher quality.

I recently found myself in an intoxicated and lonely mood. I wanted to explore new ways of sexual communication, so I made a brief call to a telephone service providing aural sex. I am now anxious about the possible consequences of this and would like some serious answers. Is there anything illegal in two consenting adults' discussing sex graphically over the phone? Does Ma Bell at any time listen to or record these private conversations? If I pay for these services with a major credit card, will that allow agencies that might not approve of such behavior to track me down? Does my using a major credit card for sexually related entertainment in any way affect my credit rating?—D. C., Nashville, Tennessee.

The Meese commission tried to outlaw phone sex; but as of now, there is no need to fear legal repercussions from using the telephone-sex services that redefine aural sex. The credit-card companies couldn't care less whom you're calling, and unless you're a K.G.B. spy, there's no need to fear that your conversations are being noticed, much less recorded. However, it would be wise to make your calls to these services from your home, rather than from your work phone, as companies do frown on their employees' using the services at their expense.

My lady and I are frazzled from work and need a break. We're talking isolated, romantic and back to nature—but not pup tents and Pop Tarts. Do you know of any high-quality retreats in the U.S. that you might share with us?—T. P., Denver, Colorado.

You remind us of a friend of ours who thinks that roughing it means no room service after midnight. But it just so happens that there are some places around the country that offer both nature and nurture for people like you, who want to rough it in style. On the

West Coast, try Otter Bar Lodge (P.O. Box 210, Forks of Salmon, California 96031), about 100 miles east of Eureka, California, on the banks of the Salmon River. It's a lovely modern place with several bedrooms, but it books only one group at a time—as few as two people or as many as ten. For $300 per night for two, the lodge and a few thousand acres of Klamath River National Forest are yours alone. In Colorado, our vote goes to Tall Timber (SSR Box 90 P, Durango, Colorado 81301), about midway between Durango and Silverton and reachable by narrow-gauge railroad. Tall Timber is set in a glorious alpine meadow in the middle of the San Juan National Forest, and it's one of the most luxurious small resorts in America. Prices are similarly lofty—$1185 per week per person—but worth the splurge. At the other end of the economic scale but no less wonderful is Ocracoke Island, down near the end of North Carolina's wild and beautiful Outer Banks. You get to Ocracoke via a free ferry ride from the town of Hatteras, then put up in the weathered little village at the very tip of the island. There are just a handful of places to stay, but try the Crews Inn (Box 40, Ocracoke, North Carolina 27960), an old Victorian house turned bed-and-breakfast, where a room with bath is $40 per night. If none of these places puts some spark back into your relationship, it's time to have your batteries checked.

When a man masturbates and his balls "retreat" inside him, what is the cause? Is it dangerous in any way?—G. S., Des Moines, Iowa.

Relax—it's perfectly normal for the testicles to ride up in the scrotum during periods of arousal and even during extreme cold. It's called beating a retreat. This seems to be nature's way of protecting the testicles when they are most vulnerable. This condition is not harmful—and, as you've probably noticed, it is temporary.

On a dress shirt, do you monogram the right or the left cuff? I have been told "The opposite of your writing hand" and "It makes no difference." What about shirt pockets and collars? It seems everyone has a different theory. Would you be kind enough to address this question?—I. B., Middletown, New Jersey.

Fashion rules are never hard and fast. According to the experts we consulted, you should monogram only the left cuff or pocket of a dress shirt. This is traditional and probably stems—as you suggest—from the fact that it is the opposite of the hand used by most people. As for collars, most experts we spoke with wouldn't monogram them at all, so the question of preferred side is academic. To paraphrase an old bit of advice: When in doubt, go left, young man.

I am a 22-year-old senior currently attending Georgia Tech in Atlanta. I have a wonderful girlfriend whom I have been dating for more than two years. She will do anything for me and with me, except have sexual intercourse. We have dry sex often; but when I try to undress her, she always stops me and says that she doesn't want to have intercourse until she is married. Every time I see her, I want to make mad and passionate love to her, but I know I can't. Now, whenever she wants to have dry sex, I am reluctant—the only thing I accomplish is getting my pants wet, because she won't let me remove them. I love her dearly and want to make love to her. I often fantasize about it when I am alone in the bathroom.

I am still a virgin, and I am getting desperate. There is no one else I want to have sex with, but I'm starting to feel that maybe there is something wrong with me. Is there? It seems that the more I worry about it, the more I masturbate. I do it at least three times a week. How bad is this for me? I would value your advice greatly, because I don't know what to do.—R. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

If you don't want to marry this girl, you are wasting your time. Find someone who wants sex for the same reason you do—to share passion. Just think of the money you'll save in laundry bills. Or try to talk her into forms of safe sex—touching, licking, laughing. Right now, the relationship is one-way. She sets the terms. You have the right to a sex life—if she doesn't share your desire, find someone who does.

A group of my friends (both men and women) were having a good conversation at a beer party. Suddenly, the talk turned to a discussion of our first experiences with intercourse. While there was not too much disagreement among the men (all had enjoyed their experiences with virgins), the women had a lot to express. Most of them had experienced some discomfort during the first penetration, but most said they had reached some sort of orgasm. One woman, though, said that her experience of the initial penetration was a horrifying ordeal that took more than 15 minutes to get through. However, she was able to have satisfying intercourse later. Please answer the following questions so that we men can do a better job of handling virgins: (1) Does intercourse position have anything to do with discomfort? (2) Is the missionary position best? (3) Does the size of the penis have anything to do with it? (4) What is the right way to deflower a virgin?—P. O., Portland, Oregon.

Your letter is a great example of just how varied we humans are. The archetypal image of the first time is largely mythical. Discomfort is not mandatory. If you don't expect more from your first sex experience than from, say, the first time you step onto a tennis court, you'll have the proper perspective. We believe in talking about sex before you do it. Discuss positions, expectations and, above all, birth control. There's nothing like an unwanted pregnancy to spoil the memory of that first time. Our second bit of advice: Try all the other forms of pleasure before trying penetration. Use sufficient lubrication and things will go easily—regardless of position or size.

I was recently in a stereo shop, where I noticed some very heavy-duty speaker wire. It was about as thick as my thumb. I talked with one of the salesmen about it, and he said this wire could noticeably improve the sound of my system. He suggested that I think of it in terms of another component. At 80 cents a foot, it wouldn't break me, but I'm just wondering, Can speaker wire make that much of a difference?—G. M., Belleville, Illinois.

The thickness of speaker hookup wire is determined by the length of the run from the output of your amplifier (or receiver) to the input of the speaker. This distance is not as the crow flies but must include the actual path taken by the wires as they turn corners or get tucked out of sight behind furniture, etc. If this total distance does not exceed 15 feet, ordinary lamp cord or zip cord with 18-gauge wire can be used. For longer runs, of up to 50 feet, use the next thicker wire, which is 16-gauge. For runs longer than that, use 14-gauge, which is thicker yet.

I have just discovered a good, indecent way for women to refresh themselves at the office on a stressful day. I am still quaking with excitement over this rest-room technique. Let me describe it: In a stall (with a door, unless you're an outrageous or crude exhibitionist), note whether or not the toilet-paper holder is reflective, preferably boxlike (the kind with the horrible tiny sheets). If it is not, somehow prop up a mirror on the inside so that when you lean back against the opposite wall and use your thigh muscles to squat a bit, you can (gosh!) see yourself! Not a brand-new sight but wildly fun if you're reasonably sure no one's going to rush after you to meet your deadline or reasonably sure you can proceed without making a noisy commotion. I found taking as many clothes off as possible breath-takingly brave. I also found that once the friendly interplay between hand and you-know-what got going, I was in ecstasy in seconds. The quickest picker-upper ever! And harmless, too; but watch out for your lustful boss(es), or else you may be in double trouble up to your asses.—Miss S. W., Washington, D.C.

If it improves employee morale, what the hell. Now if we can only find someone to type this. . . .

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE NEW NISSAN 300 ZX

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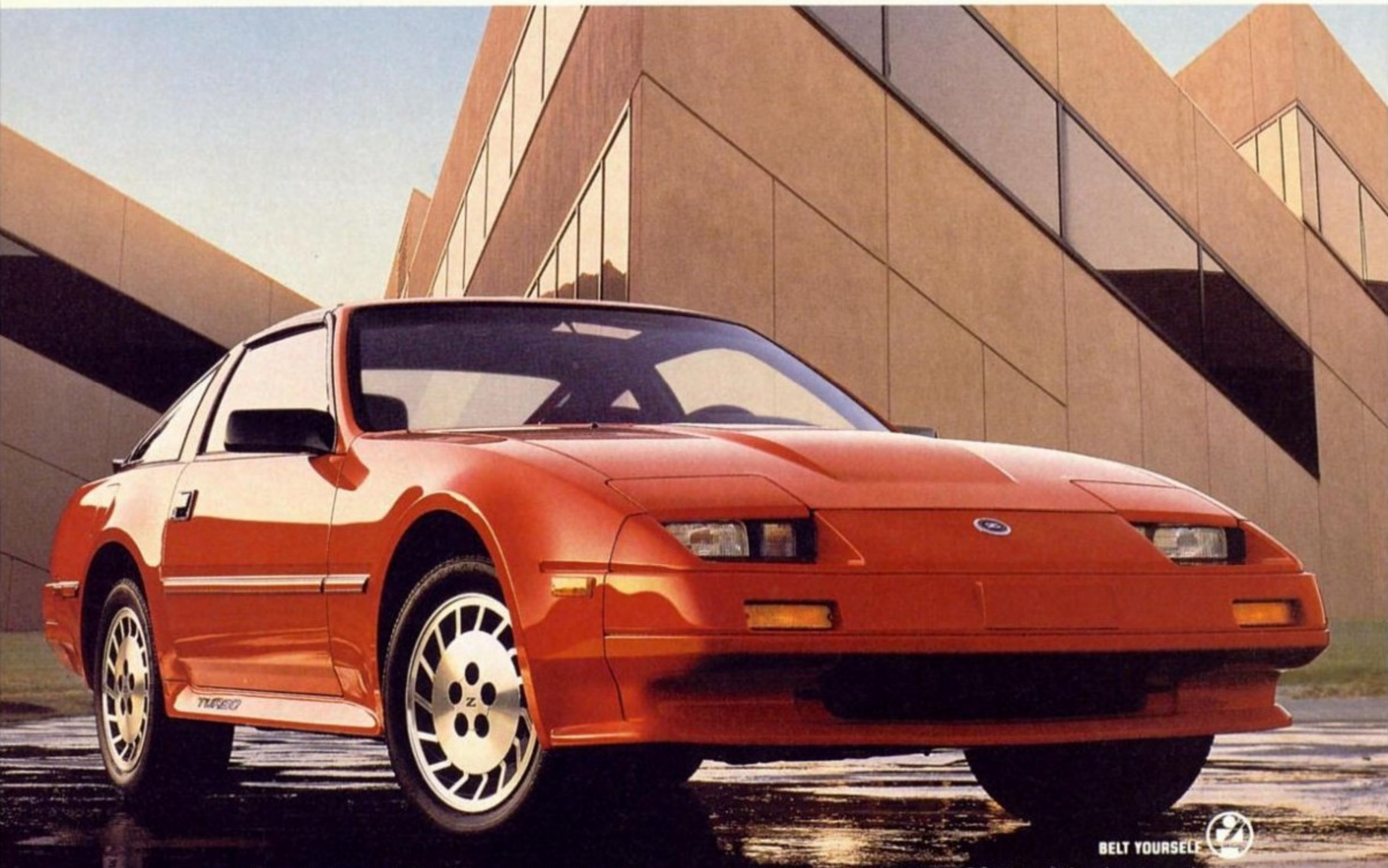

Very few automobiles have generated the excitement and emotional involvement of the Z-car. It was not surprising then, to read that Motor Trend Magazine called the 300 ZX, "the best all-around Z-car ever built."

And now, Nissan has taken one more step in the thoughtful evolution of this classic.

At the heart of this Z is one of the most technologically advanced, 3-liter, V-6 engines in the world. Track proven, this sophisticated design includes computerized electronic multi-port fuel injection and high-power, hemi-shaped combustion chambers. The turbo model puts out a rousing 200 horsepower. When you combine the rigid, lightweight powerplant of the 300 ZX with electronically adjustable shocks, the result is startling.

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Inside, a choice of electronic or analog instrumentation along with every conceivable luxury, including a resounding 80-watt, 6-speaker stereo system.

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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What's your last sexual frontier?

I do have a fantasy of making love in a public place, but not in public view. Like a deserted beach in the daytime, when you can't be sure that people won't just show up. Or in a limousine. That would be fun. But if you mean group sex or sex with another girl, that is a frontier I haven't gone to and don't intend to, either. It doesn't do anything for me. It's the homosexuality in the situation that turns me off. I know I should have a more open mind, but I don't. As a result, I couldn't get involved just because something was considered "in." So I couldn't do it with two guys, because I'd be thinking that either of them might be gay, and the same with another female. It would have to be a sexual frontier that I'd *like* to cross.

Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

How do you know I haven't done it all? OK, I'll be serious. No S/M. No way. I'm not into pain, except the kind you get from a good workout. I didn't read Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, but almost everyone has a fantasy about making out in the air. Are you going to lend me a private jet? A commercial airline is out—too public, plus they don't let two people into the bathroom at the same time. You couldn't *fit* two people into those tiny bathrooms. Seriously, my man and I have a very exciting and open relationship. We're willing to consider most things.

Venice Kong

VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

The last frontier would be to find a man who could make good sex last for an extended time period. People do get into sexual habits. I'd like a man to be creative, to think new thoughts and work at making sex different. I *don't* mean mate swapping; I do mean using your imagination. You have to be realistic, too. We're living in the age of disease now. I'd like to explore this with one man. Making a relationship work is the last frontier. Making a conscious effort to explore your sexual possibilities with one person. Saying to yourself, "I'm going to think about my sex life regularly." People who think only of changing the player all the time burn out. It doesn't have to be a new person; it *does* have to be a new way, a new idea. Your brain is your best sex organ.

Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I'm willing to try anything with someone I trust. Here's my favorite fantasy: I'm in Africa. It's really hot and I'm walking in very high grass with a man I haven't pictured yet. We're nude. We can hear animals. We can hear the thunder of their hooves, but we're caught up in making love, so we don't pay any attention. We are sweaty and hot, and a herd of gazelles break out from the stampede and fly over us. I'm on the bottom, so I can just look up and see them leaping over us. It would be the coolest thing. It's a fantasy, and I control it, so no one gets hurt. Closer to real life, I'd like to do it on a bus. I did do it in a phone booth once, so I got a big kick out of doing my gatefold in a phone booth. It seemed ironic to me.

Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

It's not that I've done everything—that's for sure—but exciting to me is starting out the evening with a nice dinner and a good bottle of wine. The conversation flows and the meaningful looks flow, too, and the sexual energy builds up, so that by the time you get home, it's uncontrollable. I like to start building those feelings from the very first minute, dropping hints so that when you do make love, it is absolutely wonderful. This scenario repeats itself in my fantasies, because it is something that doesn't happen often enough. Sometimes, you go through the preliminaries and it doesn't build up; it goes downhill. When it does work, I'm giving so much physically and mentally that I have reached the frontier, when the buildup and the payoff are perfectly in tune.

Kathy Shower

KATHY SHOWER
MAY 1985

I'd love to take a vacation in the mountains and stay somewhere very secluded, maybe a cabin, and become a love slave for a weekend. There would be no sign of civilization, no one to call for help, and I'd have to rely on my instincts to carry me through the weekend. The sex would be incredibly high-energy and exciting. It would be so totally satisfying to be forced to obey, up there in the wilderness, with the right man. Forced to be a slave to love.

Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

Catholic Church leaders are climbing onto the fundamentalists' antiporn band wagon in what must be one of the oddest instances of ecumenism ever, considering that the right-wing religionists' catalog of villains includes papist idolaters. It could be that the fundamentalist capture of the abortion issue made the Catholics feel they were lagging behind in the morality race and had better not let the National Porn Problem slip through their fingers.

In Cleveland, Bishop Anthony Pilla distributed letters to be read from the 253 pulpits in his diocese urging parishioners to join with "Christian brothers and sisters of other denominations" in boycotting the Lawson chain of convenience stores that has been under siege from the troops of the Reverends Falwell and Wildmon.

In Los Angeles, Archbishop Roger Mahony told Southern California Roman Catholics to "actively engage" in the picketing of stores and the boycotting of products advertised on TV that "demean human sexuality." Someone must have suggested to him that PLAYBOY doesn't do that, for he included us in his attack on pornography under the reverse domino theory that "people who start with PLAYBOY are quickly looking for more deviant" materials. "There is no such thing as safe and harmless pornography."

PLAYBOY? Pornographic? What are these people talking about? It seems that the main accomplishment of the Meese commission has been to redefine pornography as anything pertaining to sex, which may have been its purpose all along. We're not aware that the Meese commission discovered anything sex related that it did *not* find pornographic.

The existence of the commission gives the bishops and archbishops justification for launching their crusades against pornography. They accept the commission's prejudgment that sexually explicit materials lead to violence and cite "recent social studies" as proof, not mentioning that legitimate social scientists are complaining that their work was misinterpreted and misapplied and that two female commission members have rejected the finding that linked pornography to violence against women. Even some of the researchers who worked on the report say there is nothing scientific to support its conclusions.

"Organized religions, by and large, never have been bulwarks of free speech for anyone other than themselves."

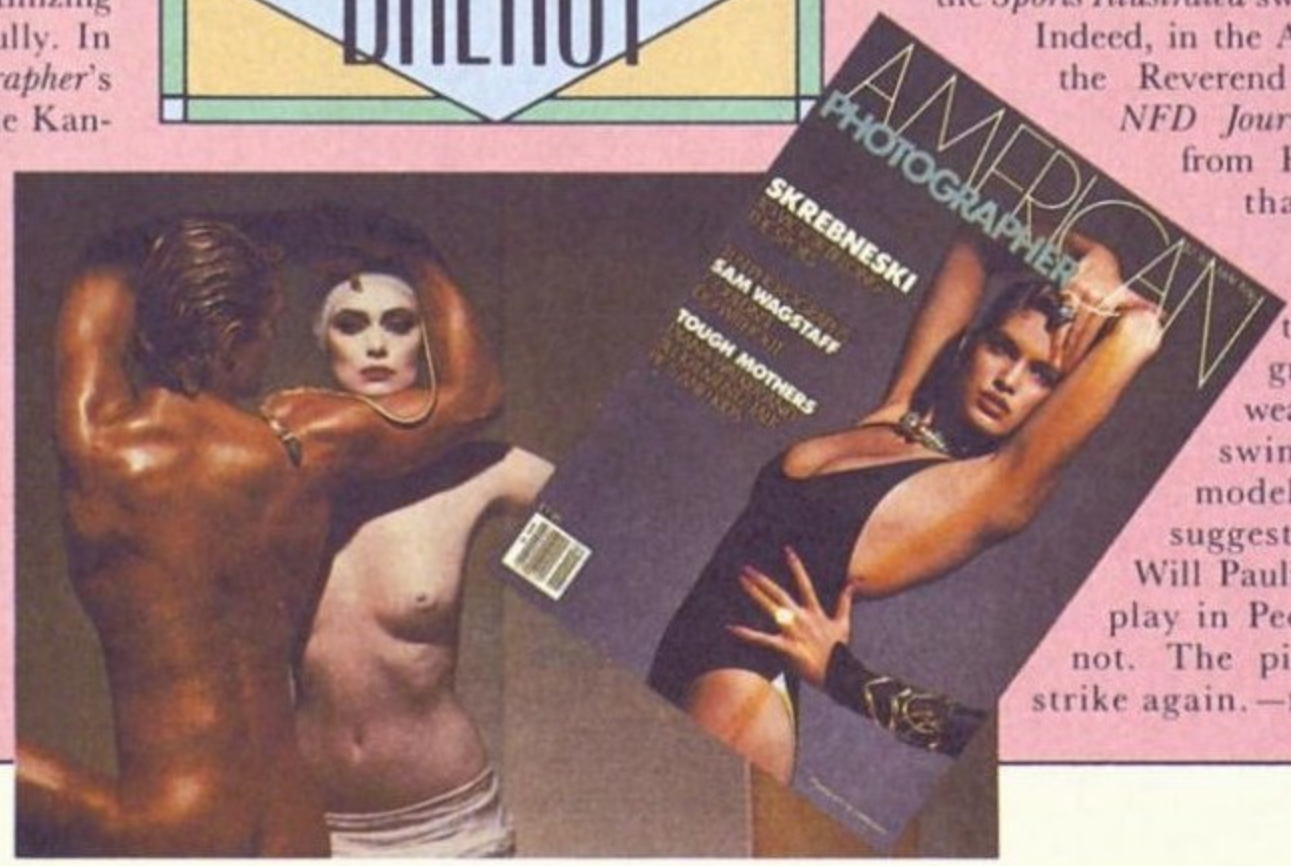
The report's value, though, is in its inspirational quality. Even if its conclusions are unsound, the bishops are able to speculate that pornography—which they define for themselves as "words or acts or representations that are calculated to stimulate sexual feelings independent of the presence of another loved and chosen human being"—is psychologically damaging material that "creates a hunger for more violent, more deviant and more antisocial sexual materials, driving many who use it to engage in increasingly unusual and bizarre sex acts with a great variety of partners." Hence, "child molesters, persons who commit incest, killers and rapists who often develop a fondness for pornography" and use it to arouse themselves before seeking out victims.

Which would be a hell of a thing if true. But prior to the Meese commission, social scientists were blaming incest, child molesting, rape and other antisocial behavior on the neurotic attitude, acquired from religious teaching, that sex is sinful.

In an editorial commenting on the new Catholic-fundamentalist coalition, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* had this to say:

> Organized religions, by and large, never have been bulwarks of free speech for anyone other than themselves. Religion, by its very nature, depends upon unquestioning acceptance of authority for its continued existence. When that authority is brought to bear against literature, as it has been, time and again, through history, the winner most often is censorship. That, tragically, appears to be the course along which these self-styled forces of "decency" so blithely march.

Even Kansas stockboys are trembling in fear of the Meese commission's ominous report on pornography. Since convenience stores started pulling men's magazines from their shelves, store owners have been scrutinizing all their magazines more carefully. In one case, *American Photographer*'s May issue was pulled from some Kansas stores because a stockboy noticed a naked breast (shown at right) in an article on Victor Skrebneski, a high-style advertising, portrait and fashion photographer.



In Florida, owners of a 120-store grocery chain were alarmed by a front-page photo in the *Globe* of two *Dynasty* stars' steamy kiss in the shower. They pulled the tabloid from their racks, though the scene had appeared on national television and one of the stars was wearing a body stocking.

Is nothing sacred? Next thing you know, the public-sex spies will go after the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Indeed, in the April issue of the Reverend Wildmon's *NFD Journal*, a lady from Peoria wrote that she was "appalled at some of the photographs of girls wearing scanty swimsuits and modeling in very suggestive poses." Will Paulina and Elle play in Peoria? Guess not. The pious prudes strike again. —MELANIE DOAN

SMUT

YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST.
ATTORNEY GENERAL'S REPORT on PORNOGRAPHY

SLOWER...
ATTORNEY GENERAL'S REPORT on PORNOGRAPHY

SLOW...ER
ATTORNEY GENERAL'S REPORT

FASTER
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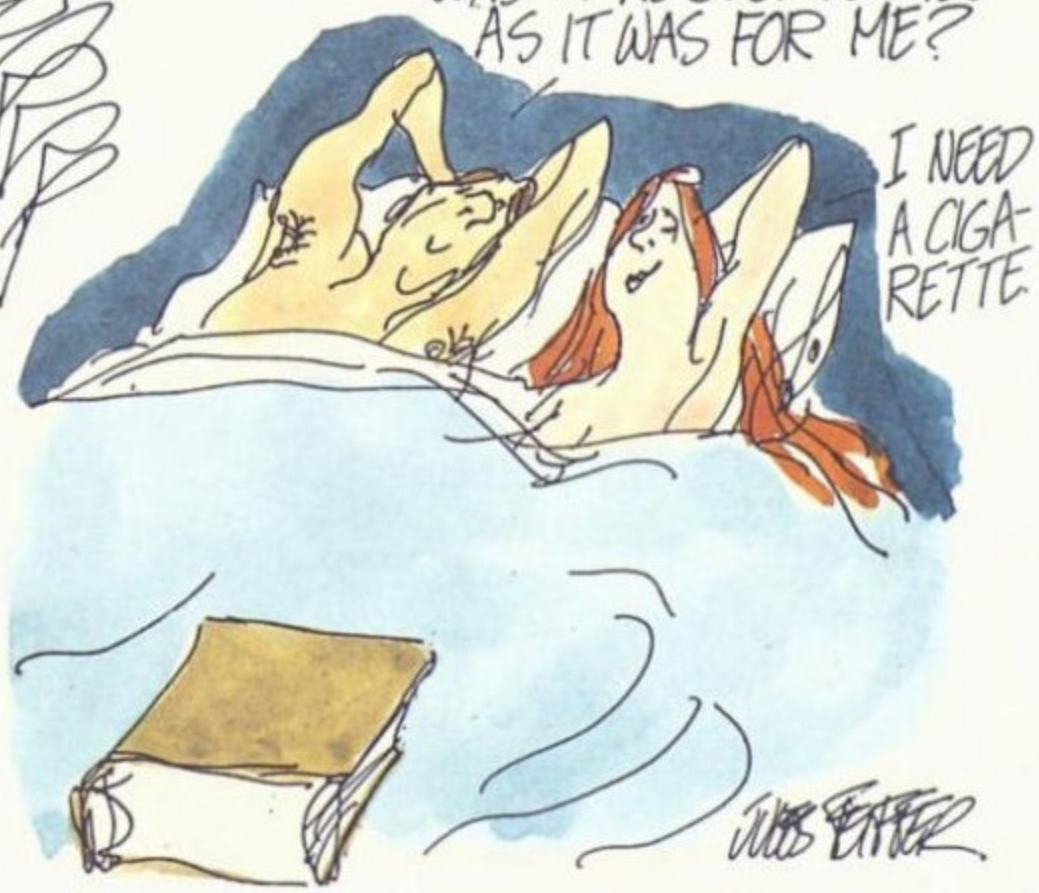
ATTORNEY GENERAL'S REPORT on PORN


WAS IT AS GOOD FOR YOU AS IT WAS FOR ME?
I NEED A CIGA-RETTE.
THE END

FORUM

FEEDBACK

WISCONSIN SOLUTION

The headline on the front page of Madison, Wisconsin's, *Capital Times* read, "PORN MAGAZINES AGAIN BANNED AT UW UNIONS." I wondered what "porn magazines" had been banned. The story informed me that the University of Wisconsin Union Council, which sets policy for the UW-Madison Memorial Union and Union South, had voted to ban all monthly magazines from the newsstands under its control.

It is my privilege to serve as editor of *The Progressive*, a monthly magazine founded in 1909 by Robert M. LaFollette, Sr. Our publication has been called many names in the past 77 years, not all of them flattering, but I do believe this is the first time anyone has characterized it as a "porn magazine."

Ours is, of course, by no means the only magazine so designated. I gather that once the Union Council's decision is put into effect, the newsstands at the Memorial Union and Union South will be off limits to such journals as *Harper's* and *The Atlantic*, *Scientific American* and *Popular Science*, *Forbes* and *Reader's Digest*—all of them presumed to be porn magazines because they come out once a month.

On the other hand, the union newsstands will continue to purvey *Newsweek*, *People*, *Sports Illustrated*, *The New Yorker*, *Time*, *U.S. News & World Report* and *Rolling Stone*. These weeklies, according to a story in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, "in some way contribute to activities that are part of the union's cultural, educational or recreational programs, according to the plan adopted by the council." Oh.

All of this idiocy stems, of course, from the Union Council's peculiar obsession with PLAYBOY, *Playgirl* and *Penthouse*—three monthlies that have, apparently, enjoyed brisk sales on campus. (*The Progressive*, alas, sells barely a dozen copies there a month.) In their pathetic eagerness to shield the children enrolled at the university from these "porn magazines," the council's Pecksniffs seized on the bald subterfuge of banning all magazines that are published monthly. They would have been better advised to proscribe all publications whose names begin with the letter P; that would have made just as much sense, and they could have snared PLAYBOY, *Playgirl* and *Penthouse*—and *The Progressive*, too—without putting *Scientific American* on their index of banned periodicals.

Have you ever noticed that censors—the folks who arrogate to themselves the power to determine what others should see or hear or read—have an uncanny knack for making fools of themselves? Some local news reports indicate that the university administration is expected to approve the Union Council's new no-monthlies policy. I hope these reports are mistaken. To have the Union Council succumb to terminal stupidity is depressing; to have the university confer its blessing would be appalling.

There is a bright side, though: Perhaps some enterprising soul will get in touch with Al Goldstein, the intrepid publisher of New York's raunchy *Screw* magazine, which is about as hardcore as you can get. It's a weekly, so it must be attuned to "the union's cultural, educational or recreational programs."

Erwin Knoll, Editor
The Progressive
Madison, Wisconsin

SAY AGAIN?

"Does the 'church' have any command from God to involve itself in marches, demonstrations or any other actions, such as many ministers and church leaders are so doing today in the name of civil rights reforms? . . . Nowhere [in the Bible] are we commissioned to reform the externals. We are not told to wage wars against bootleggers, liquor stores, gamblers, murderers, prostitutes, racketeers, prejudiced persons or institutions, or any other existing evil as such. . . . Believing the Bible as I do, I would find it impossible to stop preaching the pure saving Gospel of Jesus Christ and begin doing anything else—including fighting communism or participating in civil rights reforms. . . . Preachers are not called to be politicians but soul winners."

The Reverend Jerry Falwell
Sermon, March 21, 1965

HYPOCRISY?

In the May 19, 1986, issue of *Chain Drug Review*, a biweekly publication, I came across an interesting article stating that Alex Grass, chairman and president of Rite Aid, no longer wanted to carry your magazine for fear of offending customers. "Our company's success was built on trust customers have in us," Grass said. "We operate a family drugstore and health and beauty-aids business and prefer to be thought of this way."

I ask Grass this question: If Rite Aid was so concerned about selling PLAYBOY, then why do its stores have a *huge* collection of X-rated porno flicks, such as the Swedish Erotica line, for sale and for rent in their video departments?

R. X. Zemg
Tully, New York

More than one reader has called this to our attention, and we wouldn't be surprised if by now somebody at Rite Aid—maybe Mr. Grass—hasn't decided that his company was being a little hypocritical in throwing stones at sinners. We have Rite Aid's "Adult Video Catalog" and the titles alone are causing us to blush.

REPORTER'S

FUNDAMENTALISTS ANONYMOUS

By BRUCE KLUGER

Jerry Falwell is beginning to sweat.

And it's not the set lighting from his nationally televised *Old Time Gospel Hour* that's causing the perspiration. Nor is it the heat generated by the Bible pounding of his multitudinous Moral Majority constituents.

No, it's a not-so-tiny-anymore organization called Fundamentalists Anonymous that's bothering Jerry. And it's pretty refreshing to watch *him* squirm for a change. How does one attack people who are only offering to assist others in making the transition from fundamentalism to mainstream religion?

Fundamentalists Anonymous was first mentioned in these pages in October 1985—just months after the organization began. In a letter from Richard Yao, F.A.'s founding father, we learned that his group was dedicated to creating a support system for ex-fundamentalists who might be feeling "the same withdrawal symptoms as those leaving religious cults." Little more than a tiny grass-roots organization, F.A. was taking on the big guys, or, to take one from the Reverend Falwell's book—the Good Book—pulling a David and Goliath. Here's how the fight has turned out.

This past winter, Falwell spoke at a summit meeting of the newly formed Liberty Federation (an organization Yao insists is nothing more than the same old Moral Majority, which has "changed its name as a PR play"). Although Vice-President Bush grabbed the spotlight as the keynote speaker, it was Falwell's fiery speech to the congregation that proved to Yao that his organization was making a dent: Falwell listed Fundamentalists Anonymous as the Moral Majority's number-one opponent. The A.C.L.U. and People for the American Way came in as runners-up.

It's remarkable that F.A. has made such an impact, especially when the figures are considered: Falwell has a nationally televised show, a cable TV show, a newspaper, a magazine and a newsletter. He has an annual budget of more than $100,000,000, a mailing list of 5,000,000 plus and a staff of 2000. He also has a private jet at his disposal. F.A., on the other hand, has 31 chapters, a mailing list of 22,000 and a full-time staff of *two*, who take the subway and work out of a church basement in Manhattan (whereabouts are kept unknown for "security reasons"). They don't even have a copying machine. And Jerry Falwell considers them public enemy number one? David and his slingshot, it appears, have hit the proverbial bull's-eye.

What is probably getting Falwell's goat is the fact that he can't discredit Yao or tar him as anti-God or antireligion. Yao is a graduate of Yale Divinity School and New York University School of Law, not to mention an ex–Wall Street attorney. And as an ex-fundamentalist himself, he clearly knows whereof he speaks.

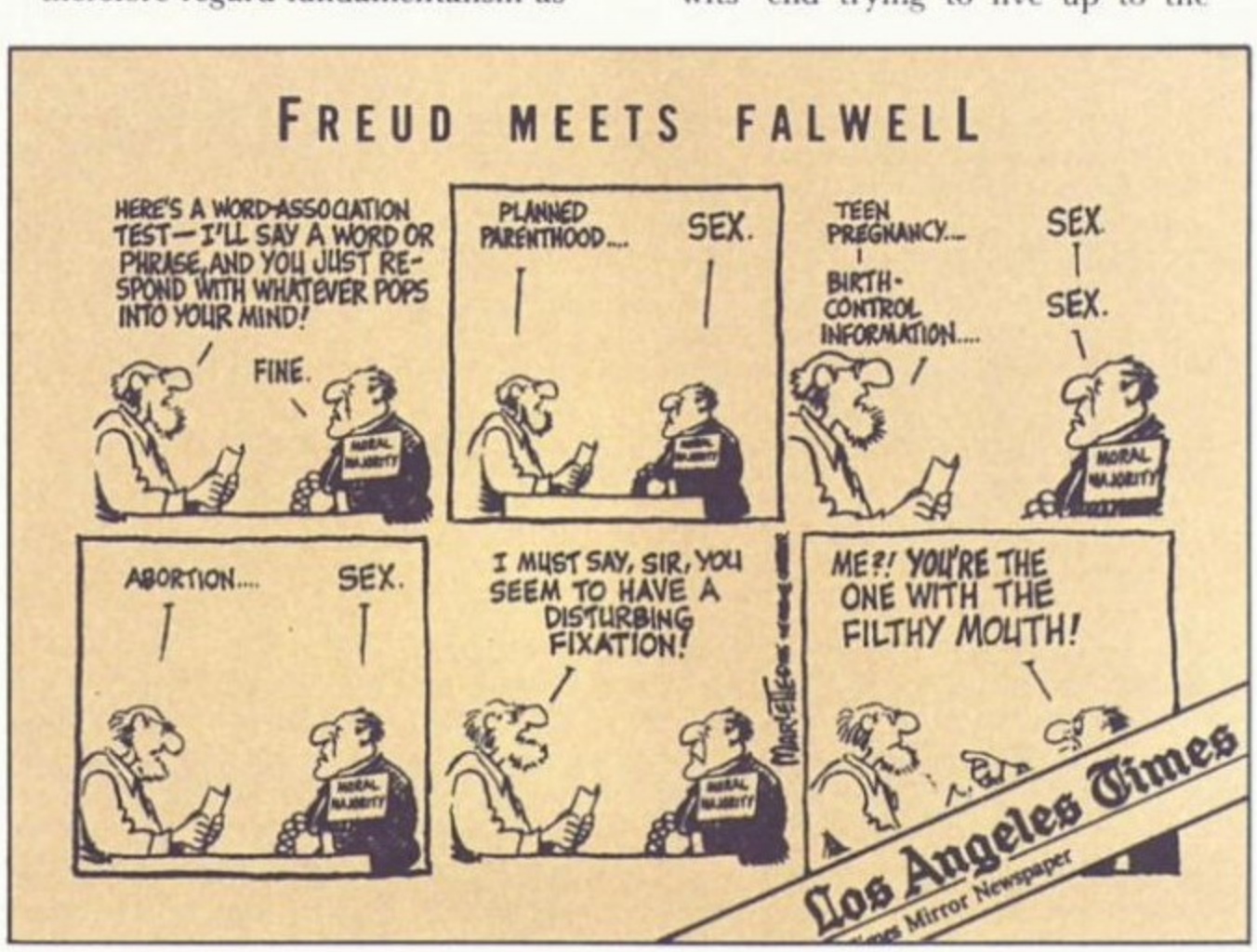
As Yao explains, "Groups like the A.C.L.U. are less of a threat to Falwell because they aren't making inroads within his own constituency. We, on the other hand—in an effort to reach and rehabilitate ex-fundamentalists—are finding that *practicing* fundamentalists are listening to us as well." Likewise, hundreds of mainline Christian churches are beginning to throw their support to F.A.

This from the Reverend Dr. John Killinger of the First Presbyterian Church in Lynchburg, Virginia:

> If I have learned anything over the years, it is this: Religious experience is marked by mystery and spontaneity, not by precise form. I therefore regard fundamentalism as an attempt to imprison the human spirit, to manipulate it according to someone else's notion of authority. As a minister in Jerry Falwell's home town, I know that this kind of religion gets mixed up with politics and sociology easily. While it may not always lead to the excesses seen under the Khomeini regime in Iran, it always tends in this direction and ought therefore to be resisted in every possible way. As one who grew up in a fundamentalist church, I well understand the need for an organization such as Fundamentalists Anonymous.

From the Reverend Charles Newton of Tolarsville Baptist Church in St. Pauls, North Carolina:

> I can tell you how dangerous the fundamentalist mind-set is. It's a mind-set that justifies child abuse as "discipline in the home," that excuses wife beating, since women should be submissive to their husbands, that fosters the bombings of abortion clinics, the murder of prostitutes or the lynching of homosexuals. I am appalled by false prophets like Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart and Pat Robertson, who set themselves up as infallible interpreters of the Word. If there is any doubt about the need for F.A., just visit your local mental institution. You'll find people there who are at their wits' end trying to live up to the



NOTEBOOK

impossible standard of fundamentalism.

From the Reverend M. J. Timbs of the First Christian Church in Hot Springs, Arkansas:

> Falwell's deliberate falsehoods must be challenged by all true Christians and decent Americans. As a supporter of Fundamentalists Anonymous and a Christian minister, I know that this group is in no way "anti-Christian." Rather, like the good Samaritan, it is attending to the casualties of fundamentalism and restoring them to wholeness.

From the Reverend Heslip Lee, Minister at Large, American Baptist Churches, U.S.A., Cedartown, Georgia:

> I was born in, raised by and lived by the rules of a fundamentalist Baptist family in rural Georgia. My first memories of religion came from sermons against Jews, Catholics, Yankees, blacks and foreigners. I was taught [God] had a long, white beard, spoke English and was a Baptist. He would send you to hell if you weren't baptized in a running stream and didn't call yourself "born again." I broke the chains of fundamentalism and moved on to a larger Christian perspective, which provides me with the faith in a monotheistic God in a pluralistic society. Fundamentalists Anonymous helps thousands of people each month; I wish it had existed when I really needed it.

And from the Reverend Jerry Shumm of the First United Church of Baton Rouge, Louisiana—home of TV evangelist Swaggart:

> When I first learned of F.A., I was delighted. Living in Baton Rouge has made me aware of the crying need for a nonjudgmental "community" where people can untangle the web of guilt, worthlessness and isolation woven by fundamentalism. I've met so many "faith-filled" people who have been paralyzed because they realize that simplistic solutions to complex problems just don't work. Through F.A., people can know that they are not alone.

Still, the fundamentalists battle on. They continually harass F.A., limply flogging its members with threats such as "You've entered a battle that you will lose" or "God will snuff your candle out." They've even tried to infiltrate F.A. by calling the head office, giving a phony name and requesting to start a chapter. By doing this, the infiltrators believe they can bring their followers back into the fold. "But they're not very good at it," says Yao.

"Fundamentalism is characterized by fear and guilt," claims F.A.'s young leader. "There's one central mind-set that sees things in black and white. Anything that isn't Bible-related—*Romeo and Juliet*, Beethoven's *Ninth*, a Greek statue—is considered sinful. Therefore, when people leave fundamentalism, it's difficult for them to assimilate back into the world. That's why we're here: to help them."

But there's still a way to go. Although Yao insists that the response across America has been "almost mind-boggling" (mostly due to the national exposure Yao got when he and F.A. cofounder Jim Luce appeared on the *Donahue* show), he admits that his organization is severely undercapitalized. "We're like a business," he analogizes, "that is having an overwhelming response from the market, yet doesn't have enough money to buy the raw materials to meet the demand. And all the while, Falwell is claiming we're spending millions of dollars to attack his *Old Time Gospel Hour*. That's ridiculous," he laughs. "If we *had* millions of dollars, we wouldn't be cooped up in this church basement."

So Richard Yao is fighting fire with fire. The fire he's fighting is the one that allegedly burns in hell, and the one he's using burns at the heart of his Fundamentalists Anonymous. And the flames are rapidly rising over what Yao calls "the crucible of fundamentalism."

Which may be why Jerry Falwell is beginning to sweat.

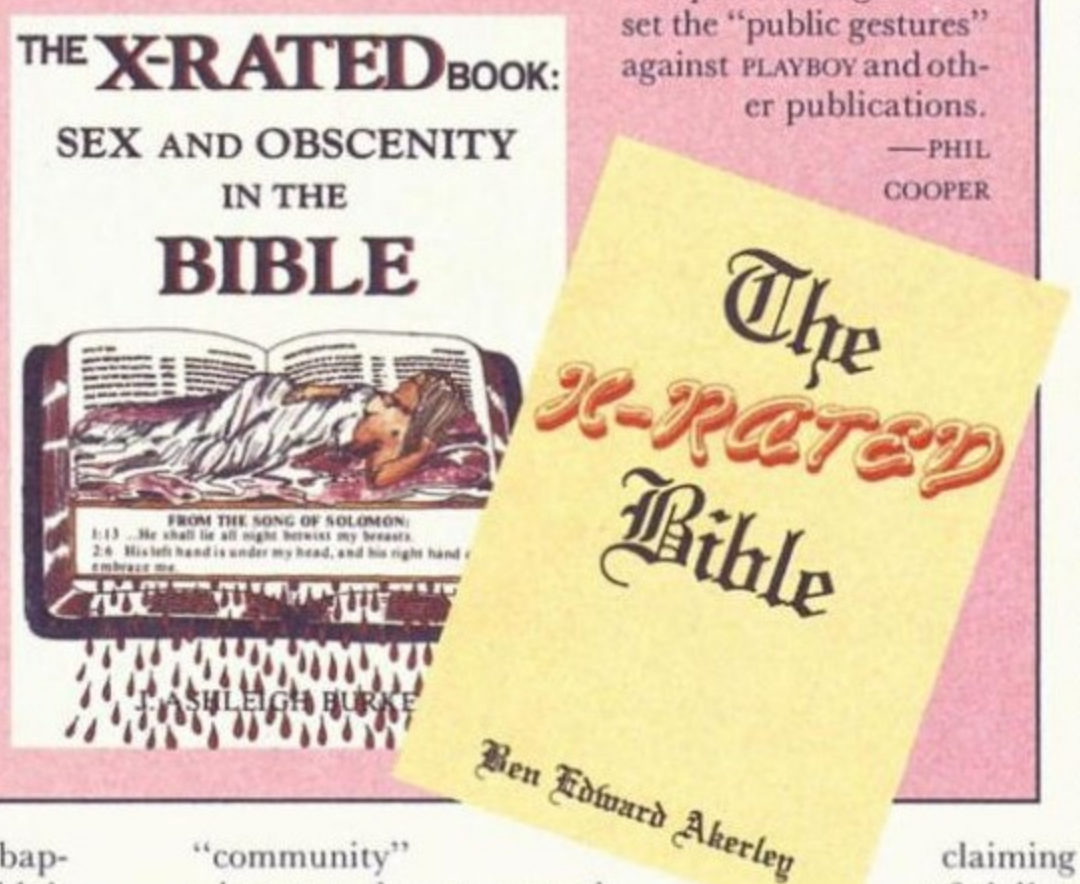
To contact Fundamentalists Anonymous, write to them at P.O. Box 20324, Greeley Square Station, New York, New York 10001; or call 212-696-0420.

X-RATED BIBLES

When fundamentalists drove PLAYBOY from the newsstands of 7-Eleven stores across the country, an enterprising Texan named J. Ashleigh Burke came up with an alternative product for convenience-store consumption. Burke, author of *The X-Rated Book: Sex and Obscenity in the Bible* (J.A.B. Press, Department 312, 10502 Telephone Road, Houston, Texas 77075, $8.95), shot a letter off to Southland Corporation in which he suggested that his racy interpretation of the Good Book be made available to 7-Eleven customers to give Jerry Falwell and the churches "a dose of their own medicine."

Meanwhile, Californian Ben Edward Akerley penned *The X-Rated Bible* (American Atheist Press, P.O. Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768-2117, $9). Both authors have offered themselves up as fodder for the cannons of evangelical crackpots with their somewhat X-centric interpretations of such Biblical verses as *Exodus* 4:18–26 ("Moses and the Flying Foreskin"), *Genesis* 38:1–10 ("Onan's Fatal Orgasm"). Burke, in his letter to Southland, felt obliged to point out that his version of *Dueling Bibles* was proof enough to offset the "public gestures" against PLAYBOY and other publications.

—PHIL COOPER



FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DO IT YOURSELF

TORONTO—*A woman who says she gave birth after inseminating herself with a turkey baster is being denied welfare for refusing to answer questions about the conception or identify the father. The Supreme Court of Ontario upheld the authority of the ministry of community and social services to refuse the claim for what*

Canada calls a mothers' allowance until certain information is obtained. The woman will say only that she used the turkey-baster method after learning that Canadian officials would not allow artificial insemination of a single woman and that three men—acquaintances who met her standards for intelligence and genetic history—donated the semen. She says she mixed their semen together in order not to know the identity of the father, for both emotional and legal reasons, and went to court not because she needed the money but to challenge government policy.

THE CHANGELING

INDIANAPOLIS—*The state of Indiana does not have to provide estrogen treatments to one of its prison inmates, according to a Federal district judge. The 27-year-old convicted murderer dresses in women's clothing, has had silicone injections and breast implants and has already undergone chemical castration and other procedures in an effort to become female; but the judge found that failure to provide additional treatment did not constitute cruel and unusual punishment, as claimed in the prisoner's lawsuit. The court also found that prison officials had correctly classified the inmate as male because of his male genitalia and had exercised proper discretion in placing him away from the general prison population.*

NOSE OUT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Bowing to pressure from Congressional investigators, the Pentagon has scrapped a 60-page polygraph examiners' manual instructing operators to ask prying questions about a subject's sexual activities and other personal matters. The testing program was set up following recent spying scandals but was found to go far beyond its counterintelligence objectives. Sample questions in the manual:*

Have you ever owed a bar bill?

Have you ever been party to an abortion?

Has any member of your family been an alcoholic?

Have you ever consulted a psychiatrist?

Have you ever received sexual stimulation in a crowded area?

Have you engaged in sex acts with an animal?

AIDS UPDATE

New AIDS studies suggest that the virus may lie dormant until another disease affecting the immune system triggers it into activity. Several groups of researchers say that repeated infection by viruses, bacteria or fungi may weaken the immune system to the point where cells infected by the AIDS virus itself begin to multiply. According to a report in Science *magazine, this could explain why the latency period of the disease seems to vary so widely, generally from one to seven years.*

Elsewhere:

• Under legislation approved by the California senate judiciary committee, rapists and other sex offenders who committed crimes while suffering from AIDS would receive an extra three years in prison.

• In Fulton County, Georgia, a state-court judge has begun offering sex offenders the voluntary option of having their sentences reduced if they agree to be tested for AIDS and other venereal diseases.

• A Wisconsin company has developed a special sealable coffin for victims of infectious diseases, including AIDS.

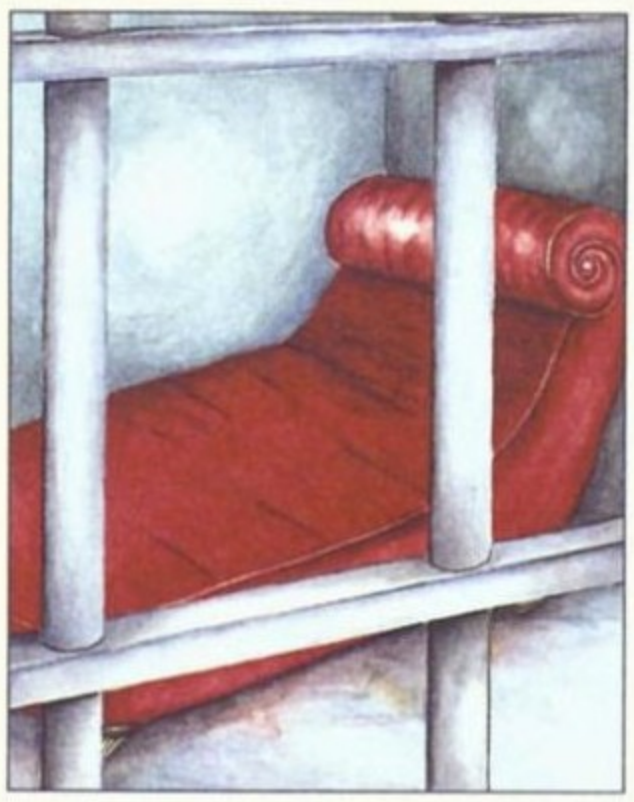
• BrainReserve, a New York consulting firm, reports that 38 percent of people it surveyed say they fear catching AIDS from touching objects possibly handled by carriers, such as food in a supermarket or a restaurant, and that the U.S. sales of rubber gloves and other barrier products have increased sharply.

FETUS MOB

SEATTLE—*A civil racketeering and conspiracy (RICO) suit has been filed in Federal court against two groups of Snohomish County anti-abortionists, contending that they used terror tactics to close the Feminist Women's Health Center in Everett, Washington. The suit invokes a statute originally aimed at organized crime and accuses the groups and eight individuals of "vicious and violent attacks," including three acts of arson, under circumstances that the law might construe as associations conspiring to engage in a pattern of illegal activity.*

JUSTICE ON THE SPOT

LIMA, PERU—*A state-appointed psychiatrist, after prolonged testing and interviewing of a suspect in a series of grisly murders, came unglued and strangled him with a belt rather than see the man go free in the absence of evidence to convict. At a press conference, the psychiatrist,*



now in police custody himself, described his victim as a "monster of superior intelligence," with an I.Q. of 180, who allegedly began a killing spree after spending ten years in prison for murdering an aunt and two nephews.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CARL BERNSTEIN

a candid conversation with the watergate reporter and real-life model for "heartburn" about journalism, early success and divorce as public spectacle

The simple outline of the story isn't so extraordinary. A young, ambitious guy gets a break, enjoys a big success, gets caught up in the heady excitement of it all, sees his marriage unravel and his work suffer and struggles to regroup as he moves into his 40s.

The difference, in Carl Bernstein's case, is one of degree. Perhaps no journalists in history were as celebrated as Bernstein and his partner, Bob Woodward, after they broke the Watergate stories in The Washington Post *that led to the resignation of President Richard Nixon. At the same time, perhaps no man has ever been taken to task so publicly and piercingly as Bernstein was in "Heartburn," the* roman à clef *that Nora Ephron wrote about the dissolution of their marriage.*

Indeed, Bernstein's life could be a movie—if it weren't for the fact that it is already two.

In the first, "All the President's Men," he's played by Dustin Hoffman—as an incredibly tenacious reporter questing, against all odds, after truth. In the second, "Heartburn," Ephron's just-released adaptation of her novel, the Bernstein character is played by Jack Nicholson—as a philandering husband who falls in love with a married woman when his own wife is pregnant with their second child.

It is life as public spectacle; and for Bernstein himself, the 14 years since the Watergate break-in have been a relentless roller-coaster ride—big ups followed by big downs.

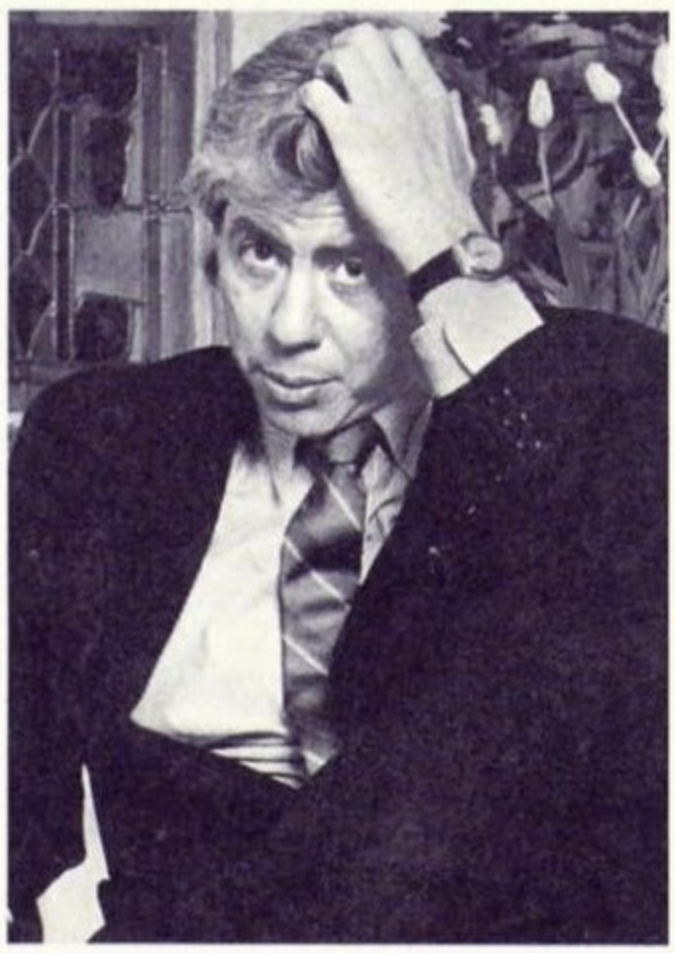
Even before Watergate, Bernstein was a man characterized by extremes—and his attitudes plainly have their origin in his childhood. Born in 1944 in Washington, D.C., to left-wing parents, he grew up in the full flush of the McCarthy era. His father, Alfred, began his career as a union lawyer but lost his job after being called to testify before Senator James Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee about his political activities. Virtually blacklisted, he ran a small laundromat with his wife, Sylvia, until he could finally get a better job, years later, as a fund raiser.

Carl was not political—though he was skeptical of and even hostile to authority from an early age. In high school, he was a classic underachiever. At 16, he got a job at the Washington Star *as a copy boy—and fell in love with journalism. He tried college, at the University of Maryland, but never graduated. From the* Star, *he went to* The Daily Journal *in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he quickly reinforced his reputation: talented but difficult, street-smart but undisciplined.*

The following year, 1966, after winning a passel of writing awards, he was hired by The Washington Post *as a reporter. He quickly made it clear that he would not play by its rules, either. He worked fitfully, fought constantly with editors and hung on to his job only because when he did produce, he could be very good—unusually knowledgeable about Washington neighborhoods, terrific at working the phone, tenacious when he finally latched on to a story. When he married fellow reporter Carol Honsa, things briefly smoothed out; but the marriage did not survive, and the tensions at the paper did. By 1972, neither the* Post *nor Bernstein was happy with each other. He wanted to be a national correspondent or cover Vietnam or become the paper's full-time rock critic. The* Post *editors simply wished that he would leave the paper.*

And then, suddenly, there was Watergate.

The big ride began on a June night in 1972, when five men were arrested for breaking into the Democratic National Committee headquarters in the apartment/office/hotel complex in Washington known as the Watergate. Over the next two years, Bernstein and Woodward wrote 225 stories in The Washington Post *that systematically exposed the most far-reaching American political scandal of the 20th Century. For their work,* The Washington Post *was awarded a Pulitzer Prize. Two best-selling Woodward-Bernstein books followed—"All the President's Men," the whodunit tale of their reporting feats,*



"So Woodward writes 'Wired' and gets the shit kicked out of him by the critics; my marriage falls apart and it becomes a national soap opera. Some of this goes with the territory, and some we've helped along ourselves."

"It's certainly no hardship to be played by Jack Nicholson or by Dustin Hoffman. I figure that by now, those guys have gotten about $9,000,000 to play me in movies. Next time out, maybe I should play myself."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"I think it would surprise people to know that monogamy was never the basic issue in our marriage. Yes, I did eventually choose to be with someone else. But did I fuck around during our marriage? No."

which became a movie starring Hoffman and Robert Redford, and "The Final Days," which unfolded, in intimate detail, the last 100 days of the Nixon Administration.

But from that point, in 1976, the ride got considerably rougher for Bernstein—both professionally and personally. After a brief and frustrating return to The Washington Post, *he set off on his own to do a book about growing up in a left-wing family in the Forties and Fifties.*

In 1980, feeling blocked on his book, Bernstein took a job as Washington bureau chief for ABC News. It was precisely at that point that his three-and-a-half-year-old marriage to writer Nora Ephron broke up, after she discovered that he had begun an affair with Margaret Jay, the wife of former British ambassador Peter Jay. The news was announced by columnist Liz Smith, who quoted Ephron's summation of her husband's actions: "Carl is a rat." It was a marriage made and unmade in the media.

The ABC job, meanwhile, was a disaster, by all accounts; and a year into it, Bernstein was replaced. He then became a correspondent for ABC's "Nightline" and did some solid reporting, particularly on the British invasion of the Falklands. But when his contract came up for renewal in 1984, he and ABC could not come to terms and he left the network and decided to resume work on his book. For the past two years, that has been his central focus—and he says he is about two thirds finished.

The reverberations of the breakup of his marriage continue, however. "Heartburn" was published in 1983—an account that characterized Bernstein as a man "capable of having sex with a Venetian blind." Bernstein did little to diminish the womanizing image created by the book when he chose to squire a series of highly visible women, ranging from Bianca Jagger to "Hill Street Blues'" Betty Thomas to Elizabeth Taylor. (He is currently seeing Kathleen Tynan, widow of New Yorker *writer Kenneth Tynan.)*

Shortly after "Heartburn" was published and it was announced that Mike Nichols was interested in making it into a movie, Bernstein was arrested in Washington, D.C., for driving while intoxicated. Although the charges were dropped, the incident provoked him to hospitalize himself for observation. Not long after that, he decided to bring legal action against Ephron, in an attempt to exercise some control over his portrayal—and its potential effect on their two children, Jacob, seven, and Max, six—in the movie version of "Heartburn."

Bernstein won, in an addendum to his divorce agreement with Ephron, a number of concessions, including a promise that "the father in the movie 'Heartburn' will be portrayed at all times as a caring, loving and conscientious father" and that he himself would have the right to read all drafts of the screenplay, submit written comments and be permitted to meet with both Nichols and Ephron to discuss his concerns.

Until now, Bernstein has steadfastly declined to discuss publicly his marriage and divorce, Ephron's book and movie or his work in the years since Watergate. For all those reasons, PLAYBOY *asked free-lance writer* **Tony Schwartz,** *who has written widely about the media and had conducted "Playboy Interviews" with Dan Rather and Paul Simon, to sit down with Bernstein in New York. This is Schwartz's report:*

"It was a struggle from the start—even trying to get Bernstein to commit himself to times to sit down and talk. In the end, we did half a dozen sessions, in restaurants, flying to and from Chicago, where Bernstein gave a speech to the meats division of the Jewish United Fund, in his rented duplex in an East Side brownstone.

"But Carl Bernstein is nothing if not difficult, and from the start, he was intent on doing everything he could to control the terms of the interview. He sought quote approval. Turned down, he sought modified quote approval. Turned down, he sought the right to review for syntax.

"It made me understand why he can be such an effective reporter. The man is relentless. If I posed a question he didn't like, he would turn off the tape recorder and insist that it be rephrased. More than once when I asked a probing question, he accused me—combatively—of being more interested in confrontation than in eliciting truth. He had an agenda, and he was not about to give ground easily.

"If there was one thing that Carl Bernstein did not want to project, it was vulnerability. He has a bit of Pangloss in him—putting a good face on even the worst events—but I came to believe that what he says, he seems genuinely to believe. And Bernstein is consistent—not just in his sunny self-assessment but in his resistance to revealing, in any detailed way, the more intimate aspects of his private life. In a kiss-and-tell world, I could not help admiring Bernstein's reluctance to join the fray.

"Ironically, perhaps, the most likable quality about him is the very one he tries so vigorously to conceal: his vulnerability. Beneath his bluff exterior, there is a bad-boy quality that is far more appealing. Yes, he arrives an hour late for a meeting, but with such a sheepish look on his face that you can't stay truly angry at him for long. As David Halberstam wrote about him in 'The Powers That Be,' 'Whenever he was in trouble, he seemed to be able to talk his way out of it.' Moreover, he did—at least once—show some lighthearted sympathy for a fellow reporter's slip-up. After our first meeting, I left my tape recorder—and our first tape—at his apartment. Before he returned it, he added this message at the end: 'Journalism 101. First rule. Never leave behind your notes or your tape recorder in the office or home of the source, because you could get fucked up. I thought it would be funny to give you an 18½-minute gap—but I've been very honest, and all I did was turn the tape over.'

"Before long, however, the Bernstein bark and bravado were back. The tenacity that makes him such a good reporter came through, and so did—however veiled—a sense of the pain he must have felt at times these past several years. But the question that nagged at me persistently, and still does, is not so much whether Carl Bernstein believed what he was saying as whether—as one friend recently wondered—he had ever been completely honest with himself."

"Woodward and I are competitive, yet we love each other deeply. With Watergate, we had an experience I suspect nobody else is ever going to have."

PLAYBOY: It's been more than ten years since *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*, books that marked the end of the extraordinary reporting you and Bob Woodward did on Watergate. Hasn't it all been a tough act to follow?

BERNSTEIN: You know, we used to get asked that all the time, and we'd say, "Oh, no, we're not going to let that bother us. We're just interested in going out and being the cops on the beat: 'Just the facts, ma'am.'" Well, the question is a reasonable one, and we're always going to hear it. So Bob writes *Wired* and gets the shit kicked out of him by the critics; my marriage falls apart and it becomes a national soap opera. Some of this goes with the territory, and some we've helped along ourselves; some has been helped along by other people, some of whom wish you ill. We've had plenty of shots taken at us, some deserved, some self-inflicted, some wild-assed, and you get used to occupying that territory.

PLAYBOY: But it's you, not Woodward, who are occupying the territory these days—and not only because of *Heartburn*. You've had a lot of bad press, some of it about how little you seem to have done in the decade since Watergate. What do you think of your output?

BERNSTEIN: I've got my life. I've got my children. I've got my work. I don't make sausages. I don't measure my work by sheer output. I'm more interested in the quality of what goes into it, the continuing quality of the product. I'm proud of the work I've done since I was 16 years old. I'd be glad to hold it up against any standard. Would I like to see more? Sure, I'd always like to see more.

PLAYBOY: Still, you have one of the two most famous names in journalism. And the perception is that Woodward has been, and continues to be, a major success——

BERNSTEIN: He should be. He's the best journalist in the business.

PLAYBOY: And the perception of you is much more mixed.

BERNSTEIN: I totally agree.

PLAYBOY: Here's what we're driving at: Some of your colleagues would say, "Look, here's a guy who broke Watergate,

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wrote a couple of great books, then squandered a good deal of money, took a job as bureau chief at ABC, failed at it, spent three years as a TV correspondent, had his marriage come apart in public and really hasn't been able to produce much since 1977 except the beginning of a book."

BERNSTEIN: There are elements in there that might be accurate and elements that are absurd. I've got to address the points individually.

The book I've been writing during that time—about my parents and the McCarthy period of the Fifties—will speak for itself. Clearly, I'm feeling pretty terrific about the book.

I went to work in 1980 for ABC, and being a bureau chief was an unmitigated disaster. Then, in 1981, I went on the air, and I did work I really am proud of and which, I'm sure if you talk to any of my colleagues, is pretty highly respected.

I also did a long piece on Ronald Reagan for *The New Republic* that I worked on for several months and got a good deal of attention.

So. Am I pleased with my output? No. Am I pleased with the quality of it? Yes. Am I ever pleased with my work? I'm always sort of beating up on myself about my work. And, yes, this period has been one of great upheaval, but I feel terrific for having come out of it. But I think your question was a little bit of a filibuster.

PLAYBOY: It was a legitimate question.

BERNSTEIN: I just think you wouldn't find many people who would put the question the way you did. I should also say that one effect of all the publicity on my private life—and I understand how the press works—is to create a caricature that will inevitably trivialize me.

PLAYBOY: Still, you watched your partner, a guy who is your close friend——

BERNSTEIN: Closest friend——

PLAYBOY: Your closest friend going off to even greater success. You must have had some problems with jealousy——

BERNSTEIN: You'd have to ask a shrink.

PLAYBOY: What we're saying is that during the period we've talked about, Woodward wrote two best-selling books—*The Brethren* and *Wired*—a TV movie and a historical miniseries, all while continuing as an editor and reporter for *The Washington Post*. Isn't Woodward a tough act to follow?

BERNSTEIN: Inevitably, there's a comparison made between Bob and me, and in terms of sheer output, I'm always going to come out on the short end of the stick. But if I were to measure my life in those terms, I'd spend the rest of it beating my head against the wall.

We do different things. Bob and I are competitive. At the same time, we love each other deeply. We're proud of each other. We're so close that it's something like being siblings.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BERNSTEIN: We've been through something that nobody else has been through. It's an experience that I suspect nobody else is ever going to have. Like any great marriage, it has had its really difficult moments, ups and downs and periods of rage and anger on both sides. And yet, for all that, we've weathered it.

PLAYBOY: You've just come through a stormy period in your personal life. The end of your marriage to Nora Ephron was widely reported—including the fact that you'd had an affair with the wife of the former British ambassador. Your wife then wrote a thinly disguised novel about the marriage, *Heartburn*, which became a best seller—and that book has now been turned into a movie starring Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep. How has all the attention affected you?

BERNSTEIN: It's the most difficult period of my life, and it's had an effect on my work, on my equilibrium. It takes a certain toll, saps your energy. I'm not an unemotional person, and it's taken a lot of time and attention, caused a lot of anger and pain.

Any divorce is painful for the people involved, if they're two people who really cared about each other, as Nora and I did. And when you exacerbate it by making it a public spectacle, inviting everyone into your bedroom and your living room, that causes you more pain. And then, when you add to it the fact that you're trying to be a responsible parent and you're worried about the effect of this publicity, you create the kind of situation that doesn't give you the opportunity to really divorce.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "really" divorce?

BERNSTEIN: The end of a marriage is, to some extent, about failure. And failure is not something you like to confront, particularly if—like me or Nora—you're not used to failing. Then, instead of our having the ordinary situation, where you're able to move on rapidly from the point at which you separate, Nora created the single vehicle that could keep us connected, in terms of the destructive aspects of the marriage—which was to say, "Shit, now we don't have a marriage to fight over; we have a book and movie to fight over." It would be funny if our lives weren't involved and, particularly, the lives of little kids.

PLAYBOY: For years, however, you declined to speak publicly about your ex-wife's fictionalized version of your marriage. Why?

BERNSTEIN: I didn't want to get up and have a big pissing match, saying, "Well, this is what happened, this isn't what happened; this is true, this isn't true." So when the book came out, I made a decision: "Don't say a thing about it." At the time, all I said was, "Look, I've always known that Nora writes about everything that happens in her life. And I think the book is just like her—it's very clever."

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised that she chose to write a book about the marriage?

BERNSTEIN: Knowing Nora, I could understand why she had to do it, to get certain feelings out. But I have a surprisingly naïve side. I should have had no reason to be surprised, knowing that Nora has said, "Everything in your life is material."

Nora's parents were well-known writers, too. They wrote two plays about her, one about her birth. I think she never got over that, though she might say otherwise. You know, this would be a truly hilarious Freudian joke if little kids weren't involved.

PLAYBOY: You're a writer. Don't you feel that your life is material, too?

BERNSTEIN: I think you learn from everything, but I don't think you put it straight into the typewriter. I think you apply the knowledge, and you use it to become a better writer or a better journalist.

But it seems to me, particularly if you are a public person, that, Jesus, you ought to retain your privacy as much as you can. Let people think whatever the fuck they want to think of your private life. Never give it to them. Never give it away. Your marriage, particularly your children, ought to be something that you zealously keep for yourself. Does everything belong to Liz Smith?

PLAYBOY: How disturbed have you been about the beating you've taken in the gossip columns?

BERNSTEIN: It is disturbing sometimes. I try to say to myself, "Who gives a shit about what's in the gossip columns?" but there are still times you don't like it. To some extent, I think the gossip celebrity game is meant to be a soap opera: Look at him, up high; let's see how he falls. Smart people learn to live with it. To let the gossip columns be a determining factor in your life is *meshuga*.

You know, we live in a celebrity culture quite unlike any that's ever existed. And celebrity has very little to do with merit anymore. People are becoming famous for trying to murder their wives, then going on the talk-show circuit for the next year.

PLAYBOY: Aren't *you* a professional celebrity, in the sense that you get paid large sums of money to give speeches about journalism, even though it's been years since the events that made you famous?

BERNSTEIN: I'm obviously someone who's well known, but I've done something to become well known, and I've continued to do work. I was on the air for ABC. I did good stuff. I've done other pieces of journalism. I'm working on a book.

PLAYBOY: But you wouldn't command $5000 a speech on the basis of those activities alone.

BERNSTEIN: If it hadn't been for Watergate, obviously not. But, again, I'm talking about becoming celebrated in this culture not by doing a good job as a journalist but by simple exposure.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you encouraged gossip about yourself? When you choose to go out with some of the most famous women in the world—Elizabeth Taylor, Bianca Jagger—aren't you asking for it?

BERNSTEIN: It goes with the territory. I'm not complaining about it.

PLAYBOY: We're not asking about territory

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now. The question is, Don't you seek the attention?

BERNSTEIN: I don't court the attention. One of the interesting things about Elizabeth and me was that we managed to keep it a secret for a long time, and I was real insistent about it. But I think that if anyone pisses and moans too much about being a public person, you ought to turn him upside down and shake him and make him tell the truth. Because, obviously, there are parts of it that are fun. I don't give a shit who anybody sees me with.

PLAYBOY: For the record, what's Elizabeth Taylor like?

BERNSTEIN: She's a nice, single Jewish girl.

PLAYBOY: OK. Although you had kept your relationship with Taylor secret, you decided to tell Nora about it, right?

BERNSTEIN: I was just trying to be nice, because I knew it was going to be in the London papers the next day.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Nora's reaction was, "You're going to have to leave now, Carl; I have to call my friends"?

BERNSTEIN: That's fairly accurate. What Nora wanted to do, as she often does, was gossip—to treat it as material.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you having it both ways? You go out with Elizabeth Taylor, try to keep that a secret and criticize Nora for——

BERNSTEIN: Look, what's important to me is relationships. You have to insulate them from outside pressures, particularly if you're with someone who is well known. The more you can keep it to just the two of you . . . you know, this gets to the heart of what Nora really did these past six years, so it's a *good* question.

Let people think what they want about your private life. Let them see you walking down the street holding hands with whomever. But when you give it away to the public, when you give away what you sing to your infant child in the nursery, when you give away a poem that you wrote to your wife, you give away your soul! And that's what Nora did.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty tough.

BERNSTEIN: The fact is, I'm rather protective about Nora. She's my ex-wife. I try to be protective of her feelings regardless of all this; nonetheless, I'll say some rather strong things about what she did, because I think it was reckless and irresponsible. And she worked at it like a dog at a bone.

But that doesn't obviate the fact that Nora is a wonderful person, capable of great work. She has truly wonderful qualities, and she is a terrific mother.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to keep silent about all of this?

BERNSTEIN: Well, I think there's a limit, particularly when children are involved. And there came a certain point—when I saw there was going to be a movie—and I said, "Enough, that's *it*; we've reached the limit. From now on, I'm going to be real hard-assed about this, about what can be in this movie and what can't be in this movie, and I'm going to make sure this is an experience that causes the children the least harm." Because if I'd just let this go on, without legal remedy, I'm not sure it would have ever ended. We could have been reading this story on cereal boxes.

PLAYBOY: Actually, you ended up settling rather than going to court—and as part of your divorce agreement, there was an addendum assuring that you'd be portrayed as a loving father, giving you the right to review scripts for the movie and make comments to the director, Mike Nichols. Why do you think Nora agreed to those conditions—and a series of others?

BERNSTEIN: Well, I think she desperately wanted this movie to be made, and she was willing to do damn near anything to have it made. I was surprised that she agreed to certain of the conditions.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Nora stay in touch?

BERNSTEIN: Sure, and we both have agents. Right now, Nora has a movie coming out and a boyfriend on the best-seller list. Usually, when that happens, Nora gets married. [Ephron was married to writer Dan Greenburg before Bernstein and now lives with writer Nicholas Pileggi.] The trouble starts when you slip *off* the best-seller list.

PLAYBOY: Did you give Nora alimony?

BERNSTEIN: No, I gave her an entire industry.

PLAYBOY: Your only comment about the novel *Heartburn* up to now has been that it was "clever." Do any other adjectives come to mind?

BERNSTEIN: It had a kind of Joan Rivers sensibility. It's got a nasty tone, a smarmy edge. In the end, the only reason *Heartburn* came to be was exploitation. Basically, Nora wrote a clever piece of gossip that owed its success to who we were publicly. It came from the fact that Bob Woodward and I were well known, and then Nora and I were well known by virtue of being married.

In that regard, I think, *Heartburn* is truly a book for our time. It is absolutely the perfect book for the Eighties. It is prurient. It obliterates everybody's dignity, even the little dignity that children ought to have by having a private childhood.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't your life together already something of a media soap opera?

BERNSTEIN: There was a pattern. First, the marriage was announced in a gossip column. Then Nora's way of ending the marriage—the strangest way to end a marriage I've ever seen—was to go to a gossip columnist, Liz Smith in this case, and say, "The marriage is over; here's why." And then the purported story of the marriage and its disintegration becomes a book, and then it becomes a movie. If it were truly interesting, if it were Philip Roth or Woody Allen dealing with the subject with honesty, with grace, with seriousness, it might be worth while—but this was a different kind of exercise.

Among other things, *Heartburn* is hardly an accurate portrayal of a marriage and a divorce, because it never deals with the reality of what happened in the marriage. The woman in the book suddenly wakes up one day to find out that her husband has fallen in love with another woman and that things are going to hell in a hand basket.

Life is not quite like that. I think that, happily, the book reflects enough of Nora's talent for self-deception that there is some fictional refuge in there for the family.

PLAYBOY: What did happen to the marriage, from your perspective?

BERNSTEIN: By the time the events described in the book and the movie took place, the marriage was about done. And, obviously, it takes two people to do that, to get a marriage to that state, and we had done it to each other. And at that point, I fell in love with someone else.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, your wife, seven months pregnant, discovered that you were having an affair with someone else—and she moved out. Is that right?

BERNSTEIN: Let me say, unequivocally, that the breakup of my marriage is a consequence of my actions. Absolutely. There's no question about it. But whatever happened before, in terms of a disintegrating marriage, that's something quite apart.

PLAYBOY: Why, in your view, did the marriage disintegrate?

BERNSTEIN: I think we both came to believe a little too much of what we were reading in the papers about the marriage. We had come to expect that it had to be storybook perfect, and when one of us wasn't Cinderella or Prince Charming, it created havoc of a degree totally out of proportion to whatever the event would have been in an ordinary marriage.

I read recently a comment Nora made that I thought was telling. She referred to the "chemistry" between Jack and Meryl on screen being like that of Tracy and Hepburn. Perhaps Nora had this idea in her head about us.

Again, I go back to this question of privacy. I think it's very important—particularly for people who are well known—to remain an ordinary person. When you get into trouble is when you start thinking you're real special. And I'm the first to admit that I've done it. And it usually gets my ass into trouble.

PLAYBOY: Do you think monogamy is an essential ingredient in a good marriage?

BERNSTEIN: I certainly think monogamy is desirable. Clearly, if you're going to be with someone, you want to really be with her, and you can't have a marriage and spend all your time fucking your brains out. That's not what happened with Nora and me. I think it would surprise a great number of people to know that monogamy was never the basic issue in our marriage. Yes, I did eventually choose to be with someone else. But did I fuck around during our marriage? No.

PLAYBOY: Yet, in *Heartburn*, Nora describes you as a "piece of work in the sack," a guy who just can't get enough.

BERNSTEIN: Well, I'm certainly not about to talk about how I am in bed. I'll leave that to Nora, since she's done it already. I've got to tell you, the important thing about a man is not how he is in bed. It's how he is with people. Now, bed is fun. Bed is terrific. Sex is great. I'm all for it. I've tried it. I like it. But I think the book has sort of drawn a picture that, though I'd like to take credit for all these adventures that I'm supposed to have had, has a great deal of exaggeration and mythology.

PLAYBOY: At one point in *Heartburn*, Nora describes the husband as "capable of having sex with a Venetian blind." *Are* you?

BERNSTEIN: I think your question addresses the absurdity of what's happened. It's truly ridiculous. I'm glad it's come to this. Boy, am I *not* indiscriminate about women. I like to be with women, not hit on them.

PLAYBOY: Was it the depiction of you as a philanderer that disturbed you most?

BERNSTEIN: The bedroom is a pretty private place, and it ought to be that. Also, I'm very sensitive to the implication of disloyalty, because, basically, I am one loyal person. Look, I have done things in my life that I'm not particularly proud of—and, obviously, there's a lot to feel bad about in terms of what happened in my marriage. At the same time, one thing I know about myself is that I have certain values, and I'm certainly not a bad person, and I've done some pretty good things.

PLAYBOY: You went to an early screening of the movie. What did you think?

BERNSTEIN: Ultimately, the problem with the movie is that it doesn't have anything to say. The reaction I heard from other people who went to screenings was that the movie was slight. People keep saying it's a slight movie. Why do we have Mike Nichols and Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson doing this?

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they did it?

BERNSTEIN: You'd have to ask them. But, clearly, Mike is someone that people wanted to work with. His reasons for doing it are still a little obscure to me. I think he must have been hallucinating when he bought this thing. When Nora decided that she would sell this as a movie and Mike decided to buy it, I called him and said, "Let's have lunch," because we've been friends for a long time.

So we went to the Russian Tea Room, and I said, "I can't believe you're going to do this." We both have sons named Max, and I said, "If this were a movie that had to do with your Max, as opposed to my Max, and had to do with your private life and your marriage and its ups and downs, as opposed to my marriage, you would go crazy. Particularly since, more than anybody I know, you're a person who cherishes his privacy and that of his children." To which Mike responded, "I am your friend, and somebody's going to make this movie, and you're much better off if I make it, because I'm your friend."

PLAYBOY: Was he able to convince you?

BERNSTEIN: No. He went on at great length about how he saw something very different from Nora's book, that he saw it from a man's point of view and even applied his own life to it. I wasn't buying it.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've seen the movie, do you have a better idea of why Nichols wanted to do it?

BERNSTEIN: Well, the other night, I was at the Lincoln Center gala for Elizabeth Taylor, watching clips from *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, which was directed by Mike Nichols. And it suddenly occurred to me that Mike, who knows both Nora and me very well, saw in us this kind of titanic, classic male-female struggle. Which is nuts! Because what you see when you see this movie is a very little story, a very silly story. It's no epic.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BERNSTEIN: For a number of reasons—not the least of which is the legal action I took—the movie is forced to come quite close to the truth in terms of what really happened in the marriage. The problem is the subject. I'll say it again: It's a silly little story about two people who fucked up.

They had no movie. So there came a point where they brought Jack Nicholson in to save it. I mean, that's true. Mandy Patinkin [originally signed to play the Bernstein character] wasn't the right choice, and Mike wanted a certain point of view in the movie. And to save the movie,

he went out and bought Jack.

PLAYBOY: But come on; you could do worse than to be played by Jack Nicholson.

BERNSTEIN: It's certainly no hardship to be played by him. Or by Dustin Hoffman [who portrayed the real-life Carl Bernstein in *All the President's Men*]. I figure that by now, those guys have gotten about $8,000,000 or $9,000,000 to play me in movies. It makes me think that next time out, I should play myself. It's not my line of work, but I like the money. Eight or nine million dollars. That's a *lot* of money to play me.

I did have one hilarious moment in all this. They're making a movie of *Wired*. My lawyer got a call from the people making the movie, asking me if *I* wanted to play Jack. I said no. [Woodward's book about the life and death of John Belushi includes descriptions of Nicholson's drug habits during the Seventies.]

PLAYBOY: Who do you think does a better job playing you—Hoffman or Nicholson?

BERNSTEIN: They're very different. *All the President's Men* is probably the best movie ever made about journalism—that, and *His Girl Friday*.

The reason *All the President's Men* is such an extraordinary movie is its fidelity to the process. There are moments when you see Redford working the telephone when you learn as much about journalism as you could in six months in a journalism school. The same is true when you watch Dustin doing the scene where he goes to interview a person who works for the Nixon re-election committee and elicits information from someone who doesn't want to give it.

PLAYBOY: What happens in that scene?

BERNSTEIN: I can't remember all the details. You'd have to go back and look at it again. One of the truly hilarious drawbacks of having all this attention is that it's now gotten to the point where sometimes I can't remember what happened in real life, what happens in the book and what happens in the movie. There comes a point at which they all bleed together and I have to go back and check my notes to see what was real. It's absurd.

PLAYBOY: Did Nicholson call you after he agreed to do the part?

BERNSTEIN: Jack did not call me before he did *Heartburn*, and I didn't call him. But we did run into each other in a restaurant right after they wrapped the movie. He came up to me and sort of threw up his hands and said, "Well, buddy, I sure as hell wasn't going to call you during the shooting. I didn't *want* to know anything more about you than I know already."

PLAYBOY: Let's return to your work. After *The Final Days*—your second best-selling book with Woodward—came out, why didn't you collaborate with him on *The Brethren*, which became his next book?

BERNSTEIN: I wasn't particularly interested in doing a book about the Supreme Court or *any* Government institution. Also, it was not a period when Bob and I were getting along great. We'd been back at the *Post* for six months, after *The Final Days*, and we were spinning our wheels. We were frustrated in finding a project. Nora and I had been married for about a year, and Woodward and Nora had never gotten along real well—they didn't like each other much—and I'm sure that had something to do with it.

PLAYBOY: So what happened?

BERNSTEIN: I decided to leave the *Post*, and my thoughts about the kind of reporting I wanted to try started to change. Subconsciously, I'd always known that at some point, I would want to write about my parents. So that idea started to take shape.

PLAYBOY: And in 1977, you began to write the book you've titled *Progressive People*.

BERNSTEIN: I did, and, in fact, I did all the interviewing—happily, because a lot of the people are now dead. And I started to write, and I had written what really was the beginning of the book, and still is, 40 pages or so that set the tone and the voice. Then I got what I thought was blocked. In 20 years of working for newspapers, I had never, ever been blocked. In retrospect, I think it was that my marriage was falling apart. Also, I was too young to write this book. So at that point, I decided, Well, I think I'll go back to work for the *Post*.

PLAYBOY: We're talking about 1979—so

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you'd been away for more than two years.

BERNSTEIN: It's an interesting story. Woodward and I talked, and then we started talking at great length with Bradlee [Ben Bradlee, executive editor of *The Washington Post*]. First, there was a plan that we would go back as co–metropolitan editors. And I must say, since I was a kid, I'd always wanted to be an editor.

So we had serious discussions about it. Ben took the idea to Katharine Graham [publisher of the *Post*], and I think she had some real reservations about it. I think *everyone* had reservations. They knew we'd had some rough times. There were periods when we weren't even talking to each other. And I think there was also probably some genuine fear about the two of us going into management together and running roughshod over everybody.

PLAYBOY: How was the idea finally dropped?

BERNSTEIN: I had always been very interested in television. I knew Roone Arledge [president of ABC News] from Long Island, where I had a house, and I saw him occasionally. I made a proposal to Roone in the summer of 1979, while Bob and I were still negotiating with the *Post*. Because if Bob and I took that job, it wouldn't happen for six months. I wanted to do some pieces for Roone. I thought it would be a good way to learn television. He liked the idea.

PLAYBOY: So you went after a TV career?

BERNSTEIN: I made my proposal to Roone's executives and they said, "We've got a different idea. Why don't you come work for us as Washington bureau chief?" I said, "Well, for starters, I don't know anything about television." They said, "You don't need to know anything about television. We want someone who knows news." Eventually, I accepted the job. I was very relieved not to have to go back to *The Washington Post*. Also, there was a part of me that didn't want to be in this race with Woodward, competing against each other as editors. He was determined to be an editor, and it would have been . . . there could have been real bloodshed. So I thought the ABC job was really a good solution. But I was disastrous at the job, and it was a disaster for me. Jesus Christ, being a Washington bureau chief is a job that's nothing but that of a paper shuffler. It's got no power. I had virtually no editorial authority. That lies in the hands of the producers, and I wish I had known that when I took the job. I just hated it, because I was beating my head against the wall. Instead of being smart, I let things deteriorate. I never went to Roone and his people; I never had the guts to say, "Either you guys sold me a bill of goods about this job or you don't know what the fuck goes on at your network."

PLAYBOY: A year into the job, the folks at ABC made your decision for you—and decided to replace you. What happened?

BERNSTEIN: The executives said, "This isn't going to work." And I said, "I agree. I want out."

PLAYBOY: Was it then that you suggested setting up a special investigative team?

BERNSTEIN: This was still in the days when Arledge wanted reporting—something I'm not sure he really wants anymore. So I made a proposal to them, and I said, "Maybe I'll try some stuff on the air myself, go to television school, learn how to parse my sentences." And producer Dick Wald said, "Look, if you want to go on the air, go on the air. Forget this other stuff." So I became an on-air correspondent. And I feel very good about what I did on the air at ABC.

PLAYBOY: After some troubles with *World News Tonight*, you ended up with Ted Koppel and *Nightline*—and doing some reporting overseas. How did that happen?

BERNSTEIN: I went to Ted, who'd become my closest friend at ABC and is the best newsman on TV, and he decided to send me to London. I just knew that I could find out something about the Falklands war—the story we'd begun to report—that other people couldn't.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop news sources in London?

BERNSTEIN: I just went there as a reporter and started moving around, asking questions. I found this one guy in particular who was one of the people running the

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operation in the Falklands. Interestingly enough, he was misleading British reporters, because part of the deal was for the Argentines to get bad information from the British press. But I was able to get good information from him. I got on the air virtually every night with what was really going on. And then we went on the air 24 hours before everyone else with the story of the actual invasion.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are the key ingredients to being a good reporter?

BERNSTEIN: They're different. For example, Woodward is much more direct than I am. He'll just sit there and say, "All right, that's when you took the money, right?" Whereas I'll spend three hours listening to a guy's tales, learning everything around the edges and trying to get all this in context. To me, the thing about reporting has always been to be a good listener and to try to understand and be empathic to the person you're speaking to. I always got along with the people I was dealing with in the Nixon Administration. I did not go in saying, "You're a crook." I heard them out.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the nature of reporting often adversarial?

BERNSTEIN: I think that there is a myth about adversarial journalism, the idea that the reporter and the subject always have to be at loggerheads. Nonsense. You don't learn things by fighting right off the bat. If there comes a reason to fight, to be adversaries, then engage. But I think a lot of reporters go in to a subject with questions that are intended not so much to elicit information or the truth as to engage and trap—and, quite often, to do a number on somebody. And I think that's perverse.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking from personal experience as the subject of such attacks?

BERNSTEIN: One thing I've learned, that Woodward and I have learned, is that people are going to take some real tough shots at you. If you were to look, for instance, at the *Washingtonian* magazine from the time of Watergate to today, I doubt that you would find a single issue without a shot at either Woodward or myself. I'm better adjusted to it now, more used to the ebb and flow of criticism. It has a certain rhythm. But you never get used to it completely. I'm always going to be a person who, when pricked, bleeds a little.

PLAYBOY: It may surprise a lot of people to hear you say that you don't see yourself as an adversarial reporter.

BERNSTEIN: I think that people *like* to tell the truth. I think reporters often don't give them the chance to tell the truth. Truth is not simple. People are not simple. The truth is complex, and reporters ought to recognize that.

I don't think this is a period of American journalism when reporting the best obtainable version of the truth is the real priority of our news institutions. In television, it's become the *last* priority, and I think that the same is true, generally, of newspapers—though *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* are somewhat exceptions. But if you ask somebody at the New York *Daily News*, "What's your priority? Whom are you paying more money to—a reporting team to find out what's going on in this city or Liz Smith?" you'll find that Liz Smith is what counts. Now, I read gossip and enjoy it along with everybody else. But I think that the priorities are a little screwed up now—*more* than a little screwed up.

PLAYBOY: So you've become a press critic?

BERNSTEIN: I don't want to generalize too much, but I think there is a perception among a lot of people in public life that reporters often cannot get quotations straight and skew things out of context. Reporters often are in too much of a hurry, and they often have preconceived notions about stories.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any preconceived notions when you started reporting Watergate?

BERNSTEIN: We had no idea what the story of Watergate was. And we kept disbelieving it every step of the way. I mean, I couldn't believe this stuff we were getting. If nothing else, we thought of Richard Nixon as being prudent. Maybe because of my radical background, I bent over backward trying to think it was impossible that Nixon could have any connection with this.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to that time. It was early in the morning of June 17, 1972, when five men were arrested for a burglary at the Democratic headquarters at the Watergate. Bob Woodward was assigned to the story. How did you manage to insinuate yourself into it?

BERNSTEIN: You have to remember that Saturday morning is a real quiet time at most newspapers, particularly the *Post*. At the time, I was the chief Virginia correspondent, and I was finishing a long profile of a wonderful man named Henry Howell, who was running for governor there. I walked by the national desk, and I heard this talk about the break-in. So I went over to the city desk and said to whoever was on the desk, "Do you want me to make some calls?" And whoever it was said, "Sure, go ahead and make some calls." Among other things, I always had a reputation for using the phone very well.

PLAYBOY: What does that entail?

BERNSTEIN: The first thing is to know whom to call. That's three quarters of it. And to get there quickly. That's the real trick. How to get the phone number, how to make sure the person comes to the phone, how to engage right away. It's always better if you have some information; then you can use it to get more.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound simple.

BERNSTEIN: Being a reporter ain't being a brain surgeon. I think that the more exotic you make it, the farther off the mark you're going to get. And, indeed, the reason that we were able to do with Watergate what a lot of other people weren't is that we kept it real simple—basic, empirical kinds of police-reporting techniques.

We talked to the people who would have the information. We had never covered the White House, so you get yourself a chart, and you say, "Who works here?" You see, oh, yes, this secretary. You look her up in the phone book; she lives in Rockville; you go to Rockville, you go at night, not when she's working at her office and her boss is going to see you talking to her.

That's exactly why the Federal prosecutors didn't get a fucking thing the first time around. They interviewed people in their offices, with attorneys for the Nixon people around. The subjects were under duress. We got them at home. Common sense. Then you work your way up.

PLAYBOY: Actually, the story goes that at the time you began work on Watergate, your job at the *Post* was in jeopardy. Is that true?

BERNSTEIN: That's myth. The truth of the matter is, I was getting ready to quit. I was having a good time covering Virginia, but I was also the part-time rock critic. I really loved doing the rock pieces, and the paper had just created the *Style* section and, among other things, we were going to have a full-time rock critic. So I went to Bradlee and said, "I want to be the rock critic, as well as do some long, discursive pieces." Eventually, Bradlee said OK.

Then there was a little bit of a palace revolt, which at *The Washington Post* happens every three or four days. And suddenly, somebody else was going to be editor of *Style*, and he had his own candidate for the rock-critic job. So I was unselected, and I was truly pissed off. I said, "That's it; I'm out of this place. I've had enough of *The Washington Post*." I wanted to go to Vietnam, and Bradlee wouldn't send me, and I was feeling unappreciated.

PLAYBOY: What did you see as the solution?

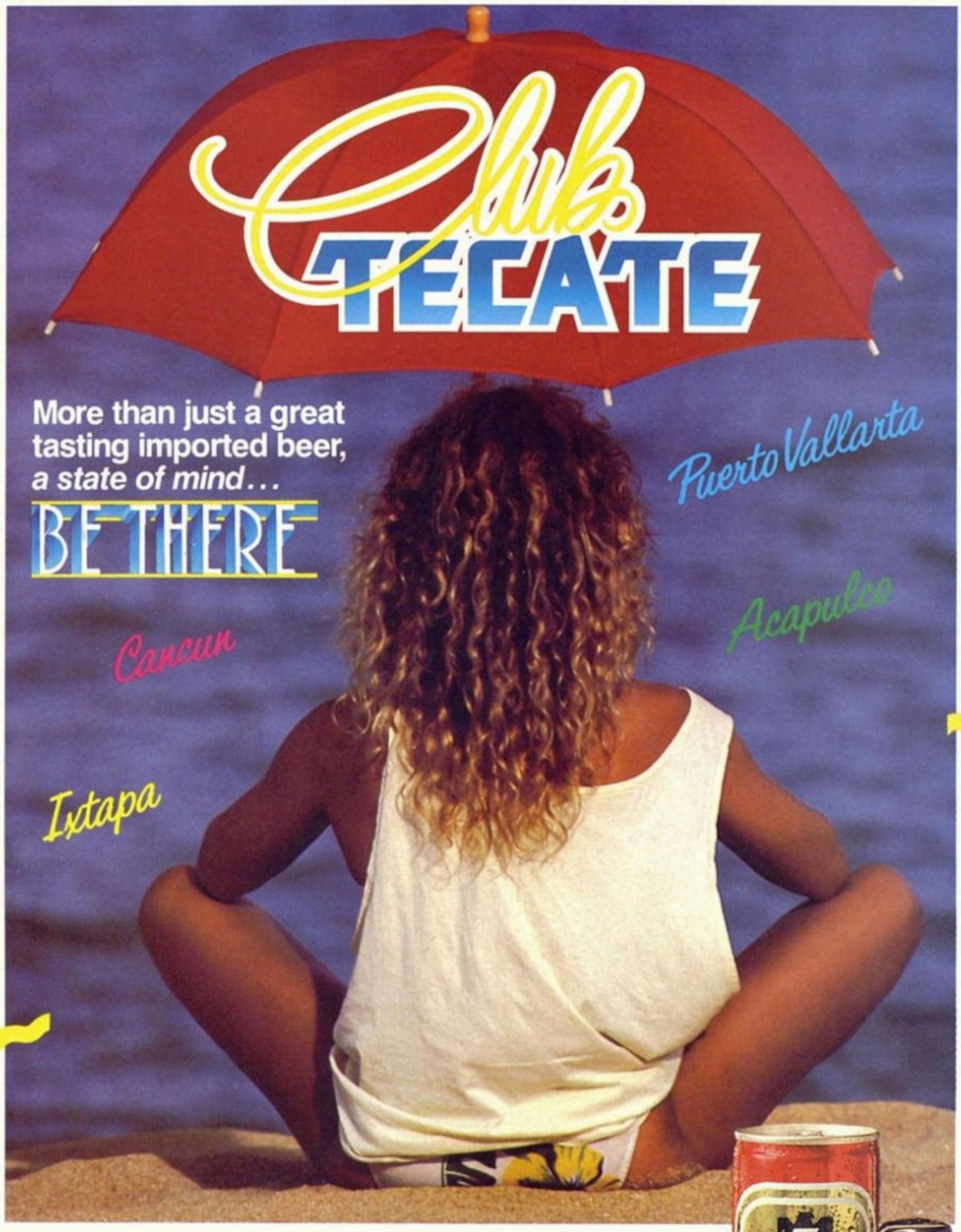
BERNSTEIN: Well, I knew that Hunter Thompson was leaving *Rolling Stone*. I knew Jann Wenner [the editor of *Rolling Stone*], so I wrote to him, saying, "Hey, I'd really like to take Hunter's job." And, of course, Wenner being Wenner, he took forever to make up his mind about what the hell he was doing. In the meantime, the Watergate break-in happened, and I stayed at *The Washington Post*, and that was the end of that.

PLAYBOY: In other words, if Wenner had been quicker, you might have ended up as a rock critic.

BERNSTEIN: That was certainly a possibility. I must say that when I finish my book, I am going to go back to writing some music pieces. You are looking at a rock-'n'-roll person.

PLAYBOY: A rock-'n'-roll person who happened to do a little police reporting on the side. When did you first think there was a White House connection to Watergate?

BERNSTEIN: In September 1972—three months after the break-in—we wrote a story saying that John Mitchell [then Attorney General] controlled a secret fund that had financed the Watergate bugging



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BY FRED WESSINGER, PRESIDENT,
BLITZ-WEINHARD BREWING CO. (RET.)

Fred | *Great Grandfather*

In the 19th century Oregon Territory, the idea of "light beer" would have been dismissed with hoots of laughter and derision. Life was hard, the workday long, and the climate often harsh. So the loggers, trappers, and other pioneers of the region *wanted* beer to be hearty and filling. (In those rigorous days, one's waistline had a way of taking care of itself.)

Now, of course, we live in an era of health spas, diet plans, and *nouvelle cuisine.* Few of us are trappers or loggers, and it is evident that a growing number of people prefer a less filling beer that is low in calories. In order to accommodate this demand, we asked ourselves how my great-grandfather, Henry Weinhard, might have approached making light beer — a brewing problem which, almost certainly, never entered his head.

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The most common complaint about light beers is that they are "weak and watery." This is hardly surprising, since most light beers are simply regular beers with more water added. Making beer this way would not have pleased Henry, who earned his master brewer's papers — and his respect for beer — in his native Germany.

It was obvious that before we could market a light beer bearing Henry's name, we would have to find a way to produce a product that had the two things most commonly missing from other light beers: traditional beer body and traditional beer taste.

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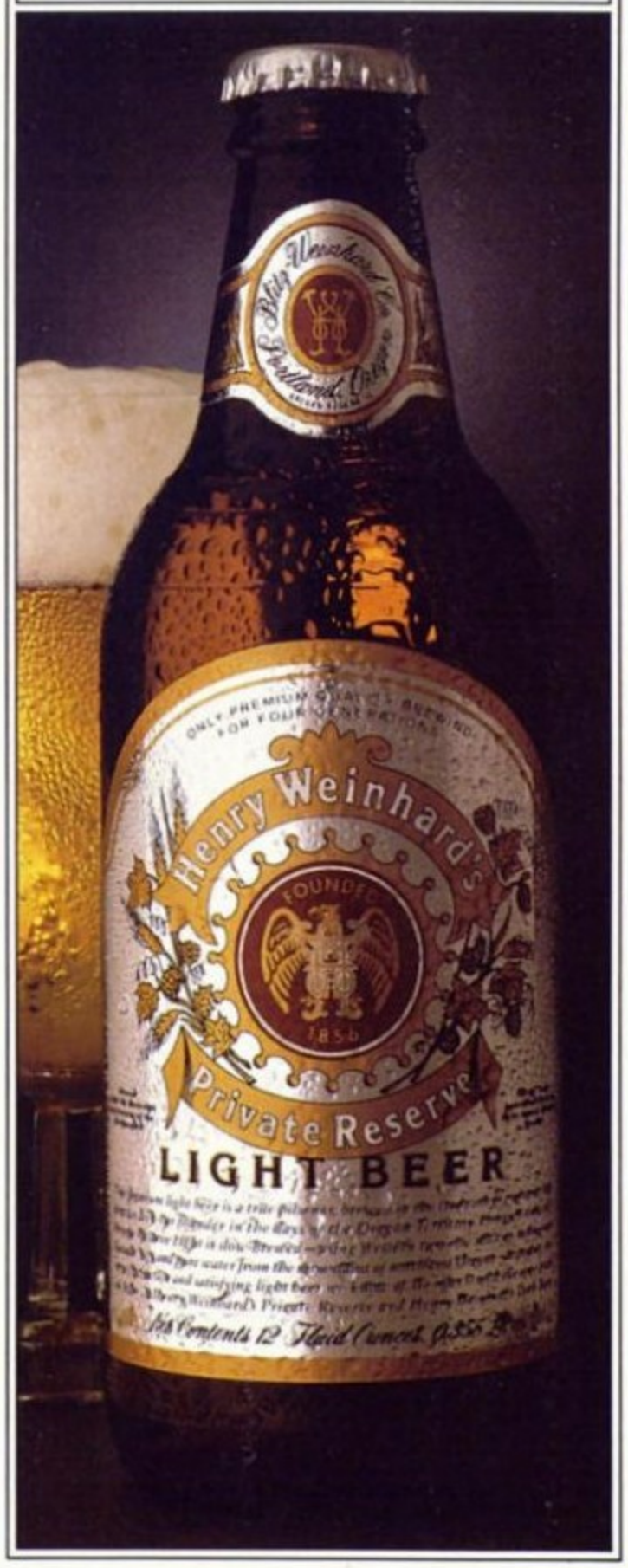
This means that more time is taken in brewing, fermenting, and ageing Henry's Light than is usual within the brewing industry. It also means that the ingredients used are the finest obtainable: rich, two-row malting barley, and choice Cascade hops.

The difference in brewing Henry's Light, however, lies in *how* these premium ingredients are used in the brewing process. In order to create a light beer with body, we use approximately 30% more barley malt than other brewers. And in order to produce a light beer with richer flavor, our brewmaster has borrowed a technique used in the production of ale: in addition to the traditional hopping that occurs in the brewkettle, there is a second infusion of hops during the ageing process. As a result, the beer matures with a greater presence of the famous Cascade hop. And more tang, more aroma, and more "real beer taste" than other light beers.

If you would like a less filling beer that is much more than a pale imitation of beer, we suggest that you try Henry Weinhard's Light. We cannot say for certain that Henry would approve of the whole idea of light beer. But we are confident that if he were able to compare Henry Weinhard's Light Beer with other light beers on the market today, he would be both pleased and proud.

HOW TO SELECT A LIGHT BEER

The quality of any beer is a reflection of the skills of its maker, and depends entirely on his judgements about such things as the choice of ingredients, the time taken in brewing, and the care devoted to the ageing process. These judgements tend to hold constant as a brewer turns from the production of regular beer to the brewing of light beer, resulting in a similarity of quality between the two products. When selecting a light beer then, we recommend that you limit your comparision to those brands which have already earned your respect through the quality of their regular beers. Other brands can be safely ignored, since their lighter versions will inevitably prove disappointing.



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and other intelligence-gathering activities. Then you really had to start thinking that it had a much larger dimension.

I remember standing with Woodward, right after we had named Mitchell. There had never been a story like this. An Attorney General of the United States, the highest law-enforcement officer in the country, had controlled a secret fund and paid for the undermining of the Nixon opposition. I said to Woodward, "You know, this guy [Nixon] is going to get impeached."

The word hadn't been uttered anywhere up to then. Woodward looked at me in astonishment. "You know, you're right," he said. "But neither of us can ever mention that word again to anybody except each other." At the time, it was a breathtaking thought.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that as we speak [in May], Richard Nixon is on the cover of *Newsweek*, with the headline "HE'S BACK." What do you think when you see that?

BERNSTEIN: Journalistically, I think the *Newsweek* cover was an awful piece of work and a piece of puffery. It's at variance with the truth, both in terms of what Nixon says about his actions—the idea that Watergate was some little bugging and miscalculation on his part—and in terms of the credence the piece gives to that notion.

At the same time, I think Richard Nixon is infinitely the most interesting political figure of our time. He's been around for 40 years. He's been a part of almost every major event for more than two generations. And part of the fascination with him is due to his ability to come back from the dead—or near dead. I mean, he's had his last press conference; he's had his Checkers speech; he damn near died after Watergate. Some say he was suicidal. But he came back. Whatever one thinks of Richard Nixon and what he did in office, you've got to have some admiration for the way the guy comes back. And a little bit of awe.

PLAYBOY: Nixon's perspective in the *Newsweek* interview is that while he made some mistakes in Watergate, their magnitude was overblown. How do you see it?

BERNSTEIN: He's being disingenuous, and anybody familiar with the way Nixon has spoken over the years recognizes that. It was not small potatoes. It's not as he describes it. It was not about misjudgment. It was about a series of events, about undermining the very system that the President of the United States takes an oath to uphold.

PLAYBOY: Yet there is also evidence that many Americans—looking back—are no longer as appalled by Watergate.

BERNSTEIN: Well, one thing is that we have a memory of about four minutes in this country, and I'm not sure people remember what really happened. It was not about merely planting a bug at the Watergate. The term Watergate came to mean a pervasive abuse of the powers of the Presidency by those closest to the President, on an unprecedented scale—bugging, wire tapping, following people, breaking into a psychiatrist's file, starting a private police force in the White House to undertake illegal activities against the opposition.

Then, if you remember, Nixon engaged in a cover-up, an obstruction of justice in which he told his subordinates, "I don't give a shit what you do. Lie, stonewall, whatever you have to do to get past the grand jury." I mean, it's incredible. What he did was subvert his own office.

PLAYBOY: Nixon speculates in the *Newsweek* interview that "Deep Throat"—the celebrated key source for your Watergate stories—was actually a composite.

BERNSTEIN: He's wrong. Deep Throat is one person, exactly as described in *All the President's Men*—a source in the Executive branch who had access to information at the Committee to Re-elect as well as at the White House. If you think that Bradlee would have allowed us to start working with composite sources with the reputation of the paper on the line, Jesus Christ. Aside from which, it's nothing we would do. No, it's one person.

PLAYBOY: It seems surprising, in a way, that the person has never been identified—or stepped forward.

BERNSTEIN: I'm not even going to shrug my shoulders at what you're saying. When we wrote *All the President's Men*, we went to all our sources and asked if we could use their names. Some said yes. Hugh Sloan, treasurer of the Nixon re-election committee, was one. A number of others are named in the book. Others, including Deep Throat, said no. We respected that.

PLAYBOY: Does anyone besides Woodward and you know Deep Throat's identity?

BERNSTEIN: I think Bradlee knows, but I'm not sure. My recollection is that Ben was never told who it was, but I think he's got some pretty educated guesses.

PLAYBOY: What about Nora?

BERNSTEIN: No. She used to ask me a lot, and I had the good sense not to tell her.

PLAYBOY: Following Watergate—and the writing of *All the President's Men*—you turned immediately to *The Final Days*, a book about the last 100 days of the Nixon Administration. In some ways, that portrait—of a man coming apart, depressed, isolated, desperate, perhaps suicidal—was more devastating than the disclosures about Watergate itself.

BERNSTEIN: Actually, one of the reasons I've always felt quite proud of the book is that it's got a human dimension that the original Watergate reporting doesn't have. It is not unsympathetic to Richard Nixon. I think there is probably a lot more empathy in that book than in almost any other account you'll find of Nixon in office, because it's accurate.

When *The Final Days* came out, it was attacked by people like [columnist] Bill Safire, people around Henry Kissinger and, particularly, by some Republican pundits. They all got up and said, "It can't be true. How can you know this stuff? It's all based on anonymous sources." Well, that book has stood the test of time, and nobody has contradicted a single fact in it, really. Nobody believed at first that Nixon actually got down on his knees with Kissinger and prayed.

It's an amazing tale. And it taught me a lot about reporting—that you've got to go back and get to those people right away, before they can change their stories, before hindsight sets in. We got to those people right away. The day Nixon resigned, we went to work. And we did—I can't remember—I think it's 394 interviews.

PLAYBOY: There were rumors around the time you were working on *The Final Days* that you weren't carrying your weight—that Woodward and another collaborator, Scott Armstrong, were doing most of the work. How true is that?

BERNSTEIN: Early in the reporting on *The Final Days*, there was, indeed, a period when I was not pulling my weight; I wasn't doing enough work. Bob rightly got pissed off, and we had a pretty good blowup about it. It was not the first time that it had happened. Then, as always seems to happen, I got the traction and did the best work I've ever done, both in terms of the reporting and in terms of the writing and editing of the book. All of *The Final Days* went through my typewriter.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any regrets about the book? For example, Nixon has said that he believes *The Final Days* is what caused his wife, Pat, to have a stroke.

BERNSTEIN: I'm not a doctor, and I don't know what happened with her stroke. I would think that the ordeal Mrs. Nixon went through during the last few years of her husband's Presidency might have been a little worse than reading our book.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you don't have any misgivings about what you wrote?

BERNSTEIN: I have some doubts about having written about the Nixons' sexual relationship. I'm not sure I'd do it again. The reason I thought it belonged in the book at the time was that family has always had so much to do with his thinking. The Nixon marriage seemed to me very much a part of the story we were telling, because it was not as it seemed on the surface.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have second thoughts?

BERNSTEIN: I'm not sure that we had to treat the readers to the fact that the Nixons hadn't slept together for a long time. I don't know what it added to the book or our understanding of what happened.

PLAYBOY: Might your second thoughts be partly a result of having the details of your own life written about during the past several years?

BERNSTEIN: No, they're not at all comparable. And your question is silly.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you hit rock bottom in your own personal life in the summer of 1983, shortly after *Heartburn* came out as a book and you were arrested in Washington for drunken driving?

BERNSTEIN: My blood-alcohol level was above the legal limit, but the charges were

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eventually dropped.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't it pretty well known that you had a drinking problem?

BERNSTEIN: I think in the past few years, as I got into my late 30s, I certainly couldn't handle liquor in the way I could when I was younger. When I drank a lot, I would get terminally boring. I'm chemically sensitive. So finally I said, "Fuck it. Just don't drink anything." Basically, for two years, I haven't been a drinker.

PLAYBOY: What about drugs?

BERNSTEIN: They're not for me.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, after the drunk-driving arrest, you checked into a Washington hospital for a period of time.

BERNSTEIN: Four days.

PLAYBOY: OK. What was going on?

BERNSTEIN: I was feeling awful. I was having terrible headaches and feeling depressed and exhausted, and I said, "I'd better find out what the fuck is the matter with me." And I went in and got a CAT scan. I'd had migraines in my 20s, and they were just awful. I was under such pressure that they were coming back.

PLAYBOY: What was the pressure?

BERNSTEIN: If I look at it now, I was feeling some real depression about *Heartburn*'s becoming a movie and the effect that was likely to have on all of us. And I think I was also feeling some real guilt about the breakup of the marriage, and I sort of said, "Well, it's time to stop feeling guilty, because whatever happened happened."

That's the point at which I said, "Enough already with this shit." In a way, you could say the hospital period wasn't my worst moment; it was a good moment. I decided not to sit around feeling powerless about this thing; I wanted to end this public spectacle.

PLAYBOY: A few months later, your contract was up for renegotiation at ABC, and it wasn't renewed. Why not?

BERNSTEIN: If I stayed at ABC, I wanted a regular slot—the entire time I was at ABC, the big problem was fighting for air time. Also, I wanted to be in New York, so I could be with my children all the time—neither of which ABC wanted to do.

While I was negotiating my contract with ABC, Joan Didion, who was an old friend and with whom I'd talked about the book about my parents, came to Washington. While we were sitting in the Jockey Club, I said to her, "There's a piece of me that really wants to go back to the book. Why don't you take a read?" I gave her the first 50 pages. She called me the next morning and said, "You've got to finish the book now." Clearly, it's what I really wanted to do. It was just a question of getting the guts to do it.

PLAYBOY: The book is about growing up in a left-wing family in Washington, right?

BERNSTEIN: Yes. I think that what happened during the first witch-hunts of the Cold War, during the Truman Administration and during the McCarthy period, was, in a way, the last undisturbed corner in a national nightmare. There is no comprehension today of what happened to the country or to people like my parents.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that, having grown up in such a politically active family, you don't seem to be very political.

BERNSTEIN: I'm not. The reason I'm a reporter is the experience of my childhood. As a child, I was around a lot of people who were true believers, religionists about political and ideological causes, and it scared the hell out of me.

I am uncomfortable around ideologues, particularly on the left. At the same time, I generally respect the values of those on the left a lot more. I do believe things about what governments ought to do and how they ought to care for people and about how income ought to be distributed, to some extent.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've benefited handsomely from a capitalist economy—earning a lot and spending a lot.

BERNSTEIN: I'm a bourgeois person and I live in a bourgeois society, and I rather enjoy this society. I believe in a free-market economy. That doesn't mean I wouldn't like to see some changes in it. I wasn't born in poverty. I'm not a Marxist. I'm a reporter.

PLAYBOY: But you were a rich reporter. Among other things, it's been estimated that, between *All the President's Men*, the book and the movie, and *The Final Days*, you earned upwards of $3,000,000. What happened to it?

BERNSTEIN: It got spent. First of all, Nora and I went through amazing amounts of money. We bought a house. We traveled a lot. Both of us are way up there as major spenders, particularly when we were together. And I'm not very prudent about money. I don't invest it wisely. I don't pay much attention to it. I never set out to make a lot of money, and it's never been a guiding force in my life. I've always sort of lived off what I had, or a little bit above my means, perhaps.

PLAYBOY: At one point in our preparation for this interview, you suggested we read the description of you in David Halberstam's book *The Powers That Be*. He says a lot of good things about you. But he also quotes Dustin Hoffman as saying, "Carl is essentially a fuck-up and he has to fail, and Nixon is a fuck-up and has to fail, and so Carl could always understand Nixon." How do you react to that?

BERNSTEIN: Oh, I think that's Dustin looking for a good quote to give Halberstam. That's the craziest line I've ever heard.

PLAYBOY: Halberstam also quotes your old boss Ben Bradlee as calling you a "winner determined to be a loser."

BERNSTEIN: I think the work speaks for itself, and I'm not going to quarrel with anybody and I'm not going to contradict anybody and I'm not going to make any assertions about myself. That doesn't require any great explanation. Do I believe that about myself? Obviously not.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, to what extent do you have self-destructive tendencies?

BERNSTEIN: I know I've always been a person who pushes things, who lives on the edge. I'm aware that there are lots of risks in life, and I take some of them. Sometimes it's paid off; other times, it's caused some hurt. If you'd characterize those instances as self-destructive—it's not a word I would use—I'd understand it.

But in terms of being suicidal or anything like that, hell, no. I'm a real survivor. I think there have been periods in my life, particularly when I was younger, when I was capable of great self-deception about some of my weaknesses. As I get older, the scales fall away from my eyes, and I'm forced to confront certain things. I don't think I have much of a talent for self-deception anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe your toughest times are behind you?

BERNSTEIN: Things have sort of smoothed out. You get to 40, and there's something very calming and reassuring. I love my life since I turned 40. In fact, I was thinking about it this morning.

I've never been a great morning person, but I was up early this morning because I took Jacob to school, and I was walking down Broadway. Somehow, it reminded me of how I used to go to work when I was a kid, when I started as a copy boy. I went to work when I was 16 years old and really learned the business in a way that nobody learns it anymore. Jack Kennedy had just become President and I went to all his press conferences because I was a copy boy, and I would run back and mimeograph the text. I took dictation from David Broder about Kennedy's being shot and misspelled hospital because my hands were shaking so badly. And then came the civil rights movement, which I covered, and the antiwar movement and the counterculture. And then came Watergate, which is the most extraordinary experience in journalism that anybody has ever had in this country.

And now, to bring it all together and create something that's a synthesis of those experiences, as well as what you learn from being a father and what you learn from being a husband, is a pretty good place to be at.

PLAYBOY: It sounds pretty good. But without raining on your parade, is it possible that some of this is a rationalization—your way of putting a good face even on some very difficult times?

BERNSTEIN: Clearly, the period I've just come out of has been one of great upheaval. But I wouldn't trade places with anyone. I feel terrific for having come out of this with my head screwed on, with great friends, wonderful children and a solidity about where my work is. I don't weigh the consequences of what I do on a scale. I'm not calculating. I go by my instincts. I live a certain way, and I've come to realize that I can't live my life to meet other people's wishes and expectations.

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By KEVIN COOK

THE TROUBLE with going out on dates is, you shave, put on a clean sweater, pick up your date and run into what? Old girlfriends.

The old-fashioned night on the town has been replaced. Dating hordes now spend date nights cocooned in front of the chrome icon, Sony the All-Seeing.

As social phenomena go, Video Saturday Night has nothing on William "The Refrigerator" Perry or even Madonna, but it's far bigger than the light-wine boom.

There are more than 20,000,000 VCRs in America—lined up end to end, they would stretch from Chinatown to Gallipoli. They're selling at a rate of 1,000,000 a month. One in every three households in the U.S. has a VCR, and it is believed that *not one* of those households has Jujubes stuck to the floor. And some people thought the sexual revolution was hot stuff. At this instant, on VCRs from coast to coast, Mel Gibson is boffing Diane Keaton 10,000 times. No wonder Diane's

cheeks are red.

What is all this doing to our dating habits? To find the answers, I spoke with experts in the field.

Dr. Joyce Brothers has two VCRs. In her office, there's a picture of her on a couch with a VCR, counseling it. Dr. Brothers was one of the first to predict the video boom, and she thinks that video dating enhances a couple's romantic opportunities.

"For becoming intimate, the steps are easier," she says. "It's harder to get your girl from a movie theater into bed than simply to move into the next room or lie down in front of the TV. But there are no short cuts to intimacy. You still have to care about the other person and know that person, or sex is about as much satisfaction as a sneeze."

Realistically, though, some people need short cuts to intimacy. Brothers admits to knowing of one. "For newly dating couples," she says, "the best bet is a horror film. The physiology of arousal is such that when you are frightened, it's the same arousal as when you are sexually excited. One spills over easily into the other. So try those fright films."

And if you'd like to double down, becoming aroused while watching Dr. J. in a fright film, try *Embryo*, in which she cameos.

For tips on hosting the video date, I turned to Jim Lange, legendary m.c. of *The Dating Game*. The video date is "a wonderful date, a great way to spend an evening," says Lange, whose preferred video night features an intriguing double bill, *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Repo Man*.

coming soon to a living room near you

Lange doesn't consider himself an authority on dating, though to an entire TV generation, he's something of a dating god.

"Caring about your guest, a genuine caring—that's what's important," he says. "The best dating advice is the same advice I'd give on being a good host, and that is to be yourself at all times."

For the film maker's perspective, I spoke with John Waters, director of the cult perennial *Pink Flamingos* and other box-office gross-outs.

"The entire success of home video is due to the fact that most of us don't have the nerve to masturbate in public," says Waters, whose films feature masturbation, incest, cannibalism, chicken fucking and coprophagy (eating poop). "It's good news. This is the first time I've gotten a big hunk of money, and more people stop me on the street now. The garbage man, for one. And that's who I'm really honored to reach."

At home, Waters entertains his video dates with Russ Meyer films, the documentary *Manson* and tapes of *The Collegians*, a bizarre talent contest that ran on Baltimore TV about 25 years ago. *The Collegians* stars a child contortionist and a girl with gargantuan thighs doing interpretive dance to the *Pink Panther* theme. He says that baloney sandwiches are the perfect snack for a John Waters video date.

Beginning couples may also benefit from the following helpful hints, developed with the input of the experts and considerable trial and error on my part.

1. Be kind—unwind.

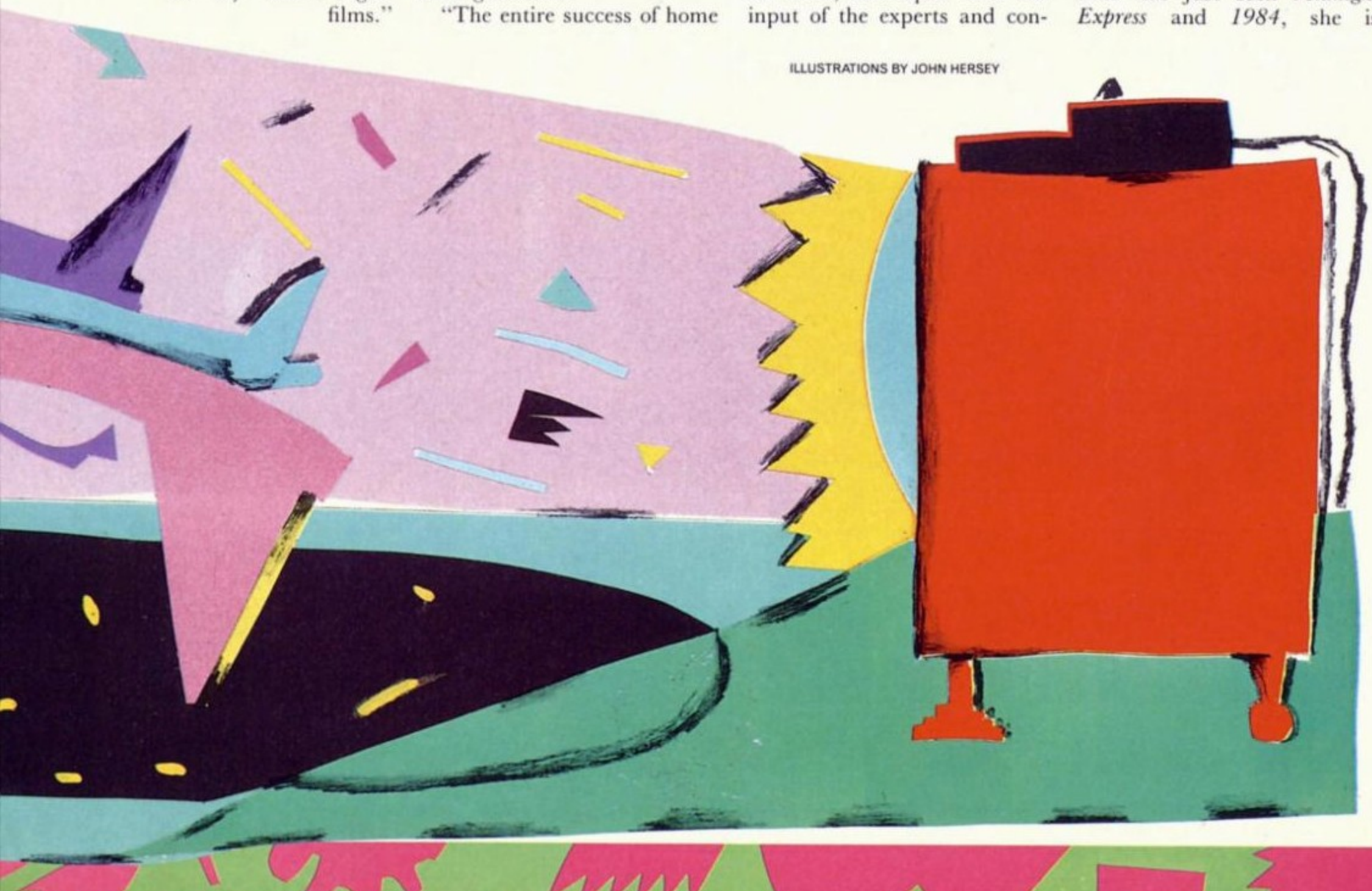
Your date doesn't want *Cujo* sprung on her the moment she flips off her shoes. Treat her like a lady. Hold the refrigerator door for her. Inside, have two glasses of chilled champagne and two frozen Snickers. If you spill some champagne, let her step across your jacket to the living room. Tell her she looks as radiant as the pixels in your new Trinitron.

2. Match the movie to the mood.

There are more kinds of women than whiskers on the cast of *Quest for Fire*, but none of them will want your epiderm if you show *Faces of Death*, *Rock-Hard Gay Waiters* or *Greatest Sports Legends*. In general, avoid evisceration, sports legends and rock-hard gay waiters. Any kind of hard-core porn, in fact, is probably a bad idea, though it's worth considering if your date wears a lot of blue eye shadow.

Soft-core dramas such as *Swept Away . . .* and *Last Tango in Paris*, on the other hand, virtually guarantee audience participation. Totalitarian drama is also worth a try. If your date has just seen *Midnight Express* and *1984*, she is

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HERSEY



probably so glad to live in a democracy that she'll want to pursue happiness immediately.

3. *Le* menu.

Video dating requires gustatory creativity.

Pizza may be the bowler's conception of Italian food, but it's perfect for Fellini. Mix and match, but stay thematic. Try *Dracula* with a garlic pizza, *Jaws* with anchovies, *Popeye* with spinach, *Gandhi* with nothing at all. Pizza and a bowling ball go well with *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*.

More substantial fare, such as *The Godfather*, calls for a more substantial meal—*vino*, mostaccioli, veal Marsala, *cannoli*, cappuccino, maybe a spritz of holy water.

Are you inexperienced? Then try these video helpers, courtesy of the National Filmic Nutrition Institute.

Greens and Tang for *The Brother from Another Planet*, subs for *Das Boot*, Rice Krispies for *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, eggplant for *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, Butterfingers for *Last Tango in Paris*, macaroni for *Macaroni*, upside-down cake for *The Poseidon Adventure*, Ding Dongs for *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *sushi* for *Splash* and Screaming Yellow Zonkers! for *Tora! Tora! Tora!*

Do not serve eggs with *Cool Hand Luke*.

4. Furniture placement and you.

Your VCR should sit at eye level and dominate the room.

Put away your chairs; scatter pillows on the floor. Put all the rest of your furniture out in the street. The homeless, who have no VCRs, should at least get to put their feet up. And remember—no matter what the manufacturer says—owning a love seat is brutally gauche. It indicates to your date that you get your home-furnishings ideas from *Wheel of Fortune*.

5. Porno, or no?

It is said that women don't get off on pictures. As the Spanish say, *¡Ha!* If women are less responsive than men to visual stimuli, explain the careers of Georgia O'Keeffe and Mel Gibson.

Women are, however, comparison makers, and this can lead to trouble. Brothers says that when there's an attractive person of *your* sex on the video screen, your date sees you as even *less* attractive than you are, if possible. The solution? Try showing something starring beautiful women and evolutionary missing links—a category that includes almost all porn films, as well as 1972's *Elvis on Tour*.

6. Judging a tape by its box.

The intelligent consumer can tell a lot about a tape by its cover. For example, if Kitten Natividad—she plays the lead in *Bodacious Ta Ta's*—has top billing, the consumer knows that he'll need a wide-screen monitor. If the box bears a title such as *All-Male Burlesque Revue*, he knows he shouldn't touch it if he has any open sores on his hands. If the box has a picture of Robby Benson on it, he knows that the film has not been rented by anyone else. If the box is all slimy and smells like *huevos rancheros* steamed in a latrine, it's a Stallone picture. Sorry, it's out.

7. Video rules.

What's the point in arguing with a lifestyle revolution? If you don't have a VCR now, you will by Christmas, so you may as well go out and get one today. The Movie Channel now features special programming for VCR owners to tape, so that the next time they watch the tube, they can watch the VCR instead of The Movie Channel. On video, Brando is still young, Rocky is not yet rich and, at this moment, Mel Gibson, Warren Beatty and Woody Allen are *all* in bed with Diane Keaton. Video reigns; that's all.

THE ALL-TIME BEST COUPLES' MOVIES

The Thin Man
Casablanca
Tom Jones
Betrayal
Shampoo
Bonnie and Clyde
Body Heat
Rear Window
Robin and Marian
Risky Business

NUCLEAR POPCORN

a consumer's guide to microwave hand trash

By TERESA GROSCH

BUTTER FLAVOR

Jolly Time Jolly, maybe, but not a hoot

Nature's Finest A-maize-ing

Newman's Own The kernel Qaddafi of popcorn. A terror

Orville Redenbacher's Pop unfresh

Pathmark Great for marking paths, not so hot for eating

Pillsbury These kernels take command

Pop Secret A top popper

TV Time If this were a series, it would be canceled

Wyandot So much like theater popcorn, you'll look for the ushers

NATURAL FLAVOR

Act I Good thing it's only one act

Deli Express Express this one to New Delhi

Nature's Finest As corny as Kansas in August

Newman's Own Better than his buttered—but not explosive

Orville Redenbacher's (frozen) More corn pone from the man in the bow tie

Orville Redenbacher's They cut off an ear for these kernels?

Pillsbury (the original) Pillsbury does it better

Pop Secret Betty Crocker stirs up another winner

SALT FREE

Orville Redenbacher's Orville cracked this corn, and we don't care

Pillsbury Salt Free (frozen) Take this with a grain of salt

THE ALL-TIME BEST GUYS' MOVIES

when a man's gotta view what a man's gotta view

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

GUYS' MOVIES. You know what they are—the kind of movie you scoop up in a six-pack from the local video store for those long weekends when your lover is away. The kind of movie that keeps you awake long after Letterman has signed off. The kind of movie Woody Allen will never make. The kind of movie not likely to have subtitles. Guys' movies are filled with neat moves and great lines. They are movies about authority, about brothers and buddies, about knives, fists, guns, high explosives, noise. They are visceral. They are filmed in Testostachrome. These are movies you can trust, because they star guys you can trust.

If a movie has Sean Connery, Humphrey Bogart, Clint Eastwood, Robert Mitchum, Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson, Robert Duvall, Nick Nolte, Chuck Norris, Bruce Lee, Sylvester Stallone, Roy Scheider, Burt Reynolds, it's a guy's movie. If it stars Alan Alda, it's not. **1. *Zulu.*** A movie that defines on-the-job training. Michael Caine and Stanley Baker hold off 10,000 members of an emerging African nation at Rorke's Drift. **2. *The Man Who Would Be King.*** Sean Connery and Michael Caine—comrades and con men—head off to Kafiristan to be kings. Male bonding—as opposed to James Bonding—at its best. **3. *Thief.*** A caper movie. James Caan is a master safe-cracker with a code that will burn through cold steel. From the man who brought you *Miami Vice*. **4. *Blue Collar.*** Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto play three bulls in a union shop. The scene in which Kotto spends the night in his friend's yard with a baseball bat, ready to greet the goon squad, defines stand-up. **5. *North Dallas Forty.*** You'll notice that this is the only sports movie on this list. That's because it's not about winning. It's about playing with pain and walking away from the game. *(concluded on page 70)*

THE ALL-TIME BEST GALS' MOVIES

an insider's guide to what makes girls go gooey

By ANNE BEATTS

THE MOVIE that really hits my PLAY button is *The Naked Jungle* (1954), with Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker. It's a steamy saga of man *vs.* nature in the Amazon jungle, featuring a heroic struggle to save the farm from man-eating ants. The best part comes after the ants have chewed at least one fat character actor to death: Chuck and Eleanor have a little tiff; Eleanor slaps him; Chuck sweeps Eleanor into his arms and kisses her, bending her so far backward, her neck almost snaps. Whereupon we tactfully cut to the river overflowing its banks.

Nothing beats Fifties movies for symbolism. As a result, for a long time, sex, in my mind, was synonymous with natural disasters. It was a great disappointment to me to learn that you could be kissed without having your entire body bent back and that it didn't always immediately start up a flood or an earthquake. It was an even greater disappointment to discover that *The Naked Jungle* is not yet available on cassette.

In the meantime, I'll have to get my rocks off with the following selection of fine entertainment, user tested by our panel of blue-ribbon judges; namely, all my girlfriends who were up for free *guacamole* and pitchers of margaritas. **1. *Gone with the Wind.*** Nobody doesn't like *Gone with the Wind.* It's the Sara Lee cheesecake of movie selections. Something about the moment when Rhett carries Scarlett up that long, long flight of steps seems to release every girl's pheromones. **2. *To Have and Have Not.*** OK, OK, *Casablanca* was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, but this is the hot one, the one where Bogey and Baby first locked eyes—and lips, once Bogart finally figured out how to put them together and blow. **3. *Wuthering Heights.*** When Heathcliff paws pretty, pale-skinned Cathy, it's easy to see why Merle Oberon bit Laurence Olivier's lip during rehearsal. **4. *National Velvet.*** Any man who'll watch this one with a woman and then make soft whinnying sounds in her ear afterward has got it made. **5. *North by Northwest.*** Eva Marie Saint *(concluded on page 70)*

THE ETHICS OF VIDEO DUBBING

ok, you've figured out how to do it. but the moral question is a little trickier

By P. J. O'ROURKE

EMBELLISH your telephone-answering-machine message with the theme from *Dial M for Murder*. Tape the hit songs of Twisted Sister and use them to scare birds out of your vegetable garden. Rent a copy of *Behind the Green Door* and edit it into the video of your sister's wedding reception. Have you done wrong?

Let's look at this from a legal point of view. The answer is yes. You've violated Federal copyright legislation—Title 17 of the United States Code. But there are loopholes. In the famed 1984 "Betamax case," the Supreme Court ruled that home copying, at least of television broadcasts, is an "authorized use of copyright." And Associate Justice John Paul Stevens, who wrote the Big Nine's majority opinion, concluded that recording that isn't authorized by the owners of copyrights may still be legal. As long as it is done for home enjoyment and isn't for commercial purposes, unauthorized recording falls within a "fair use" exception to the copyright law.

One aspect of fair use is that no copyright infringement occurs when something is reproduced for purposes of criticism, news reporting, scholarship or education. How much use is fair use? The rule of thumb is "enough to get your point across." If you copy *Emmanuelle*, *Last Tango in Paris*, *9½ Weeks* and *The Story of O*—being sure to copy enough of them to, as it were, get your point across—you're legally home free. And these movies are educational. My girlfriend got such an education from *9½ Weeks* that she walked out on it.

But let's *not* look at this from a legal point of view. Legal and ethical have the same relationship as stupid and pretty: Sometimes it seems as if they go together, but they really don't. Ethics can be illegal, as my draft board pointed out to me in 1969. And laws can be unethical, the way they were in Nazi Germany. (Drawing a parallel between slaughtering innocent millions and making pirate tapes of *Dumbo* is, incidentally, an example of the unethical laws of magazine writing.) An ethical man doesn't abide by the law when there is a compelling moral reason to do otherwise. I'm sure there *is* a compelling moral reason for illegally dubbing every movie in which Debra Winger has appeared. I just can't think of it right now.

Whether it's all right to copy music, movies or Donkey Kong software for your own pleasure is actually a question about the ethics of entertainment: What are people doing when they entertain us? And what do we owe them?

Entertaining is done for the sake of amusement. I looked in the dictionary to make sure I knew what I was talking about. I didn't. I'd always thought that amuse had its root in the Muses—Calliope, Terpsichore, Thalia and the rest of the girls. You can count on the Muses for quality material. But, according to *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*, amuse comes from the Old French verb *amuser*, meaning "to cause to waste time," which comes from *muser*, meaning "to idle or loiter, to gape or stare," from the Latin *musus*, "snout or mouth of an animal." This puts entertainment in a new light. Don Johnson doesn't know how to shave, Madonna wears her panty girdle on the wrong side of her dress, Cher dyes her face green and we stand around and make like pig noses.

The principal argument against home copying is that it deprives performers of income that is rightfully theirs, that dubbing is theft of services. But a semicomatose Robert Redford playing hide the Oscar with Meryl Streep—that's a service? And what about a Chevy Chase movie? He appears on the screen and puts a finger up his nose. He loses his pants and tennis racket,

says something stupid and falls down. Isn't it enough that we don't kill him? Do we have to give him money, too?

Like the wandering minstrels and village idiots of yore, entertainers should be satisfied with our applause and an occasional free dinner. If they think they deserve more, they ought to pass the hat. Frank Sinatra can come to your house when you play one of his albums, and you can put a dollar in his toupee.

Still, copyright is an important moral principle, even if entertainers don't deserve to have important moral principles applied to them. It's wrong to duplicate tapes in your basement and sell them. That turns you into a thief. It also puts you in competition with movie and record producers. In effect, it makes you one of them. We all know what kind of people they are. You don't want to be a thief *and* a double-divorced, drug-slathered slime pouch.

But that's not what we're talking about when we talk about home copying. Mozart did not die broke because somebody whistled arias from *The Magic Flute* while walking through the streets of 18th Century Vienna. To pay a performer every time his or her routines are privately copied or repeated beggars reason. The human *(concluded on page 155)*

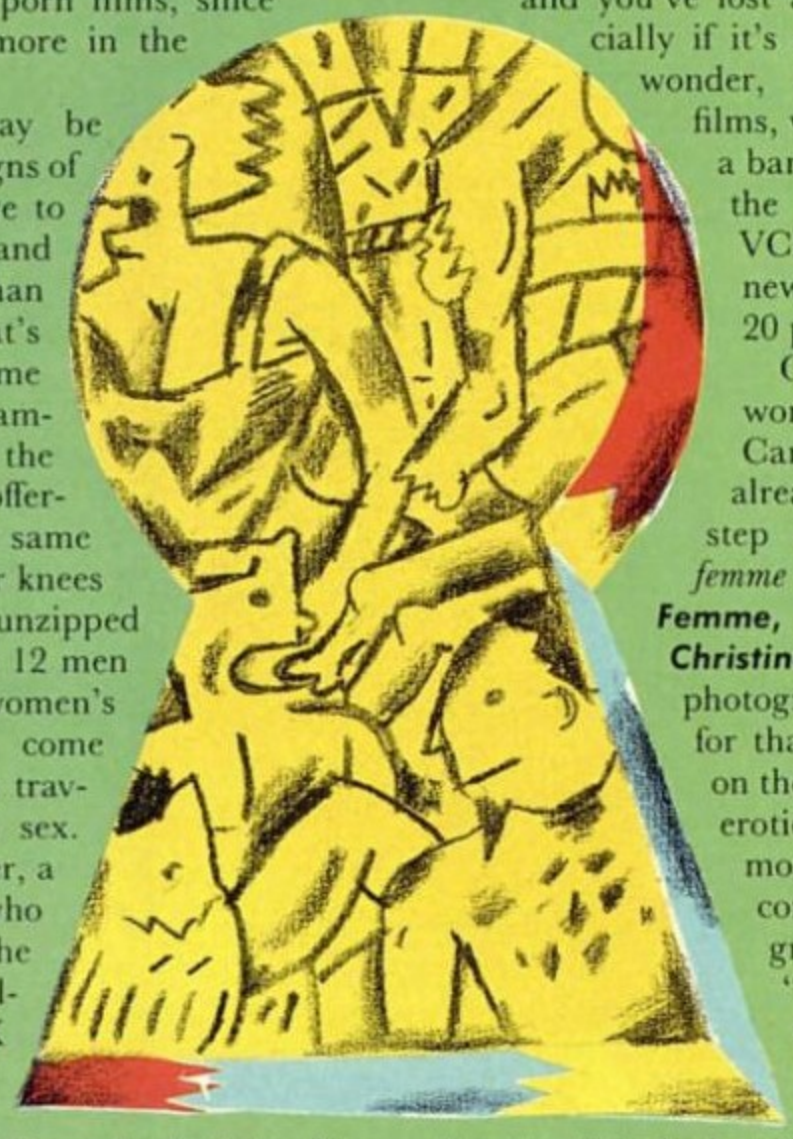
ADULT MOVIES, GROW UP!

our movie critic earns his keep

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

We don't call them porn flicks anymore. We call them adult films, and we watch them at home on our VCRs, in the company of desirable, liberated women. In fact, say statistics from sources ranging from *Adult Video News* to *Glamour* magazine, women alone or with a man now do 50 to 60 percent of the buying and/or renting of such cassettes. This, says *Glamour*, means that there has been a shift toward higher quality in porn films, since women demand more in the way of story line.

Well, there may be some promising signs of change, but I have to tell you, boys and girls, that more than 90 percent of what's out there is the same old smut. After sampling some 40 of the newest X-rated offerings, I found the same 42 women on their knees in front of men's unzipped flies and the same 12 men ejaculating on women's stomachs in the come shots that make a travesty of grown-up sex. There are, however, a few pioneers who have proved that the terms "better quality" and "X rated" can actually be spoken in the same breath. I've talked with a few, and the way they see it, any real hope for a revolution in raunch is mixed at best.



Chuck Vincent is the creator of 1981's ***Roommates*** and 1983's ***In Love,*** two milestone flicks with female characters treated in a real and sympathetic manner that helped narrow the gap between mainstream movies and X fare. Today, with adult videos flooding the market at the rate of 125 or more new titles monthly, Vincent is not optimistic. "A few years ago, a high-quality theatrical feature might earn $500,000; now, with many of the adult theaters closed, you're lucky to bring in $50,000–$75,000 with a hit cassette. Because the profit potential is so small, we're back to one- and two-day shoots by people with $7500 budgets. Too many people in our business are salesmen, not film makers."

Vincent's pessimism is echoed by Marga Aulbach, a German-born producer-director from California, whose own films emphasize romantic sexual encounters and take-charge female characters. "People rent or buy by looking at the cassette covers," she points out. "If they look slick, as most of them do, they take 'em home and see another cheap, grainy movie about five people fucking and sucking . . . and you've lost a customer. Especially if it's a woman." Small wonder, then, that adult films, which commanded a banging 40 percent of the trade when the VCR explosion was new, have shrunk to 20 percent.

On the upside, woman film maker Candida Royalle has already taken a giant step upward with her *femme* trilogy titled ***Femme, Urban Heat*** and ***Christine's Secret.*** Their photography is a match for that of any X movie on the market, and their erotic sensibility makes most of the current competition look like greasy kid stuff. "It's a mistake to think women don't ever like down-and-dirty sex," she says. "We do, but it has to be subtler."

Having surveyed the best, which adult movies would I recommend to couples? Besides the ones already mentioned, Vincent's ***Bordello*** and ***Voyeur;*** Aulbach's ***The Dancers, L'Amour, Between Lovers*** and ***How Do You Like It?; Behind the Green Door*** (classic sex fantasy, not for the faint-hearted); Radley Metzger's ***The Opening of Misty Beethoven*** and ***The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*** (Seventies landmarks with wit and style); ***Devil in Miss Jones*** (sexy psychodrama by Gerard [*Deep Throat*] Damiano); ***Nothing to Hide*** (award-winning adult feature in which love triumphs over lust); ***Talk Dirty to Me*** and chart topper ***Every Woman Has a Fantasy*** (hard-core with rollicking fun).

Watch for the cassette release of ***9½ Weeks,*** with the scenes scissored from the U.S. theatrical version. Smooth as silk.

GUYS' MOVIES *(continued from page 67)*

The opening scene, with Nick Nolte getting out of bed, or trying to, is worth the cost of the rental. **6. *The Magnificent Seven.*** James Coburn's underhand knife toss: Need we say more? This movie even works in Japanese, as the *Seven Samurai*, because guys are the same all over the world. **7. *Apocalypse Now.*** The only difference between men and boys is the sound of their toys. This movie is loud. It also deals with a guys' subject—Vietnam—in a way no other movie has dared. **8. *The Right Stuff.*** A high-tech version of *The Magnificent Seven*, this film is also loud. You get to ride in an X-1. You get to ride in the Mercury capsule. The only movie that comes close in capturing this spirit is *Das Boot*, another story about guys in a can. **9. *The Long Riders.*** It has brothers. It has gunplay. It has fashion sense. It shows what the phrase high, wide and handsome really means. **10. *The Wild Bunch.*** Our Gang, but with grownups. Sam Peckinpah took a guys' concept—violence—and a nonguys' concept—choreography—and put the two together for the best Western you can rent. **11. *Scarface.*** The Al Pacino version, of course, because it captures conspicuous consumption as the American dream. You have to watch this movie five or six times to really get off on it. Memorize the "Say good night to the bad guy" monolog and entertain crowds at fine restaurants. **12. *The Long Good Friday.*** Bob Hoskins is the believable tough guy, into rehabbing the London waterfront. Hanging his associates upside down in the abattoir is one highlight. Helen Mirren as his side-kick is the other. **13. *The Godfather.*** Brothers, bloodshed, loyalty, the shouldering of responsibility: When Jerry Falwell talks about family values, how many of you think of this family? **14. *The Longest Yard.*** "Do we get to hurt the guards?" is still a classic line. Take Burt Reynolds out of a car and he can act. This movie is tough and calls on the ancient guy tradition of standing up to The Man. **15. *Cool Hand Luke.*** The other great prison-farm movie, but the boiled egg replaces the football as the symbol of tough-guy resistance. **16. *High Noon.*** Gary Cooper was the original one-man army, but he had to do it the hard way, without benefit of Nautilus machines, automatic weapons or martial arts. **17. *Dirty Harry.*** Clint Eastwood's almost glacial sense of justice, his trend-setting speech about the .44 Magnum and one of the twitchiest, sleaziest madmen in the history of movies make this one of Clint's best. **18. *Any Chuck Norris movie.*** Although the karate ones are great, we lean toward *Code of Silence*. There aren't many classic lines in Norris' films, but "If I want your opinion, I'll beat it out of you" comes close. **19. *Enter the Dragon/Return of the Dragon.*** Bruce Lee had *moves*, if not longevity. **20. *Jaws.*** There are guys who teach other guys how to be guys. Robert Shaw leads Roy Scheider and Richard Dreyfuss into manhood. When Shaw tells the spellbinding saga of the sinking of the U.S.S. Indianapolis, it's a model of masculine storytelling and the opposite of the *Kaffeeklatsch*. **21. *The Last Detail.*** Jack Nicholson is our kind of guy. If you can't rent this story of the shore patrol initiating Randy Quaid into life, rent *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. **22. *Blade Runner.*** We're sorry, but Indiana Jones is for kids. In *Blade Runner*, Harrison Ford plays an adult in a grown-up world. You try drinking vodka with a split lip. **23. *The Road Warrior.*** It has everything: great visuals, car chases, weapons, eccentric characters, a solid hero. We can't wait for IV. **24. *Richard Pryor Live.*** You wish you could be this bad. You wish you could be this good. **25. *Insatiable.*** You wish, period.

GALS' MOVIES *(continued from page 67)*

demonstrates the finer points of train travel, including how to tip the dining-car attendant five dollars to seat Cary Grant at your table. The resulting tête-à-tête steams up the windows of the entire Twentieth Century Limited. I may never fly again. **6. *Top Hat.*** Fred and Ginger have something even better than sex—they've got rhythm. **7. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.*** Nobody wears a slip like Liz Taylor or handles a crutch like Paul Newman. It's Tennessee Williams at his best—and most heterosexual. With the aid of a few mint juleps and some Fifties lingerie, you might have yourselves quite a heterosexual evening. Crutches are optional. **8. *King Creole.*** Elvis in a good movie? Director Michael Curtiz gets more out of him than anybody else—except, possibly, Priscilla. **9. *On the Waterfront.*** Who cares if Marlon Brando's wearing a little too much eye make-up? He's a contender. **10. *Rebel Without a Cause.*** The ultimate teen flick. John Hughes should be put on detention and forced to watch this every Saturday morning for the rest of his life. **11. *Splendor in the Grass.*** Most of the movie is devoted to Warren Beatty's efforts to get into Natalie Wood's pants. The strain of saying no finally drives Natalie crazy, and she bobs her hair, puts on a red dress (a sure sign of trouble) and winds up in a mental institution. Maybe that's why so many girls have been afraid to say no to Warren ever since. **12. *Breathless.*** The original, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. Many women my age switched to Gauloises after seeing this film. **13. *Goldfinger.*** The name is Bond, James Bond. Make sure the tape is fully rewound, so you don't miss Shirley Bassey's unforgettable rendition of the title song, over graphics that may remind you why they were called the Swinging Sixties. **14. *The Thomas Crown Affair.*** Chess as Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway play it is sexy enough to replace wrestling on late-night TV. **15. *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.*** The only movie in which Robert Redford acts as though he's about to rape somebody. Ordering her to undress at gunpoint is just one of the little games this kinky hero of the old West likes to play with the town schoolmarm. Lucky girl. **16. *The Beguiled.*** Boy, is this one weird. Clint Eastwood is a Yankee soldier trapped behind enemy lines in a Southern girls' school during the Civil War. Clint creates quite a stir among the belles and succeeds in ringing several of them before Geraldine Page decides to cut off his leg. Cut off his leg? I told you it was weird. **17. *Coming Home.*** Why do you think they called it that? The love scene between Jon Voight and Jane Fonda should be required viewing for every red-blooded American male. It proves once and for all that you don't need a gun to have fun. **18. *Don't Look Now.*** Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland look like they're really doing it. Some say they were. Which explains the title: It's what Julie said when she saw the rushes. **19. *An Officer and a Gentleman.*** When it comes to sex, Debra Winger is on top of her subject. And when Richard Gere arrives to rescue her from that smelly old paper mill and take her up where she belongs, it's a Cinderella finish that's better than Disney. **20. *The Hunger.*** David Bowie and Catherine Deneuve play upwardly mobile vampires. The opening is hot, very hot. After that, it gets nasty—Bowie ages 200 years at a clip and turns into a toadstool. **21. *Reckless.*** Aidan Quinn has discovered one of the secrets of on-screen sexuality: He kisses with his mouth open. His detractors have accused him of being an imitation Brando, McQueen and Dean. I say, what could be bad? **22. *Footloose.*** Rumor has it that Kevin Bacon's pre-screen-test haircut for this role cost upwards of 1000 smackers; studio executives had complained that he wasn't, and I quote from a reliable source, "fuckable" enough. If so, the haircut was worth every penny. **23. *Cal.*** The ultimate younger-man/older-woman movie. John Lynch, as Cal, doesn't mean to turn Helen Mirren's husband into a human vegetable. Nor does he mean to go to bed with her afterward. He just can't help it, and neither can she. It's that kind of movie. **24. *Thief of Hearts.*** What if somebody made all your secret fantasies come true? That's exactly what Steven Bauer does for Barbara Williams. Only problem is, he's also the crook who burglarized her bedroom and stole her diaries. Since I saw this, I've been leaving my bedroom window open nights. **25. *The Year of Living Dangerously.*** Sigourney Weaver and Mel (sigh!) Gibson live it up dangerously amid tropical cloudbursts, roadblocks bristling with Uzis, bloodthirsty mobs and clangy, atonal music. When Mel starts batting his baby blues, it doesn't matter that he loses one of them by the end of the movie. Any woman who says she wouldn't change places with Sigourney should have her eyes examined.

"We grow our own food, we make our own clothes and we even built our own house! Come on in; you're just in time for lunch!"

you've seen the cubs' beautiful ball girl, marla collins,
in the friendly confines of wrigley field. here's more of her—unconfined

BELLE *of the* BALL CLUB

CHICAGO CUBS. Wrigley Field. Ivy-covered walls. Real turf. Neighborhood baseball. Daytime games. No lights. Hand-operated scoreboard. Baseball at its traditional best—almost. This is the Eighties, after all, and Chicago's boys of summer, North Side branch, have been joined by a woman in uniform. Number 86 on your Cubs roster: Marla Collins. When the newspapermen of the Tribune Company bought the Cubs from the chewing-gum family, they started looking for press—and found it in Marla, a model and real-life baseball fanatic. Marla was working a beer concession at Comiskey Park, home of Chicago's American League White Sox, when Cubs management spotted her as a natural for the new position of ball girl. In 1982, Marla donned an abbreviated Cubs uniform and history was made: She became the first National League female in uniform. Now there is *truly* something to watch between pitches. "There *is* entertainment value in my being in shorts on the field, and I can't say that if I weighed 300 pounds it would be quite the same thing," she admits. "But there's a

Chicago Cubs ball girl Marla Collins may not make it to baseball's Hall of Fame, but she has a place in *ours*. Above, she checks out one Red Bird's stance as swinging Vince Coleman waits in the wings. After six innings of playing ball, Marla (right) prefers to sit during the seventh-inning stretch.

CUBS

UBS

UBS

Cardinals
Cardinals
UBS

WRIGLEY
HOME
CHICAGO

purpose in my being there, too. I keep the umpire supplied with unmarked balls." Asked about occupational hazards—errant balls, broken bats and interested players from the opposing teams—Marla smiles discreetly. She handles all three very well, thank you. Because Cubs games are carried on cable via superstation WGN-TV, Marla gets national exposure—and fan mail from all over the country. She is also one of the few people, aside from *The Cosby Show*'s Phylicia Rashad, to have had her engagement announced on national TV. "Cubs announcer Harry Caray was the first person to spot my engagement ring," Marla says. "He put me on his *Tenth Inning* show and said, 'All right, show America that ring of yours!' That's how my mother found out I was engaged." Her fiancé is a real-estate developer whom she met while doing publicity work for the Cubs. If Marla were to put together a dream team, she'd pick players more for their personalities than for their batting averages or fielding techniques. She likes "wild and crazy guys." Her roster includes Leon Durham, George Brett, Keith Moreland, Richie Hebner, Mario Soto, George Frazier, Cesar Cedeno, Jack Clark, Jody Davis and, as manager, Tommy Lasorda. As for *our* dream team, Marla is at the top of the list, because Marla—naturally—bats 1.000.

At top left, Marla stands at attention for the national anthem with the day's home-plate ump. She's the only ball girl in the league who works directly with umpires; others work the foul-ball lines. That's Leon Durham, a member of her dream team, with Marla at top right. Announcer Harry Caray, says Marla, "likes pretty young things"; he proves it at center left. Terry Pendleton, at center right, wants to get to first base and asks Marla how to go about it. Like the players, Marla's asked for autographs; at far left, she signs along with shortstop Shawon Dunston. At game's end, she leaves Wrigley (near left) and goes home to put on something comfortable (right).

"I'm pretty much like a lot of girls. My main things are jewelry, furs and cars," says Marla. She laughs. "I have simple tastes, right? Mink coats, sports cars and leather, not to mention diamonds. I spoil myself by buying all the expensive things that I like." It's a nice change from shagging baseballs.

fiction

By RICHARD CONDON

PRIZZI'S FAMILY

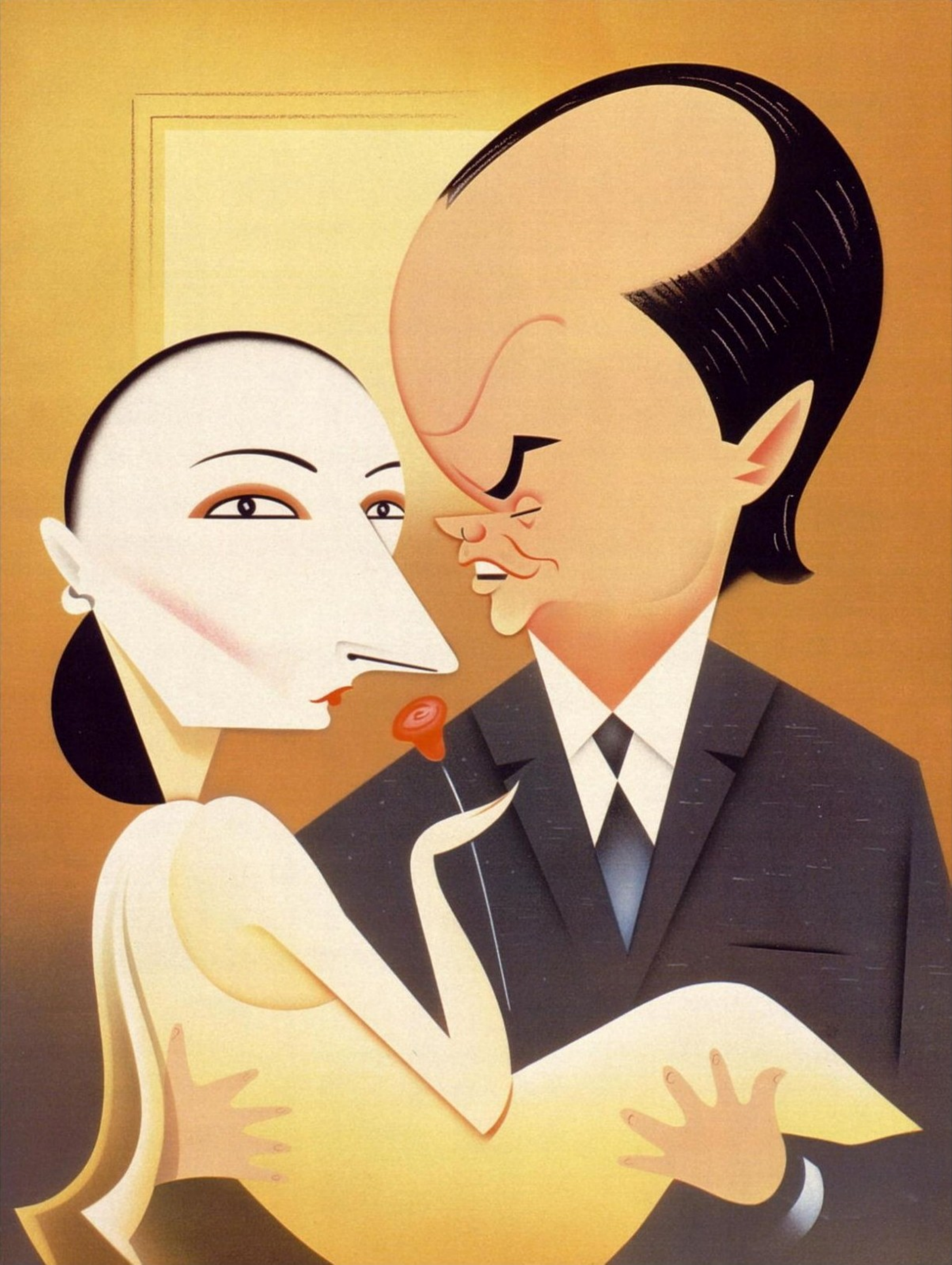
maerose was a lady who got what she wanted—and what she wanted was charley

MAEROSE PRIZZI, granddaughter of the head of the Prizzi family, was graduated from Manhattanville five months before the don made Charley Partanna her father's underboss. She felt drawn toward Charley because of his new status. Before that, if she knew he was alive, it was because he was Angelo Partanna's son and Angelo was the family's *consigliere*. Maerose was attracted to power.

When she was graduated, her father gave her five points in the restaurant-linen-supply industry to assure her cash flow and 15 points in a going interior-decorating business in New York, not only because decorating was one of the things she wanted to do but because the Prizzis owned two big antique-reproduction-furniture factories in North Carolina and a big upholstery-fabrics company near Florence.

She had a feeling for color; like her grandfather, she knew money, and by reading in the New York Public Library at night for two months, working with the craftsmen in North Carolina and Florence (who were sent to New York) and listening carefully to an elderly queen who had once been an Oscar-winning set dresser in Hollywood, she was able to sound like the professional equal to her two partners. After 15 months, she bought one of them out and dominated the survivor. In two years, she was the sole *(continued on page 128)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKO



fashion **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

THE BUSINESS WORLD still demands that you wear conventional clothes—suits, ties, dark socks, etc.—which means that college remains that last stop on the road to success where a man can still have some serious fun with his weekday wardrobe. The key, really, is to look both dressy and laid back. Class is returning to the classroom. Dingy jeans and bagged-out T-shirts may be fine for washing the car on Saturday morning, but you'll get zip in fashion—and social—points if you show up for eight-A.M. Psych 101 looking as if you've just raided the Goodwill drop-off box. On these pages are six collegiate outfits we like. They range from the melton blazer worn with a slim zip-front turtleneck sweater, at right, to the classic toggle-closured stadium coat on page 87 that's coupled with a wild and crazy-quilt-patterned crewneck. Go, fashion! Rah! Rah!

BACK TO CAMPUS

class returns to the classroom

Left: A stylish variation on a classic theme. This blue-melton blazer with an embroidered crest on the chest pocket, by Tunnel, about $75, is teamed with an acrylic-wool Aztec-patterned cardigan, by Sahara Club, $52; a wool zip-front turtleneck, $90, and wool-jersey-knit tight slacks, $85, both by WilliWear WilliSmith. Right: More collegiate hot stuff, including a wool hand-knit cardigan with Hudson Bay striping, $185, double-pleated corduroy slacks, $45, both by Robert Stock; a cotton-jersey-knit turtleneck, by Perry Ellis America, about $25; socks, by E. G. Smith, $8.50; and black-leather loafers, by Timberland, $90.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE

Left: Whatever game you're playing, a varsity jacket is tough to beat. His jacket (on her) is a wool snap-front style, by Perry Ellis America, about $125. He's wearing a zip-neck turtleneck, $39, a yellow-cotton turtleneck, $28, and workout pants, $35, all from Naturalife by Daniel Cleary; plus a cotton sport shirt, by Re-Union, $47.50.

Right: Talk about fringe benefits! He's wearing a jeans jacket with leather fringe, by Jeff Hamilton, about $135; a cotton shirt, by Made on Earth by Campus, $30; a bolo tie, $15, and a Western belt, about $20, both by Shady Character; plus jeans, by Lee Company, about $30; and cowboy boots, by The Frye Company, about $140.

Left: The look of tweed—a campus cornerstone that never goes out of fashion—is back in a new guise: Here, an oversize wool tweedy flecked blazer, $135, is worn over a hand-knit cardigan, $125, and pleated flannel slacks, $57.50, all by Yves Saint Laurent Menswear; plus a cotton T-shirt, by Jockey Int'l, $5.50; along with a wrist watch, by Moontide, about $25. Right: A wool hooded stadium coat, by Lakeland, about $180; a wool crazy-quilt-patterned crewneck, about $135, and a flannel shirt, about $32, both by Boston Traders; plus corduroy slacks, by Shawnee, about $35. (All the coeds' clothes by Joan Vass and Mary Jane Marcasiano.)

article by **P. F. Kluge**

Even as a dictator fell, the more serious business of servicing the U.S. Navy went on as usual

WHY THEY LOVE US IN THE PHILIPPINES

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SEA
TO TEACH THE RUSSIANS DEMOCRACY
IF I DIE BEFORE I BERTH
NUKE THE FUCKERS OFF THE EARTH

JOIN THE MARINE CORPS
VISIT FOREIGN LANDS
SEE RARE AND EXOTIC PLACES
MEET NEW AND UNUSUAL PEOPLE AND
KILL THEM

I'M SO HORNY EVEN THE
CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE

THE FLEET is in! The T-shirt artists are ready with new slogans and designs. The U.S.S. Enterprise, escort ships and submarines, two months out of San Francisco. The vendors of pork *satay* and barbecued chicken have their grills smoking on the sidewalks of Magsaysay Street. An amphibious task force headed by the U.S.S. New Orleans. The jeepney drivers prepare themselves, along with the touts and tailors, money-changers and shoeshine boys. Twenty-eight ships at one time; things haven't been this good since Vietnam. Close to 20,000 men will exit the U.S. naval base, cross the septic Santa Rita—widely known as Shit River—and enter the Philippines tonight. Six thousand (official figure) or 16,000 (unofficial estimate) women will come down to meet the fleet. Call it invasion. Call it desecration. Call it recreation. Come along to America's home away from home, our largest foreign naval base. See the mild side, the wild side, especially the dark side of the free world's finest liberty port. Check it out. Uncle Sam's main squeeze in this part of the world. A wondrous, wide-open place, eager to talk, happy to party and only occasionally standoffish—as when the officers on the U.S. side of Shit River refuse to confirm or deny the presence of nuclear weapons. And when the girls at a notorious Subic City bar, likewise coy, refuse to confirm or deny the rumor that a Navy man came in and bought a blow job. For his dog.

I LOVE YOU, NO SHIT,
BUT BUY YOUR OWN FUCKIN' DRINK

You are sitting at one of the busier places on Magsaysay Street, and things are cooking along fine. A five-year-old girl has just belted out "Help me if you can, I'm feeling down," and an obliging audience of sailors and locals litters the

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

floor in front of her with peso notes and coins. A singing comic jokes about his height, 5'11": five feet here and—*heh-heh*—11 inches *there*! Suddenly, the night is broken by the crackle of walkie-talkies, the anxious pushing together of tables, the rearranging of chairs, the appearance of gun-toting bodyguards. The mayor of Olongapo is out on patrol.

He isn't the sort of fellow who figures to cause a stir on entering a night club. He's a mild-mannered man who drinks nothing stronger than soda. But 40-year-old Richard Gordon is an Olongapo tradition. His father was a mayor—assassinated in office—and his mother was mayor, too. He denies being part of a dynasty and, to be sure, there have been non-Gordon mayors. Even now, his enemies conspire. But everyone agrees that he is the nonpareil host of party-all-the-time Olongapo, and he sees no reason for the revelry to end.

"Close down the bases?" he asks. "It's baloney. It's all talk. Deep down inside, America and the Philippines know we need each other. For the following reasons. . . ."

The Filipino Tom Jones is on stage, to be followed by the Filipino Johnny Cash, and much of the music and clowning are dedicated to the mayor, who is enumerating the benefits to the world, to the Philippines and to Olongapo that accrue from having America on his doorstep. It's a polished performance, much in keeping with his image as a walking-tall mayor, a reformer, organizer, crime stopper. There are even some old-timers who say the place isn't what it used to be since Gordon cleaned it up. Critics demur: Gordon didn't clean up the town, they say, he only lubricated it.

"The man on the street would say my bowl of rice depends on the U.S. Navy," he concludes. He glances around restlessly, not a man to linger over a second drink. "Shall we go to another place?"

Down the street, out onto the street. Temptation Alley: hard rock, Top 40, oldies but goodies, country-and-western, oil wrestling, foxy boxing—something for everybody, the thirsty, the hungry, the horny—and the mayor promenades through it all, bodyguards in front, car following alongside, heads turning, street people waving, smiling, sometimes pulling him aside to whisper confidences. These are his people, the mayor likes to say. Oh, sure, he could talk about cleaning up the public market, color-coding city jeepneys, renovating the hospital, disciplining cops, crushing pickpockets, instituting a "social hygiene" program that requires regular vaginal smears from the "hostess population." But his top achievement, he believes, is changing attitudes.

"Even the small people are fired up, proud of themselves," he says. "I'm talking about the little people, the vendors of cigarettes and peanuts. Even the garbage scavengers who used to be chased off the base by American dogs and shot at by soldiers. Now they're admitted every morning. They all know the slogan: 'Aim high, Olongapo!' What's the line from *New York, New York*? If we can make it there, we can make it anywhere. . . ."

He pops into Sergeant Pepper's and then into Zeppelin, crowded, cavernous places with hostesses by the hundreds, rock videos, booming sound systems and heavy-metal bands that invariably interrupt themselves to introduce "our beloved mayor" and dedicate a song—the Platters' *(You've Got) The Magic Touch*, say—to him. He calls on the newest, hottest place in town, the 900-person-capacity California Jams. Is there anything like this in Manila? he asks. The answer is no. Las Vegas? Maybe. This could be the Las Vegas of the East, the mayor says. Or the Riviera. Or the Singapore and Hong Kong.

Finally, he proceeds to a third-story club called Hot City and falls into a conversation with the owner. How much does a girl get if the American buys her a drink? Forty percent. And if the American wants to sleep with her, how much then? Forty percent. The mayor stares at the night-club stage, the disco dance floor, the go-go dancers and hostesses wiggling in neon, so many of them that they look like bacteria dancing on a laboratory slide. For a moment, it seems as if his earlier enthusiasm for the Navy—for the 28,000 local jobs they provide, the $240,000,000 per year they pump into town—has abated. And though you know he detests what he calls "the Sin City moniker," you ask the question you have to ask: Do you ever get tired of seeing these Americans come ashore to screw your women?

"If the Navy wants to stay, we cannot stop them from staying," he says. "And if they want to leave, we cannot keep them here."

Then a smile returns. The weakness for quotations, slogans, song lyrics asserts itself.

"These are the realities," he says. "We live in a material world."

PARDON ME, BUT YOU OBVIOUSLY
MISTAKE ME FOR SOMEONE
WHO GIVES A SHIT

You journey out into the night, out of high-tech, heavy-decibel Olongapo, out toward the boondocks of sin, a place down the coast called Subic City; and along the way, you come to Barrio Barrettos, a funky, sleazy zone of beach houses and bars, many run by retired Navy men, chief petty officers turned into beachcombers, bartenders and all-round entrepreneurs. First stop is Casablanca Club—admission free till 7:30, 30 pesos after that; but hold on to your stub: They raffle off a girl at ten o'clock. Meanwhile, every night is fight night.

"We're trying to induce customers to buy pussy," club manager Lee Williams explains. "The money's in pussy, not beer. So we started nightly boxing. We thought it would be a fly-by-night thing. Instead, it gets bigger and bigger. I've got 50 hostesses who are boxing, going from cherry weight—that's 76 pounds—up to 125. We bought breast protectors, mouthpieces and headpieces, but the girls elected not to use them. They wouldn't look pretty, and that's important to them. They fight three-minute rounds, but what usually happens is you get two minutes of boxing and one minute of fixing hair. We've got a boxing coach and a training program every Sunday morning, and if they don't show up, they get fined. Of 50 house boxers, I'd say that 20 are good right now and a dozen others are promising. I've got five girls who would rather fight than fuck. And—hey—if you want a good fuck, get a girl who's just fought. I get reports back. 'I thought she'd be tired,' guys say, 'but she was on cloud nine!'"

There have been some legendary contests at Casablanca, challenge matches when outsiders showed up to test themselves against the house boxers. Williams relishes the memory of two American girls, enlisted women, both weight lifters, who were promptly pounded into submission by his fighting go-go girls. "My girls are long-winded," he says. "They dance on stage for hours."

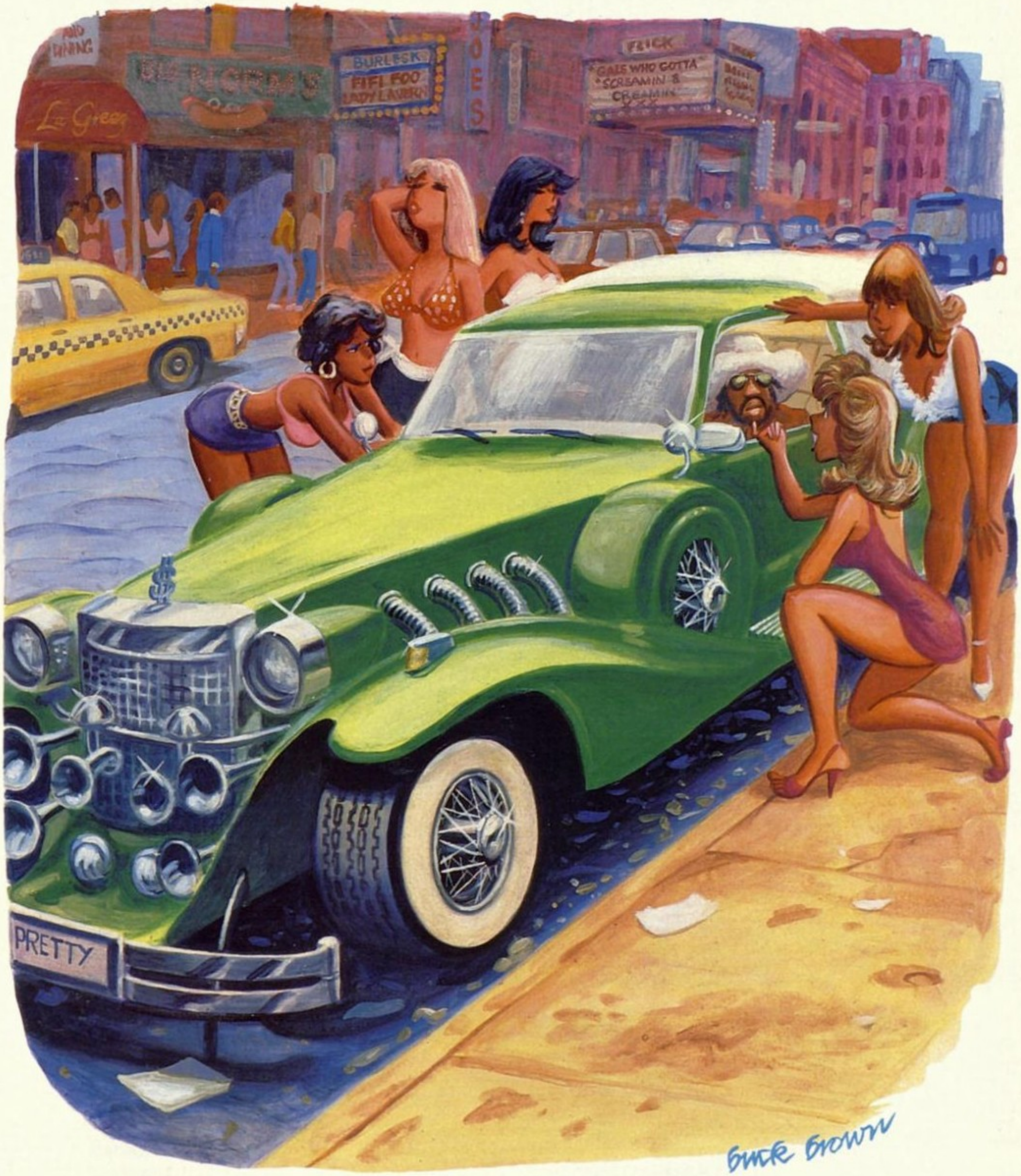
Tonight's fights, alas, are inconclusive. Despite a packed house and rousing cheers, tough-looking Cecilia Garcia runs out of gas at the end of the third round and is pummeled against the ropes by Claire de Guzman. Previously undefeated Tessie Ramos claims a wrist injury and retires in the second round.

"I'm not making excuses," Williams says, "but these girls are tired. With the fleet in, they've had a rough week."

Walk out of Casablanca, cross the street, and you can see that the evening is starting to cook. You'd have to be blind, deaf and dumb to miss the fleet's rough magic, taking a seaside shantytown and turning it into Woodstock/Fort Lauderdale. There's action everywhere at such places as D'Booby Trap, the Florida Beach House, the Bamboo Inn, the Good, Bad and Ugly Bar. Cold beer, hot women, a happy hour that never ends. You can even check out Heaven. That's where you find Charley Fulfer, a frizzy-haired, affable ex-Navy, ex–merchant marine who decided not to go home to New Mexico.

"When I visited my home town, 80 miles from Albuquerque," he recalls, "the street was the same as it was when I was 17. Nothing changed. People talked about beef and hogs, and I wanted to talk about pussy in the P.I. I sounded like a pervert! When my mother asked what I liked about the Philippines, I said, 'Beautiful weather,

(continued on page 162)



"And we won't rest until we get you that pony you never had as a child, babe!"

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
IS SOMETHING SPECIAL—
WHICH COMES AS
NO SURPRISE TO HER MOM

DESERT FLOWER

"SOMEHOW, I guess my mom knew I was going to be an unusual child," Rebekka Armstrong says, "so she figured she had to give me an unusual first name." Maybe it was the weird desert climate or the barren landscape of her home town of Ridgecrest, California, a small community in the middle of the Mojave Desert; or maybe it was all those loud noises emanating from the naval weapons-testing station nearby, but Mrs. Armstrong's clairvoyance was right on the money—her daughter Bekki was not going to be your ordinary, garden-variety California girl. At the ripe old age of nine, Bekki started motocross racing and was so adept at it by the time she was 12 that the racing officials would no longer let her compete against girls. In those days, her favorite mode of dress was combat boots, T-shirts and Levi's. "Something hit me when I was 15," she recalls, "and I decided to become more feminine." Pause. "So I wore a dress over

Rebekka likes to jump into her pickup and head out to the desert towns of Randsburg and Johannesburg. She'll hang out in front of the Randsburg General Store with the old prospectors (top left), have morning coffee at Michaelangelo's (above left) or grab a phosphate at the General Store's antique soda fountain (left).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

"My first sexual experience was very scary. I didn't want to go through with it, but I did. Then I didn't talk to the guy for a whole month! I thought, Is that it? Yuk! Now, of course, I enjoy it a lot."

the combat boots." The quintessential tomboy, she preferred GI Joes to rag dolls, cowboys and Indians to slumber parties, disarmed Army-surplus grenades to Ken and Barbie. "I used to beat up the boys at school," she recalls. "I even broke a kid's finger once. I always went after the bullies—you know the type. In high school, I didn't mess with any dudes, but I didn't take any guff from anybody, either. Did I tell you I started chewing tobacco when I was ten? I guess I just wanted to be one of the boys. I quit at 15." Ask Bekki where her tomboy streak originates and she won't hesitate. "I take after my mom," she says proudly. "When she was younger, she used to drag-race the quarter mile in a '67 Mustang fastback. She's had some pretty masculine jobs, too—ironworker, construction, welding, roofing. She's got pretty big chest muscles." Bekki's close relationship with her mother is one of the most treasured aspects of her life. Mother and daughter have done practically everything together, from double-dating to discussing their most intimate sexual fantasies. "I started really opening up to my mom at 16," Bekki tells us. "You can learn a lot from someone who's already

"I prefer aggressive men," Bekki says. "Not so aggressive they paw you all night. I mean a guy who's open, who doesn't beat around the bush. I like a down-to-earth guy in a four-wheel drive."

gone through it." For example, she quotes her mother's three cardinal rules on the subject of men: "Don't let men walk all over you, don't let a man get away with too much and never go into a romantic situation blind, because you'll always get hurt." As for the double-dating: "Mom looks pretty young," Bekki says, "so the guys we date are about the same age, in their late 20s. We've never fought over the same guy, though. I guess we have an unwritten agreement: 'This one's mine, that one's yours.'" Nowadays, Bekki's tomboy tendencies have mellowed. The combat boots are in the closet, the motorcycles are stored in the garage and she's not beating up bullies anymore. She does, however, sleep with a loaded deer rifle by her bed as protection against prowlers, and has recently developed an interest in drag racing ("I'm rebuilding a '57 Chevy two-door hardtop sports coupe with a 350 Stroker motor that puts out 657 horsepower at 7200 rpms"). On the other hand, "You should see me getting ready for a date. I'll spend hours on my toenails and make sure every strand of hair is perfect. When I go out, I like to look like a walking hors d'oeuvre." Pause. "Good enough to eat."

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Rebekka Armstrong

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Rebecca Lynn Armstrong

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 2/20/62 BIRTHPLACE: Bakersfield, Ca.

AMBITIONS: To be extremely happy with the Man I Love And to have a successful Career

TURN-ONS: Dancing, weight lifting - Romantic evenings, Italian Men!

TURN-OFFS: Dishonesty, Rudeness, Plastic People and drugs.

FAVORITE FOODS: Doritos and Pepsi, Lobster dipped in butter, cheese and Veggies!

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Charles Thaier, Marlon Brando, Stevie Wonder, Janis Joplin, Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin

FAVORITE SPORTS: Dirt Bike Riding and Dog Racing

IDEAL MAN: Open, honest, down-to-earth, Carries himself well, secure and Italian!

FAVORITE PLACE: Anywhere on earth that I can be with the Man I Love!!

Age 12

Trying to be Sexy!

Age 16

Me and my sweetie at Prom!

Age 18

A Little tipsy.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The bitter rivalry between two single Yuppies for the sexual favors of beautiful women had been going on for years. One day, an angel appeared to one of them and said, "God has sent me to teach you a lesson. I will give you anything you ask for, but whatever you get, your neighbor will get twice as much. If you want wealth, you will be wealthy. But he will be twice as wealthy. If you want a big car, he will have one twice as big."

The young man grinned. "All right, then, give me a 110-pound woman and half a marriage license."

Israeli police are conducting a house-to-house search for two men who pulled off a daring daylight train robbery. According to witnesses, the masked pair held passengers at gunpoint, then escaped with $7.50 in cash and $10,000,000 in pledges.

A titled British gentleman walked into his wife's bedroom and found her *flagrante delicto* with the chauffeur, the grounds keeper and the butler.

"Why, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello," the nobleman gasped.

"Darling," his wife said, sitting up, "aren't you going to say hello to *me*?"

Late one night, the Ayatollah Khomeini's three most senior advisors requested admission to his bedchamber, bearing news of the greatest urgency. Upon admittance, they informed him that sacred divinations had just revealed that unless he bedded a woman, the Iranian revolution would collapse.

Khomeini stared at the Koran open before him for a few moments, then looked up at his advisors and said, "As foul and impure a deed as this is, Allah has decreed it. But," he snarled, "I have three stipulations. First, she must be blind, so that one so unclean shall not see my pure being."

"It shall be so, Holiness," his advisors said.

"Second, she must be mute, so she cannot blaspheme me."

"It shall be so, Holiness."

"And third," the ayatollah rumbled, "she must have *really* big tits."

Parking in the driveway after their first date, Roger leaned over and gave Linda a passionate kiss. When she responded warmly, he unzipped his fly and pulled her hand to his penis. Furious, Linda opened the door and jumped out of the car.

"I've got just two words for you," she screamed. "Drop dead!"

"And I've got just two words for you," Roger screamed back. "Let go!"

Three women were enjoying cocktails on the patio of the local country club when a gust of wind blew open the door to the men's locker room, exposing a man wearing only a towel over his head and shoulders.

"Well," sighed the first after a thorough appraisal, "he isn't *my* husband."

"He isn't mine, either," added the second, her eyes squinting in concentration.

"Of course not, ladies," said the third. "He isn't even a member of the club."

The clothing-store owner became suspicious of one of his clerks when he discovered that the man lived in a penthouse and drove a Ferrari, on a salary of $90 a week. When confronted by his boss, the man explained that he was selling 2000 raffle tickets a week at one dollar apiece.

"What exactly are you raffling off?" the store owner asked.

"My pay check," the clerk answered.

My God, Helen," Joyce exclaimed as she bumped into her old friend on the street, "you've lost so much weight, I almost didn't recognize you."

"It's my boyfriend," Helen sighed. "He insults me terribly and doesn't let me eat."

"For heaven's sake, why don't you dump him?"

"Oh, I'm going to—just as soon as I lose ten more pounds."

The man sadly told his wife the grim news: He had cancer and had only six months to live.

"You could make my final days happier," he told her, "by giving me something you've always denied me—oral sex."

His wife agreed and began satisfying him.

A month later, the stricken man returned for a checkup. "Mr. Davis, have you seen another doctor, been taking any miracle drugs or otherwise been doing anything unusual?" the physician inquired.

"My wife's been giving me daily blow jobs," Davis replied.

"That must be it," the doctor concluded. "Congratulations, Mr. Davis, you are completely cured."

When the elated man told his wife the news, she began to cry. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I can't help thinking," she sobbed, "I could have saved John Wayne."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Sure is nice to have the summer people gone!"

HIT THE BRAKES!

COMING TO A STOP with screeching, smoking, sliding tires may look spectacular in episodes of *Knight Rider*; but if it's *your* car that's causing all the commotion, there's something wrong with your braking technique. Professional racing drivers have coined the term threshold braking for what's generally agreed to be the best way to bring a car to a halt in a hurry. The trick is to keep all four wheels rolling, so the front ones steer while the rear ones follow. Say you're rapidly approaching the hind end of a stalled semi. Don't stomp on the brakes, locking them up; this eliminates your ability to steer. *Squeeze* them on, quickly and firmly. Use the ball of your foot, its most sensitive part. Once you're into the meat of the pedal's travel (beyond the slack), there's a point past which one or more tires *(concluded on page 143)*

how the pros bring their hot wheels to a halt

street smarts **By GARY WITZENBURG**

ILLUSTRATION BY MONTXO ALGORA

Now that you own some heavy metal, here's how to haul it down fast. First (as the broad arrow at right indicates), come down hard on the brake pedal, but *only* to the place where you feel your brakes about to lock up (i.e., "the threshold"). Hesitate momentarily, allowing the momentum of the car to transfer weight to the front tires, then *squeeze* the brake pedal (as indicated by the wiggly arrow)—but don't pump it. It's a great way to come up short.

20 QUESTIONS: GREGORY HINES

a man who taps all his talents reconciles men's earrings, men's consciousness and his passion for sammy davis jr.

After 36 years in show business, Gregory Hines, 40—tap dancer, singer, actor, comic, former child performer—is surfacing as a movie star: last year in Taylor Hackford's "White Nights," this year in "Running Scared." Claudia Dreifus interviewed Hines on a recent afternoon in New York.

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the weirdest thing you've done for a film role?

HINES: When I was preparing to play a medical examiner in *Wolfen*, I hung out for three weeks in the New York M.E.'s building—watching about 150 autopsies. Weekends, I'd go out on rounds with this retired M.E. who worked just to keep his certification. It was gross. I started to drink a lot. Once, we found a guy who'd been dead for two weeks, and you could smell his body from the hallway. The policeman guarding the corpse told me, "You'd be better off *reading* about this stuff than seeing it." Nevertheless, I went upstairs and saw this two-week-old corpse. The cop had been right.

2.

PLAYBOY: What's your second-weirdest moviemaking experience?

HINES: In *Running Scared*, Billy Crystal and I were put into a taxicab that was lifted three stories in the air and then dropped—no stunt doubles; we did it ourselves. Each time, I thought I was going to throw up. What stopped me from actually puking was thinking, Gee, Billy and I are really close and he's such a great guy, and I've just got to make sure I don't throw up on him—or it'll be the end of a friendship!

I play a Chicago cop in the movie, so I went out with the vice squad one night, the narcotics squad one night and the gang-crime unit. I took part in a raid, put on a bulletproof vest and actually got to say, "*Police—open up!*" We ransacked this known heroin dealer's house. I really got into it, though as an old hippie, I felt a little strange. Now, when cops say they're going to search somebody's house, they mean it. They open up the flowerpots—they go for the boxes of Cheerios. We didn't find any heroin, but we found about $6000 in cash—I found $1500 stuffed in a green pepper. The cops were pretty impressed with me for that.

3.

PLAYBOY: You have turned out to be so many things; what was the one thing you wanted to be when you grew up?

HINES: A tap dancer. That was my brother, Maurice, Jr.'s, aim, too—he's two years older. Our parents had been around black vaudeville for most of their lives, and they knew all the tap-dance greats—Honi Coles, Henry LeTang, Little Buck. Little Buck had this fantastic routine where he'd climb up on a piano and just dive off, seemingly onto his head—but just at the last minute, somehow, he would put his hands down, roll off, dive and go into a great split. At any rate, tapping, in the late Forties, was a way up and out of the ghetto. A friend of my father's gave free dance lessons to Maurice, but he would come home and show me what he'd learned. I was a quick study. By the time I was four, we'd put together an act, The Hines Kids, which by adolescence became The Hines Brothers. We toured black vaudeville, black night clubs, the Apollo. Later, when I was around 17, we formed Hines, Hines and Dad. And that was beautiful. How many kids ever get to work with their parents?

4.

PLAYBOY: One of the great rumors about your father, Maurice, Sr., is that he was almost Jackie Robinson—the first black man to break into major-league baseball. True?

HINES: Semitrue. In the early Forties, when they were looking for someone to break the color line in baseball, my father was playing semipro sand-lot ball. Word was out all over the ghetto that the ball clubs were looking for someone to be the first. In our family, everyone said, "Well, maybe they'll pick Maurice." They didn't, of course, and that's led to a bittersweet joke. My father always said, "Good thing they picked Jackie Robinson and not me, because if I'd been the first, the black man would just be getting his second shot now." My father's got a terrible temper—really bad. He would never have been able to turn the other cheek to all the abuse that Robinson withstood.

5.

PLAYBOY: A mutual friend told us, "When Gregory was an adolescent, all he wanted was to be Sammy Davis Jr." When you were 13, did you wear much jewelry?

HINES: No, but I combed my hair just like Sammy, sang like him, walked like him and wore those tight-fitting short jackets. I *did* worship him. He could do everything well—sing, dance, play instruments, do impressions; he was working theaters, movies, night clubs. I thought, Here's a black man who's a great artist and who's having a lot of mainstream success. Now, Sammy gets put down a lot, but I really admire the cat. He's a guy who lived his life out in the open and got a lot of criticism for the risks he took.

6.

PLAYBOY: One of the risks he took was in marrying a white actress, May Britt, in a time when top black performers didn't break the color line. Both of your marriages have been interracial. How risky was it?

HINES: When I married my first wife, Patricia, interracial couples weren't common and, yeah, we got some flak for it. People stared at us on the street. We met when we were teenagers, fell tremendously in love and got married at 22. When you're that young and that much in love, anything is bearable. Whatever got in our way, we shut out—parents, the world. When you really love someone and want to be with her, absolutely nothing else matters. Happily, the street stares were a factor only until 1967 or so. By then, society had changed, and it was no big deal to see a black man and a white woman together. It wasn't that interracial couples happened a lot—just that people lightened up about it. By the time I got together with Pamela, my second wife, in 1973, we didn't encounter those kinds of hassles.

7.

PLAYBOY: Every black person has a moment when he realizes that being black is different from being white. When was that moment for you?

HINES: In 1957, in Miami. I was 11. The Hines Kids were playing in Miami Beach—at a white club. Cab Calloway starred. In 1957, if you were a black playing in Miami Beach, you had to have a special police card that permitted you to work in the white district. To get that card, you had to have your picture taken and be fingerprinted. Then, when a cop stopped you and asked you why you were in the white part of town, you presented this pass. The entire Cotton Club Revue cast went down to the police station to get themselves fingerprinted. It was a hot day. I got thirsty. I walked over to the public water fountains—there were two. One was marked WHITE; the other, COLORED. Who wants colored water? I thought as I headed to the WHITE fountain. I want the white, cleaner water. Instantly, about eight guys from the show grabbed me. Nothing was *(continued on page 160)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL BENWAY

hush puppies

or, how one man stilled the sound and the furry

fiction

By STEPHEN RANDALL

PAUL WAS ALWAYS in a fog immediately after awakening, so it took him a few minutes to realize something was amiss. He noticed first that it wasn't morning—there was no sunlight streaming in between the Hefty Steel-Sacks that lined the windows of his new tract house. Paul had come to like having gray trash bags on the windows. He had put them there himself as a stop-gap bid for privacy and darkness until the new Levolors arrived. His wife, Sandy, did not like them. "It looks like Karen Silkwood did our interior design," she sniffed and promptly called the store to get yet another promise, undoubtedly fictional, on when the blinds would be delivered.

Sandy was not beside him in the king-size bed, he realized next. Nor, when he raised himself up on one elbow and looked, was she in the bathroom, the other logical place to find an extremely pregnant woman at three A.M. Paul listened for some sign of her wandering the house—with her added weight, the seismic tremors made her easy to keep track of—but all he could hear was the ceaseless barking of the neighborhood dogs. "The attack of the killer dogs continues," he said to himself and got out of bed. *(continued on page 146)*

MIS EN BOUT
AU CHÂTEA
5000
CINCO MIL
PESOS
Banknote
HUNDERT
DEUTSCHE MARK
100
DEUTSCHE
BUNDESBANK
BANQVE DE
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CINQ CENTS

HOW TO SPEND YOUR VINO BUCKS WISELY IN TODAY'S SPIRITUOUS INTERNATIONAL MONEY MARKET

WINES TO BANK ON

ARTICLE

BY ROBERT M. PARKER, JR.

KNOWING THE **international financial climate as well as the top vintages that are always in demand can put you ahead of the pack in developing an intelligent strategy for buying wine. The past seven years, 1979–1985, offer valuable insight into how the wine market operates. In 1979, the market place was dominated by California. The American dollar was weak and French wines were very, very expensive. In fact, the marketing experts in the domestic wine industry were predicting a boom period for home-grown products. Even *Time* and *Newsweek* had gotten caught up in the hoopla surrounding California, running stories about the surging interest in the wine industry. Would anyone have suspected in the optimism that flowed in 1979 that only four years later, French wines would again dominate the fine-wine market and the California wine industry would be in a depression, with millions of gallons of inventory unsold? What happened between 1979 and 1985 that caused this slide—and what can we learn from it?**

In simple terms, what happened was a classic case of supply and demand, fueled by a *macho* American dollar that made imported wines more attractive, pricewise, than they had been in more than a decade. In addition, the domestic wine industry simply produced too much. The demand for imports skyrocketed and *(continued on page 156)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARRICK PETERSON

SUPER XX BOWL

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

FOOTBALL SEASON has arrived, which is a welcome change after months of incessant reports of drug abuse, avaricious agents and 25-year-old semiliterates who are furious because they are paid only $500,000 a year.

But we shouldn't really be upset by all the bad news in pro sports these days. Many people think that athletes should be paragons of clean living and true American values, but they fail to recognize that professional sports are just another form of show business. If a few young rock musicians and movie stars can make public spectacles of themselves, why can't professional jocks do the same?

This controversy will quiet very soon, because the money value of spectator sports has peaked. Franchise owners are no longer willing, or able, to pay enormous salaries to unproved rookies. Head coaches are increasingly disposed to kick asses instead of kissing them. The result will be a better game for both the players and the fans.

This year's draft was, according to most scouts and coaches, one of the most talent poor in the past decade, so it's unlikely that many of the rookies will make an immediate impact on their teams' prospects. Still, a few will definitely make their marks, most notably Tampa Bay running back Bo Jackson and Atlanta defensive lineman Tony Casillas and linebacker Tim Green.

So, as the season begins, let's take a look at each of the teams around the league.

•

This will be the year of the Giants. There are no obvious weaknesses anywhere. Quarterback Phil Simms has matured, the offensive line may be the best in the league and the running game, with Joe Morris and George Adams, will be spectacular. Best of all is the fact that the Giants are a stable franchise, with no internal bickering or jealousies. The only possible weaknesses are the lack of a speedy kick returner and a game-breaking wide receiver.

The Cowboys were last year's most inexplicable club. One week they were unbeatable; the next Sunday they would be destroyed by an obviously inferior team. That inconsistency was the result of their being number one on every other team's hit list. "Every team we play has its adrenaline flowing full tap," a Dallas assistant coach told us, "but we can't be sky-high for the entire season."

Another problem is the lack of talent depth. For many years, the Cowboys have been low on the draft priority list. When key injuries occur, the backup players are often less than adequate. The Cowboys need four or five talented new players to fill in the gaps. The draft produced some goodies, best of whom is wide receiver Mike Sherrard.

Washington's fortunes this year will depend largely on how much maturity quarterback Jay Schroeder exhibits. In a couple of years, he could be one of the best quarterbacks in the league. Although quiet and unassuming, he already commands the respect of the other players.

The defensive unit, led by senior citizen Dave Butz, will again be formidable. The Redskins' major problem in recent years has been a tendency toward lackluster performances in early-season games. Coach Joe Gibbs has tried, in vain, every gimmick imaginable to overcome that problem. Let's hope that last spring's draft helped solve some of the team's aging problems.

The Eagles, under new coach Buddy Ryan, could be one of the

An early line on teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

PLAYBOY'S 1986 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Louis Lipps, Pittsburgh ..... Wide Receiver
Art Monk, Washington ..... Wide Receiver
Ozzie Newsome, Cleveland ..... Tight End
Anthony Muñoz, Cincinnati ..... Tackle
Jim Covert, Chicago ..... Tackle
Mike Munchak, Houston ..... Guard
Kent Hill, Los Angeles Rams ..... Guard
Dwight Stephenson, Miami ..... Center
Dan Marino, Miami ..... Quarterback
Walter Payton, Chicago ..... Running Back
Marcus Allen, Los Angeles Raiders ..... Running Back
Gary Anderson, Pittsburgh ..... Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Howie Long, Los Angeles Raiders ..... End
Mark Gastineau, New York Jets ..... End
Randy White, Dallas ..... Tackle
Dan Hampton, Chicago ..... Tackle
Mike Singletary, Chicago ..... Middle Linebacker
Rickey Jackson, New Orleans ..... Outside Linebacker
Andre Tippett, New England ..... Outside Linebacker
Mike Haynes, Los Angeles Raiders ..... Cornerback
Everson Walls, Dallas ..... Cornerback
Wes Hopkins, Philadelphia ..... Safety
Kenny Easley, Seattle ..... Safety
Rohn Stark, Indianapolis ..... Punter
Ron Brown, Los Angeles Rams ..... Kick Returner
Joey Browner, Minnesota ..... Special Teams

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

N.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION ..... New York Giants
N.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION ..... Chicago Bears
N.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION ..... Los Angeles Rams

N.F.C. CHAMPION . . . New York Giants

A.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION ..... New York Jets
A.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION ..... Cleveland Browns
A.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION ..... Denver Broncos

A.F.C. CHAMPION . . . Denver Broncos

ALL THE MARBLES . . . . NEW YORK GIANTS

most improved franchises in the league. Ryan is both a lover and an ass kicker. "I'll do anything to get 'em to win," he says. "I hug 'em, I kiss 'em or I kick 'em." His players, consequently, have great affection for him.

Ryan inherits a superb defensive unit. He will install the aggressive attack he built in Chicago. The Eagles' main offense will be the passing game, with quarterback Randall Cunningham and receivers Mike Quick and Kenny Jackson.

St. Louis entered last season with great expectations, but the year turned out to be

EASTERN DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New York Giants	12–4
Dallas Cowboys	10–6
Washington Redskins	8–8
Philadelphia Eagles	6–10
St. Louis Cardinals	6–10

a big bust. The main cause seemed to be the poor play of both lines. New coach Gene Stallings believes that the key to a turnaround for the Cardinals is largely a matter of squad psychology. Stallings should certainly be a master of fashioning his players' mental attitudes. In his 20-year career, he has served as an assistant to only two head coaches, Bear Bryant and Tom Landry, each an expert in the art of mental toughness.

The Cardinals' main strength this year will be the rushing attack, featuring Stump Mitchell and Ottis Anderson.

CENTRAL DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

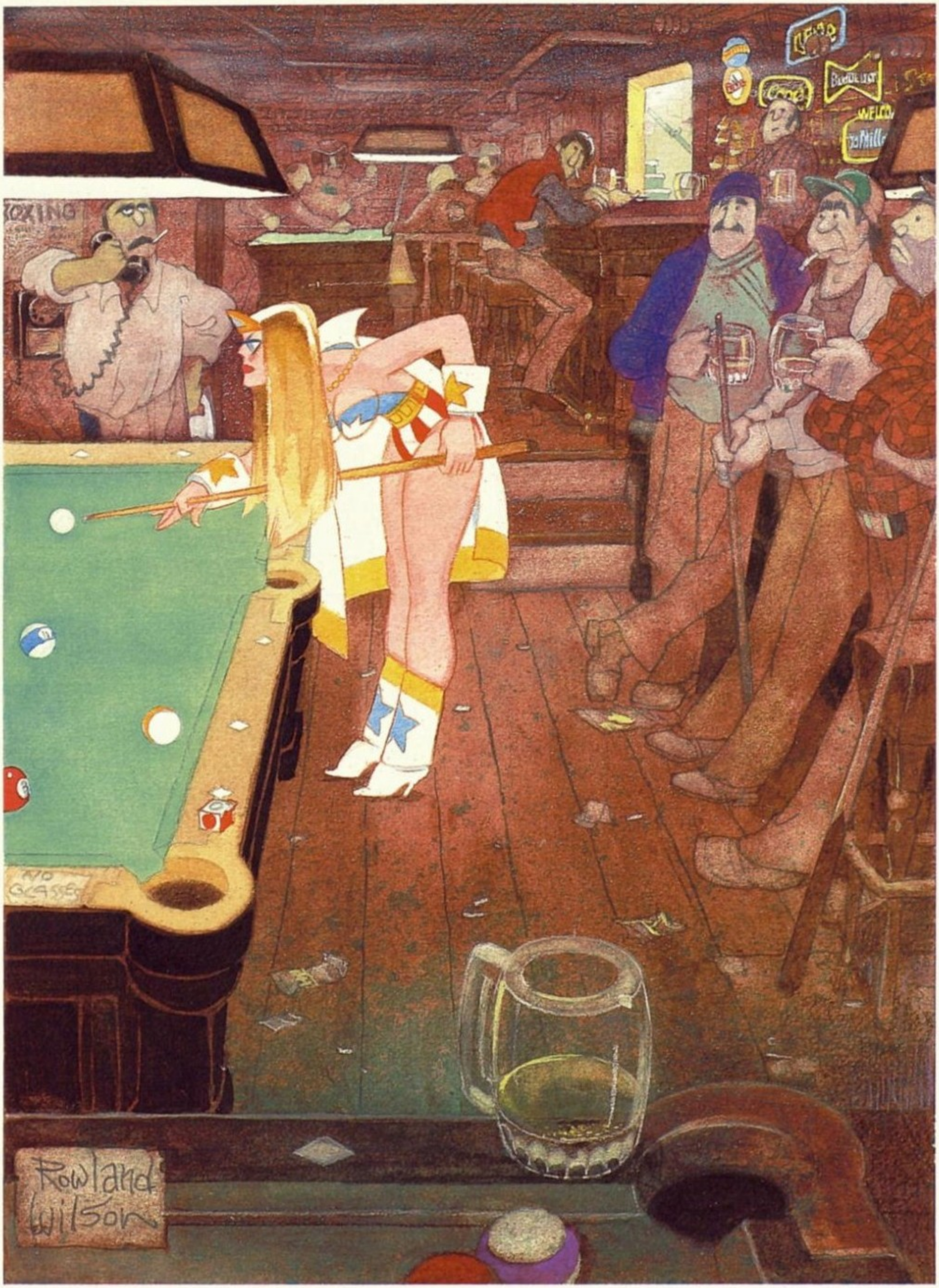
Chicago Bears	10–6
Detroit Lions	8–8
Minnesota Vikings	8–8
Green Bay Packers	7–9
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	5–11

The Bears can have another great year if they (1) solve the internecine bickering and jealousies that have plagued them in the off season and (2) cope with the Super Bowl–downer syndrome, which seems to afflict all teams that make it big after many years of mediocrity. Linebacker Mike Singletary and runner Walter Payton were the most valuable players last year (as usual), but elephantine William Perry and irreverent quarterback Jim McMahon got most of the media coverage. That's a situation that breeds intrasquad resentment.

The Bears have no perceptible talent needs. Despite fears to the contrary, the defense won't fall apart because of the departure of defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan. His replacement, Vince Tobin, will change the tactics (using the 3–4 defense much of the time), but the talent is the same.

Detroit hopes that its terrible rash of injuries last season will not be repeated

(continued on page 150)



"She says to keep your shirts on—she'll be there soon enough."

Farmers' Daughters

First there was Farm Aid
and then there
was Farm Aid II.
Now here's the best-kept
secret in the back 40

WE COME AND GO, but the land is always there. And the people who love it and understand it are the people who own it—for a little while." The words are those of a farmer's daughter, Willa Cather, in the days before price supports, agribusiness and a national farm debt of 212.5 billion dollars. The 1986 Cather update should read, "The land belongs to the people who hold the bank notes." That's why such populist performers as John Cougar Mellencamp and Willie Nelson helped organize Farm Aid and Farm Aid II. Mellencamp even devoted his most recent album to the farmers' plight, calling it *Scarecrow*. If only the assaults against the family farm could be resisted with the right metaphor. Well, we wanted to help, too. Naturally, we saw our role a little differently. We wanted to look on the bright side. We decided to help the farmer celebrate his blessings. That's why we've assembled this intimate look at country living, hosted by some stunning Farm Belters. Which reminds us of an ad we saw: "Middle-aged farmer would like to meet girl with tractor with view to marriage. Please send photo—of tractor." He can keep the tractor. For a further look at farm women, try the *Playboy's Farmers' Daughters* video, $19.95 at video retail stores.

By profession, Becky Prusha, 26, is a farmer. That occupation has paved the way for other outdoor interests—raising Huskies, skiing and trapshooting. At left, she concocts mysteries in the farm kitchen. Below, she surveys the landscape near Toledo, Iowa, deep in the heart of corn country.

Jackie Lorenz, 25, is at home on the farm near Dallas, Texas (above left), but spends most of her time at Richland College. Colleen Donovan, 23, demonstrates proper farm attire for work (above right) and play (right). Lacy Mercer, 18 (below), told us that her family's California horse farm really does boast indoor plumbing.

The intelligence of pigs is very often underrated. Pig farmers say that porkers aren't as dumb as you think. As proof, we submit the shot at left, in which the oinkers of a Bringhurst, Indiana, farm exhibit their excellent taste in surrounding Annie Smith, 20. Sooey. Sooey. Sooey. At right, Jackie Lorenz adds her charms to that picturesque staple of the country landscape—the old, weather-beaten red barn. In fact, this is the broad side of a barn we've all heard so much about. We think it makes a pretty good Eighties portrait of life on the farm.

When she's not riding, camping or hunting, Linda Vittoria, 21, of Katy, Texas, finds the sun at the edge of a rice field (top). A woman's gotta do what a woman's gotta do. Brenda Adamson, 23 (right and above), lives in the town of Coralville, Iowa, but she was raised out in the country "in a very down-to-earth manner."

Carolyn Marie Fisher, 24, is a Georgia peach who spends much of her free time around horses. We caught her eying the world from the other side of a screen door (above). At right, Carolyn and her mount agree to ride bareback, proving once again that girls just wanna have fun.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN, DAVID MECEY AND JAMES SCHNEPF

GLEANER

Clockwise from top left: Rodeo rider Lacy Mercer cuts a calf; Des Moines, Iowa's, Christine Lyn Rude, 22, at the wheel; Nancy Lynn, 28, basks in sheer beauty and then demonstrates her gleaning skills learned on the family farm in central Illinois, which is technically called downstate, a universal expression that describes where each one of our farm stars originated. To close our spectacular family-farm photo feature, we leave you with a twilight profile of Becky Prusha, the gentlewoman farmer with whom we opened this pictorial.

PRIZZI'S FAMILY (continued from page 80)

"Maerose was a tall, gorgeous grabber and the most classically Sicilian Prizzi of them all."

stockholder of a thriving business that operated, with a little help from her friends, in New York, Beverly Hills and London.

Maerose was a tall, gorgeous grabber who wore clothes with the assurance and style with which Marilyn Monroe had worn her ass. She was the most classically Sicilian Prizzi of them all, a cool aristocrat risen from a line of Arab-Greek-Phoenician Sicilians, with a nose like a Saracen, passionate and unremitting, and the sexually inquisitive eyes of a Bedouin woman in purdah. She was the definition of serenity and total adjustment on her surfaces, but, underneath, she was like the center of the placid earth—eruptive.

After Manhattanville, although she kept an unannounced apartment in New York on 37th Street off Park, she lived at home with her father, Vincent Prizzi, and her 16-year-old sister, Teresa, in her father's house in Bensonhurst. She had an occasional fling with one or two clients in New York, but in Brooklyn, she was strictly virgin territory.

When she was in New York, working with clients or seeing friends, she spoke with the grammatical elegance and diction of a woman on whom many years of higher education had been lavished. But when she was in Brooklyn, speaking to anyone—her father, her grandfather, anyone in her family—she spoke the street language with a heavy Brooklyn-Italian pronunciation and phrasing.

There was usually a filled glass of champagne on the desk in her office, not for effect but because she was always pitched so that she needed a drink. That was anathema to her family, so, when she drank, she drank only in New York.

She had been thinking about what she really wanted to do since she was 12. She wanted to take over, run and control both sides of her family's business operations: the street side, where her father held the power, and the political/investment side, where her Uncle Eduardo, a.k.a. Edward Price, lived. What was implicit in her takeover plan and what therefore exalted it to an extreme was one clear fact: She would need to replace her grandfather as head of the family. Her reasoning had refined itself into a fairly straight line. Her grandfather was an old man; he had to die soon. Her father was a sick man; he couldn't last too long. Eduardo was healthy and younger than her father, so he would have to be taken from the inside. She was going to have to continue to cultivate Eduardo, as she had been doing since she was 15. After she established decorating branches in Palm Beach and Washington, she planned to sell the whole thing to Eduardo, giving him an idea of how well she understood business. Then she would have her grandfather persuade Eduardo to take her into Barker's Hill Enterprises, so that gradually over, say, a ten-year period, while he got older and older, she could undermine him with key elements of the family's hierarchy.

Until she spotted Charley Partanna, she knew the weak link in her plan was the street side of the family operation. Her father, boss of the street side, would never allow her, a woman, to have anything to do with family business. Out of nowhere, Charley Partanna was made her father's underboss and *vendicatore*. Her grandfather respected Charley. Charley had a big future in the family. Charley was going to have a lot of power. Therefore, she was going to have to marry Charley in order to take him over and control the street side, which fed money to Eduardo's operation. Then, in ten or 15 years, when she took over Eduardo, she would control both sides of the family's operations. Everyone would have to call her Donna Mae, the first woman in history to stand at the head of a Mafia family. Maerose had to be slightly mad to live with such an ambition. Any Sicilian man could have told her it was an impossible dream.

She had her first clear shot at Charley at her sister Teresa's 17th birthday party. Charley Partanna was there as a feudal duty. Teresa was a Prizzi. Everyone whose surname was Prizzi, Sestero, Partanna or Garrone was there: men, women and children. At the proper time, her grandfather, in a show of great age, would shuffle to the microphone and make a speech. He would whisper into Vincent's ear in Sicilian, then Vincent would speak it into the microphone in Brooklynese, dumping the words out of the depths of his stomach the way a piled wheelbarrow is emptied by upending it. Then the don would hand over the traditional annual birthday check of $1000 to Vincent, who would beckon Teresa to the stage and hand the check to her. She would kiss her grandfather, her father and her uncle Eduardo. The four-piece band, all bald or white-haired men who had been playing at Prizzi parties for 51 years, would then play *Happy Birthday to You* and all of the Prizzis, Sesteros, Partannas and Garrones would sing out the words. Vincent would lead Teresa to the dance floor. The band would play *The Anniversary Waltz* and after one turn of the floor, Patsy Garrone, Teresa's *fidanzato*, would cut in and everyone would join in the dancing.

Maerose made sure she was standing next to Charley Partanna during the singing, so that when the band began to play the dance music, all she had to do was say, "Come on, Charley. Let's dance."

"Jeez, Mae," Charley said. "I ain't danced since Rocco's anniversary."

"Whatta you do on Saturday night? Raise pigeons? Come on!" She pulled him onto the dance floor. "Hey!" she said after a few turns. "You're a terrific dancer."

"I put eight hundred and forty dollars into Arthur Murray's to learn how to do it."

"Yeah?"

"I do rumba, samba, mambo, waltz and fox trot."

"I heard you went to night school."

"Not for dancing."

"How come I never see you around?"

He shrugged. "I'm around. You go to New York."

"Why don't you come over to the house for dinner?"

"Vincent sees me all day."

"How about lunch on Sunday? Poppa

(continued on page 133)

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

Our art selection for this month's *Gallery* is a cartoon by longtime PLAYBOY contributor Eldon Dedini that first appeared in the January 1964 issue. As a commentary on the moral indignation expressed by prudish critics of the then-burgeoning Playboy Clubs, it was both timely and funny. Regrettably, it still is. In recent years, the forces of censorship have returned in the form of right-wing religionists such as the Reverend Jerry Falwell and politicians such as Attorney General Edwin Meese. As a result, the ax-wielding old biddy is just as relevant now as she was in 1964, which is to say that maybe things haven't changed much after all. The price of freedom of speech is *still* eternal vigilance. On the flip side of our *Gallery* foldout, there's a pulse-quickening photo of film and recording star Vanity, taken by photographer Daniel Poulin in January 1981, when his subject was still known as actress D. D. Winters. That was just before rock megamonster Prince discovered her, changed her name and produced her first album (*Vanity 6*). Since then, the deliciously sensuous Vanity has split from Prince and made admirable career strides on her own. Her latest album, *Skin on Skin*, hit the charts last spring, and one track, *Under the Influence*, is the basis for one of the hottest videos of the year. Her movie career has taken off, too. Her latest film role is in the just-released *Never Too Young to Die*, and she also has a sizable role in an upcoming Cannon film, *52 Pick-Up*, with Ann-Margret and Roy Scheider. If you ask us, however, she'll never look better than she does right here.

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

"Hi!"

 (continued from page 128)

"This was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter. But she was acting very horny. What was he supposed to do?"

eats lunch on the don's boat Sundays."

"Well——"

"Where you living?"

"At the beach."

"Did you have a decorator?"

"What?"

"That's what I do in New York."

"Yeah."

"Why don't I decorate your apartment?"

"Whatta you mean?"

"I mean the right colors, so—no matter how you feel when you walk in or when you wake up—when you are there, you feel better."

"Yeah?"

"You might have to throw out all the furniture."

"Jesus, you want colored furniture?"

"The shapes have to harmonize with the colors. That's how we lock in the perfect."

They danced together every third dance, because Maerose appeared beside him and asked him to dance. She was dancing with her father while Charley went to the john. Then he stood with his father, who was drinking a root beer and watching the dancing.

"Whatta you," Pop said, "discovering Maerose after all these years?"

"She's gonna decorate my apartment. We gotta meet someplace. Dancing, we're holding a meeting."

"You're holding all right," Pop grinned. "But it ain't no meeting."

•

Maerose went to Charley's apartment Sunday morning to see the layout. They toured the four rooms, she made a dozen pages of notes and he gave her the keys to the apartment. "The whole thing is in your hands," he said. "It's up to you how you fill up this place."

"It's gonna take about four weeks."

"I'll move in with Pop."

"We gotta have meetings so I can lay out progress reports."

"We don't need meetings. Whatever you want, do it."

"I wanna have meetings."

"How about four o'clock Thursday?"

"What's four o'clock? What's wrong with the nighttime?"

"I got things I gotta do."

Her voice went hard. "You got a girl?"

He shrugged. He was spending a lot of time with a showgirl named Mardell La Tour from the Casino Latino, but that was none of Maerose's business.

"You have to see her one hundred percent of the nights?"

"Whenever."

"I want you to meet me for dinner Thursday night." She was the immovable object.

Charley couldn't figure out what was happening. This was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter. But she was acting very horny. What was he supposed to do? Tell her to get outta here? This was getting to be a tricky situation. Sooner or later, he was going to have to talk it over with Pop.

"That would be great," Charley said reluctantly.

•

Maerose had viewed Charley as an instrument to further her plans until he made it absolutely plain that, as far as he was concerned, she shouldn't even have existed. She had never been brushed in her life. Men fell over themselves if she smiled at them, men who didn't even know she was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter. Charley was falling all over himself to get away from her. Until he had turned her down flatly for dinner and everything else, he had been just another pleasant guy, a lightweight who could have been more useful than other men because she would have been able to build on him when she married him. Now she saw he was going to take a little training. The thought of his resistance was an aphrodisiac, but it also cut about 16 feet off her height.

She didn't believe he had another woman. From what she heard around, Charley had always played women very casually or in intense bursts. Then, after a pause, he moved on. He was probably in the burnout phase now, so she would let it run its course. But in another way, if he wasn't ever going to get the hots for her, it could be a problem. She was going to have to think about how to heat him up.

Charley talked to Maerose three times when she called during the next two weeks to report progress on the apartment. Charley had always liked Maerose in the way the French feel about the queen of England: with a distantly feudal, hopeless fealty and devotion. She was Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter, which made her not only sacred but maybe even a little dangerous. The only time he had ever thought about her before she came into his life as his interior decorator was as the little kid he remembered dropping bags of water on people in the street from the third floor of her father's house, which, to Vincent, was the funniest thing he'd ever seen until she dropped one on him. Her mother had been alive then, Charley remembered, or else Vincent might have lost his head and shot the kid.

Things had developed differently. She wasn't a little kid anymore, and even he was beginning to understand that she was locking her teeth into him, and if he didn't do something about it soon, he would never be able to get her to let go. She had little presents for him. "Jesus, Mae," he would tell her, "I'm supposed to be the one who gives you the presents."

"So? Go ahead."

She gave him a cordless telephone for his terrace and a natural-noises machine for beside his bed. It could make sounds like the ocean, waterfalls or rain in two strengths. She gave him an electronic horse-race analyzer, even though it was a known fact that he went to the races only once a year, bet only on sure-thing information and never put a bet down away from the track, because "Let the civilians have it" was the way he saw it.

He was forced to give her a bottle of perfume, but it was the wrong kind. "Whatta you mean, not subtle?" he asked her on the telephone. "Either it smells or it don't."

He had to have lunch with her one Tuesday, because she said she had to show him some fabrics. The lunch worked out OK, because he was always on the lookout for new food ideas, and in the little Sicilian joint she found on the Lower West Side in New York, he stumbled onto a menu item called Crown of Thorns, a nest of spaghetti woven into an open-topped toque that had pointy olives and pimientos embedded in it. He was going to make it for Easter and send it in his mother's name to Father Passanante at the rectory at Santa Grazia di Traghetto.

Five days later, she talked him into going out to the apartment. The job was finished and she said they had to see it together. He had to say yes, even though it was the middle of the afternoon on a working day, because she was insistent about it on the telephone and, after all, if she had finished the job, she rated it to have him look at the work with her.

Mae was actually glowing the way women are supposed to glow when they are pregnant, which she absolutely could not have been on his account. She was wearing something white and filmy, which didn't seem right somehow for a raw November day as they drove through a sleet storm. Riding out in the van with the swivel seats, and the two phones, front and back, the icebox, the stereo TV and the pile carpet, she held a single long-stemmed red rose in her hand. "I should have it in my teeth," she said, "but we couldn't talk."

•

She unlocked the apartment door and threw it open upon the small entrance hall, which she had done in cream and beige. There was a carved V'Soske throw rug in eight shades of caramel and green on the floor. The Japanese prints on the walls had beige-leather frames. The single half wall facing the door held a bowl of brown-and-green-silk orchids made in Taiwan by a Prizzi company. The lighting

was soft.

"Is this the right floor?" Charley said.

"Carry me over the threshold, Charley," Mae commanded.

Charley had gone ahead of her into the apartment. "Holy Jesus, Mae," he said. "You really done a terrific thing here."

The old furniture was gone. It had been picked up by the Salvation Army. Brand-new stuff he had never seen in his life had taken its place, all of it in beautiful, living color. "How'd you ever figure out how to do this?"

She was still standing outside the apartment. "Charley?"

He turned to face her.

"Carry me in," she ordered.

They stared at each other for seconds before he understood what she was really telling him. He crossed the room and lifted her into his arms. Jesus, he thought randomly, I'm gonna have to work out with bar bells.

He kicked the door shut and stared down at her face, so close to his, her nostrils flaring in and out like a swan's wings, her enormous black eyes glazed with lust as she stared up at him. So he kissed her and she held him there, arms around his neck. It wasn't so bad was the sensation he got, so, being very healthy and in the prime of his life, he staggered with her into the bedroom, laid her down on the bed, then he laid her.

It was tremendous. It was like being locked in a mailbag with 11 boa constrictors. Several times he thought the whole ceiling had fallen on him. His head came to a point, then it melted suddenly and flopped all over his shoulders and out all over the bed. His toes fell off. Then, when it was over, it hit him what he had done. He had laid a Prizzi and, depending on what attitude she took, what was he going to do about that?

•

"Oh, Charley," she said as they were driving across south Brooklyn to Vincent's house in Bensonhurst. "Poppa is gonna be so happy."

"Happy?"

"A union of the two families who made the whole Prizzi presence in America possible. Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter and the son of his oldest friend, his *consigliere*."

"Union?"

"Let's keep it a secret just a little while longer. Let's live inside this golden happiness for at least a few more days before we tell my father."

"Are you—are you saying we're engaged, Mae?"

She turned to him with her eyes shining. "Isn't that what you wanted? To share one life together, for me to have your children—isn't that what you wanted?"

"Jesus, Mae, everything happened so fast, I can't really think. It's such a new idea to me."

"New? What were you thinking about when you . . . when you . . . took me today? Did you think I was just some——"

"No! No, no. But it happened so fast. I'm just saying, yes—you're right—let's wait a little while before we tell Vincent."

Charley had been living at his father's house on 81st Street in Bensonhurst while the apartment was being decorated. It was the place he thought of as home, where his mother had taught him to cook and to respect the meaning of cleanliness. While he waited for Pop to come home, Charley made baked tomatoes filled with anchovies, minced salami, capers and bread crumbs, and laid out the cylindrical tubes of hard pastry flavored with spice, coffee, cocoa and lemon for the *cannoli*, then filled them with ricotta cheese and sugar flavored with vanilla, so he and Pop could have a light supper while they talked. He kept looking at the clock, then he went into the living room and vacuumed the tops of the moldings and the picture frames, because the girl could never seem to remember to do that. Pop got home about a quarter to eight. He was knocked out that Charley had made two of his favorites for dinner.

Charley didn't know how to talk about what was happening to him. He couldn't get it together at dinner. Afterward, they went into the parlor with the overstuffed chairs, the lamp shades with the long golden fringe, the upright piano his mother used to play and the beer steins lined up all around the room on the shelf that was the ceiling molding.

"Pop?"

"Yeah?"

"I gotta talk to you."

"Whatsa matta?"

"I been going over it in my head and I can't hardly figure out how it happened, but Maerose thinks her and me is engaged."

"En*gaged?*"

"Like engaged to be married."

"You and Maerose? Well, Jesus. That's terrific. What's the problem?"

"Pop, I—I don't know how—I mean, shit, Pop, one minute we hardly knew each other and the next minute she was saying how happy Vincent and the don are gonna be because we are engaged."

"Whatta you mean, Charley?"

"She decorated my apartment. So today it was finished, so she said we hadda go out and look at it."

"So?"

"So we looked at it. It was terrific. Then she says, 'Carry me across the threshold, Charley.' She was dressed all in white. She had a rose in her hand."

"Like a bride?"

"Yeah. So I lifted her up and carried her across—I closed the door—then I look at her and she's getting all hot, so I don't think, I do what anybody would do, I take her in the bedroom and I—yeah."

"You mean——"

"Yeah."

"Maerose *Prizzi*?"

"Yeah."

"And now you are wondering why she says you and her is engaged?"

"Pop, listen——"

"What's wrong with being engaged to Corrado Prizzi's granddaughter? You'll inherit the earth! In a coupla years, you'll be boss! Whatta you so edgy about?"

"I don't love her."

"So you'll get to love her. She's lovable! She's gorgeous! She's talented! Tell me something she ain't."

"She ain't the woman for me. I—I'm in love with somebody else."

Pop's jaw dropped. "No kidding?"

"Would I kid you? About a thing as important as this? What am I supposed to do?"

"There are things about Vincent you don't know, Charley. When he was young. Believe me, Vincent can be an animal and he is all fucked up when it comes to honor. There was a guy who Vincent said peed on his honor who went to the movies. He sits in the back row. Vincent grabs the first thing he can find, a hammer, and he goes inna moviehouse. He hits the guy on the head with the claw end of the hammer and it goes right through. Vincent is very touchy when it comes to honor."

"It don't need to come to that."

"The way Vincent is outta his head about honor, that's how the don feels about gratitude, only he calls it disloyalty. If Maerose tells them she is engaged to you, even if she doesn't say anything about how she got engaged to you, then, if you try to say you ain't engaged to her, you're gonna have Vincent on your ass about honor and the don all over you about disloyalty. I don't know which is worse."

"I can't dump my main woman, Pop."

"Who is this woman?"

"She's in the show at the Latino. She thinks I'm a salesman."

"What's her name?"

"Mardell La Tour."

•

Charley didn't remember sleeping much that night, but he felt too weak to get out of bed and read a magazine. His whole life had changed. He was stuck with the two most beautiful women in the time warp. It was as if some science-fiction magazine had pulled him inside. Maerose and Mardell. The don's granddaughter and the showgirl. It was too much, no matter where he looked at it. If Italian-type guys should marry Italian-type women, then he had got himself the most gorgeous, the smartest, the best-connected wop dame since Edda Mussolini. He couldn't think of anything tremendous she didn't have. She had class. She had education, she was so beautiful it made him dizzy, and how she ever learned to do what she could do on a bed, he didn't want to know. Jesus—blue-black hair, eyes like a sex-crazed belly dancer crossed with Albert Einstein and a body that, although it was different from Mardell's, was a body so far beyond his lifetime ambitions for a body that it made

(continued on page 165)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

SPREADS

the difference between the buying price
and the selling price makes all the difference

EVERYTHING HAS two prices: the price you can buy it for and the price you can sell it for. In the difference between these two—the spread—resides the entire world of commerce. Retailing, wholesaling, garage-saling—the works.

In much of the business world, this difference is called the markup. On Wall Street, it is the spread. In Paris, I'd guess, *la différence* (whence the cheer of the French brokerage community, *Vive la différence!*).

This is a column about spreads, with particular reference to the higher-priced spreads. Listen up: Your fortune is at stake here.

SPREADING IT THICK

The wider the spread, the tougher it is to make money.

If you're buying a dollar, it costs just a dollar. Same with selling a dollar. That's what makes dollars such an efficient means of exchange: In everyday transactions, there is no spread. Not so if you're buying gold or stocks or options or zero-coupon bonds, or if your pension fund is buying them for you.

If you're buying gold (I'll get back to the zero-coupon bonds), you would, as I write this, pay $347 for a one-ounce bar or sell it for $330. That is the spread—$330 bid, $347 asked—at Ruffco, a courteous and trustworthy outfit that specializes in precious metals for the little guy. Check around and you may find spreads a little wider or narrower, but you get the idea. For its trouble and the cost of maintaining its toll-free line (800-722-7833), Ruffco takes $17 per ounce—about five percent. That's its spread.

There is also a $15-per-order handling fee, whether you buy a single ounce or 50—and if you do buy 50, you may be able to shave a few bucks off the spread, so you can see that in the financial world, as in the rest of life, there are economy sizes and quantity discounts.

Add about seven dollars in postage when you trot down to the post office to accept your gold bar, which is mailed registered, insured, postage-collect, and you get the total price for buying the ounce: $369. Total price for selling it, less postage and one percent handling charge: about $320.

"How's gold?" you shout up to the mythical trader in the sky.

"How much you interested in?" he booms back from across the heavens.

"One big one," you yell over the din.

"Twenty to sixty-nine" ($320 bid, $369 asked), he roars, figuring you're hip to the jargon.

Whereupon you have to decide, if you're thinking of buying a single ounce of gold, whether it would be smarter to buy ten ounces instead and reap economies of scale (it costs only three dollars more to mail and insure ten ounces than one) . . . or to buy without accepting physical delivery of the metal (call 800-223-1080 outside New York to buy Citibank gold certificates on your Visa or MasterCard, with a spread generally less than 50 cents an ounce but a three percent commission and an annual storage charge) . . . or (my favorite) not to buy at all.

If gold hits $3000 one day, the spread and commissions won't have made any difference. In the meantime, though, gold would have to rise 15 percent just for you to break even buying a single ounce through the mail. That is a hefty handicap in a world where earning 15 percent on your money safely, after tax, takes three years.

Spreads—and transaction costs such as commissions, postage and handling—make life rough for the small investor.

They even make life rough for the big investor. The reason the average money manager does a little worse than average investing the millions or billions entrusted to him is that the averages against which he's measured, such as the Dow Jones industrial average and the Standard & Poor's 500, have an edge: They're just averages. They do no buying or selling, pay no brokerage commissions, suffer no spreads. They're even immune from that tiny but annoying penny-per-$300 levy you may never even have noticed that the Securities and Exchange Commission chips off all sales of New York and American stock-exchange stocks. A penny per $300 here and a penny per $300 there—sell $3900 worth of stock and you're hit for 13 cents—but over the course of the year, it mounts up: $37,000,000. (Not that the Treasury can't use the extra dough.)

PENNY STOCKS, MEGASPREADS

Here is the headline of the March 26 issue of the $150-a-year *Penny Stock Ventures* newsletter: "WHAT YOUR IRA NEEDS

DRINK FOR TASTE, NOT TRENDS.

Ask for the smooth, amber taste of Dos Equis. It's not a dark, but has more flavor than pale beers. A taste that towers above the trends.

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DOS EQUIS
XX

Join the fun. 112 pages of sun-soaked beauties assembled in our latest special edition, *Playboy's Girls of Summer '86*. All in glowing full color.

To order by mail: Send check or money order for $7.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Canadian residents, add $3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

IS A GOOD PENNY STOCK." That is exactly what your IRA *doesn't* need, of course, because penny stocks—typically thought of as those selling for less than three dollars—are almost invariably risky. If you buy them, you're better off buying them outside your IRA and filling your IRA with more conservative investments. That is because—at least the way the tax laws read as this is written—if a risky investment does pay off, it will be awarded favorable long-term capital-gains-tax treatment outside an IRA (inside an IRA, the gain will eventually be fully taxed as ordinary income); and if, as is more likely, you lose the whole thing, you'll at least be able to get Uncle Sam to shoulder some of the loss by deducting all or part of it from your taxable income (no such deduction is available for losses suffered under the umbrella of an IRA).

But forget that. What about penny stocks themselves?

On the back page of *Penny Stock Ventures* (37 Van Reipen Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey 07306) is a list of all its featured recommendations since July 1982. The first one, for example, Gen'l Dev. (General Devices of Norristown, Pennsylvania), is shown as having been two dollars bid when it was recommended in 1982 and three dollars bid when it was recommended for sale some unspecified time later, for a gain of 50 percent.

The thing about the 50 percent gain in Gen'l Dev., as I'm sure *Penny Stock Ventures* would agree, is that it's not really a 50 percent gain.

Say you had gone to buy 500 shares when it was recommended at two. Two was the "bid." The spread was probably something like "two to a quarter," meaning two dollars a share if you were selling but $2.25 if you were buying—and you were buying.

But chances are you would have paid at least an eighth of a dollar more per share—$2.375—because when a little stock is recommended in a newsletter and the phone starts to ring at the market maker's trading desk, the market maker does what any good market maker should: He senses an increase in demand, and unless he's also getting a lot of calls from people wanting to sell, he bumps up the price. Supply and demand. You know.

Often, by the time you get your crummy 500 shares, the stock has risen substantially. But let's say it was up just an eighth. You've now paid $2.375 a share for the stock (not two dollars)—plus a commission. The size of the commission will depend on your broker, but let's say he had a heart and charged you only $32.50. That brings your price per share to $2.44.

Now, some time later, the bid has climbed to three dollars and it is recommended for sale. Again the trader's phones light up, but this time he's notched the stock down an eighth by the time you reach him, and you get, after commission, $2.81 a share. Net gain before taxes: 15 percent.

So the spread and the commissions cut a 50 percent rise in the stock—for it had assuredly become 50 percent more expensive to buy—to a 15 percent real gain before taxes.

Today, Gen'l Dev. is "one and a half to three quarters"—$1.50 if you want to sell it, $1.75 if you want to buy it—while the stodgy Dow Jones average, in the same time period, has more than doubled and has paid three and a half years' worth of dividends besides. But no one ever said penny stocks were forever. You get in, take your profit and get out.

Had you invested $1000 in each of the 81 *Penny Stock Ventures* recommendations featured from July 1982 to March 1986 and sold when sale was recommended (or held on if it was not), you would have made $31,000 *before* allowing for spreads and commissions but would have barely broken even, if that, after.

One recent recommendation, National Superstars, Inc., is quoted three eighths of a dollar to five eighths. That's $625 if you want to buy 1000 shares, $375 if you want to sell them. So if you do buy 1000 shares for $655, after commission, and sell them for $345, after commission, you're down 47 percent even if the stock holds firm (which, given the nature of its business—selling financial-seminar tapes on late-night TV—something tells me it may not over the long run do).

I own some penny stocks—most of which, sadly, were not penny stocks when I bought them. One, Offshore Logistics, was recommended by a successful investment banker in Houston at $27 a share. The spread then was an eighth or a quarter—12.5 cents or 25 cents a share—which, as a percentage of the whole, was insignificant.

Today, you can buy Offshore Logistics (please!) for around $1.25 a share—or sell it for 75 cents. The spread has widened to half a point—50 cents a share—which works out to 40 percent (before commissions).

Mystical Question #1. Is it insane to buy a stock that would instantly lose 40 percent in value were you to turn around and sell it? *Absolutely—unless it goes back to $27 someday* (and Sirhan Sirhan becomes mayor of New York, New York).

Mystical Question #2. How come the spread on issues like these is so wide? *Because the market makers are pigs.*

OK, that's a little harsh—cowardice plays a part in it, too. The wider the spread, the less risk the market maker takes.

WHO SETS THE SPREAD?

On the stock exchanges, prices are set more or less by supply and demand, with a little help from a fellow called the specialist. The specialist chips an eighth of a dollar off most trades he's involved with, but on a $20 or $40 or $80 stock, who cares? That's his cut for taking the risk of maintaining an orderly market when buyers and sellers don't show up at his post at the same time. Not that a specialist ever went broke taking that risk, as far as I know—specialists *mint* money—but why quibble over an eighth?

For listed securities, then—stocks and bonds traded on the New York and American stock exchanges—spreads are not much of an issue. One guy is offering to buy shares at 47⅛, another is offering to sell them at 47⅜, so the spread is described as "an eighth/three eighths." Big deal.

But there are another 15,000-plus stocks and tens of thousands of bond issues traded O.T.C.—over the counter. (Well, O.T.P., really—over the phone.) There the spreads can range from an eighth of a dollar on a $30 stock like Apple Computer—which works out to just half a percent—to a nickel spread on a stock like Magnum Resources, quoted two cents to seven cents. That's two cents if you want to sell shares, seven if you want to buy them—a 250 percent spread.

Several things determine the spread in a security, but the overriding one is volume. If lots of shares are being bought and sold each day, week in and week out, the spread will be narrow, because lots of market makers—firms you know, like Merrill Lynch, and firms you may not know, like Troster Singer, and firms you surely don't know, like Mayer & Schweitzer—will be competing for the business.

If there are only three or four market makers in a stock, they may not beat one another over the head to narrow the spread. They may even, tacitly or not so tacitly, agree that "two to three quarters [two dollars bid, $2.75 asked] looks about right." Who's to know? We're talking major backwaters in thousands of these stocks. Unlike the most actively traded over-the-counter issues, whose best bid and asked prices are instantly available on every brokerage computer screen in the capitalist world (and even many of them sport gaping spreads), there are 11,000 scarcely noticed public issues listed only in the Pink Sheets each day.

The Pink Sheets, in this age of instant electronic communication, are indeed pink, as they have been since the Thirties. (The yellow sheets are for corporate bonds and the blue sheets for municipal bonds.) If a brokerage firm wants to be listed as a market maker in the stock of Natural Beauty Landscaping, as eight firms not long ago did, it just lets the National Quotation Bureau of Jersey City know by two o'clock the prior afternoon and pays the bureau 31 cents to list its name and toll-free number. (I'm oversimplifying, but this is more or less how it works.) Cry not for the National Quotation Bureau: That's 31 cents a line times several market makers in each of 15,000 issues every trading day; and then $42 a month, plus delivery to each of the brokerage offices around the country that subscribe—and every office does. When you call your broker and ask to buy 1000 Natural Beauty, the order he writes up gets routed to his firm's trading desk, where a very junior trader looks in the Pink Sheets to see who the hell has any for sale.

Then, if he's not too busy, he'll call three or four of the market makers listed in

"I don't know <u>what</u> I think of the deal. I can't tell if he's actually fucking me or just feeling me up."

search of the lowest price, as he should, or, if he is a little busy, he'll just close his eyes and call whichever one his finger lands on. Hey, it's not his money—why should he beat his brains out trying to save *you* $50?

Some market makers include bid and asked prices in the Pink Sheets; others prefer not to tip their hands. Of the five who recently listed prices for Natural Beauty Landscaping (the three others chose not to), two were asking 12 cents a share, two were asking 14 cents and one wanted 15 cents. That's if you were buying. If you were a seller, one was offering seven cents a share, three were offering eight cents and one was offering a dime.

There's usually less variation; but in this case, presumably, your broker's trader would, at the very least, call one of the outfits that were asking just 12 cents (Fitzgerald DeArman & Roberts of Kansas City or Cutler Hunsaker of Salt Lake City) and perhaps check, as well, with the three that had not included prices with their listings.

The firms asking just 12 cents for Natural Beauty may have been doing so because they had a little more Natural Beauty on hand than they would like. The firm offering to pay a dime for shares (Olsen Payne, also of Salt Lake City) was probably in just the opposite spot. It may previously have sold all the Natural Beauty shares it had, and more, and now wanted to cover its short position and perhaps even get a few shares back on the shelf.

It all sounds capitalist and freewheeling in the extreme until you notice how often the spreads are (A) wide and (B) virtually in lock step among the various market makers, the disparate quotes on Natural Beauty notwithstanding. I'm not suggesting that the spreads are explicitly rigged—though, inevitably, some of that goes on—but price-fixing need not always be explicit. In many thousands of inactively traded stocks, it's probably not unfair to say, at the least, market makers show little interest in taking much risk or rocking the boat.

For example, rather than compete by narrowing their spreads and offering the best prices, which would benefit you, some market makers will entertain the traders at your broker's firm with the hope that, when you place an order, the trader who gets it will first call the guy who took him to *Dreamgirls*—and maybe not bother to call anybody else. Hockey tickets, limos, champagne . . . one young trader at a now-defunct discount brokerage house was given such carte blanche that he was allegedly able to attract the interest of Morgan Fairchild. (A spokesperson for Miss Fairchild cannot recall her ever having dated a discount broker.)

What kind of way is this to do business? Far better, some brokerage firms have decided, to take the payoff themselves—not in champagne but in cash payments of as much as a nickel a share on every share funneled through a particular market maker. Market makers call this "paying for order flow" and are happy to do it—it was their idea to do it—because if the orders flow through them, so do the profits.

One large discount broker, Fidelity Brokerage Services, was offered a penny and a half a share to trade with a large O.T.C. market maker, "and that," says a Fidelity officer, "was just for openers—but we said no; we didn't want to pursue it." For Fidelity, that would have been an extra $4,000,000 or so annually (or $12,000,000 at a nickel a share)—pure profit—just for directing its O.T.C. trades to a particular market maker.

Other brokerage firms have been unable to resist. The rationalization is that, hey, the spreads are the same everywhere, so why not do business with the firm that offers the biggest kickback?

But if the market makers can afford to give back a nickel a share on each spread—even the spreads that are only an eighth of a dollar (12.5 cents), as many of them are—maybe the spreads are a nickel a share too wide.

ZERO COUPONS

Spreads are less visible and surely less bitched about than commissions, but they're often by far the more important cost.

Take bonds. Many firms will charge you as little as $30 or $40 to buy or sell ten bonds. If you buy or sell an equivalent amount of stock—$10,000 worth—the commission could run to $200 or more.

What you never see on your confirmation slip, and what many brokers are reluctant to disclose even if you ask, is the spread. Ask your broker for a price on such and such number of bonds, and he will respond with a question of his own: Are you buying or selling? If you say you'd like both prices, the bid *and* the ask, you're likely to be told that his trading desk won't give quotes that way.

Even if it did, and you saw what it was really costing you to trade the bonds, how likely would you be to open an account at another brokerage firm just to shave a few bucks off the spread—if you could find another broker that would shave the spread—and how much could we be talking about here, anyway?

I called a broker from whom I had purchased for my Keogh plan $250,000 of zero-coupon bonds maturing May 15, 2007. A Keogh plan is like an IRA for people with income from self-employment; zero-coupon bonds pay no interest (*zero coupon*, dummy), and so don't cost much to buy. They are the actively traded offspring of long-term Treasury bonds (never mind how they offsprung*), and these particular ones cost me $21,450 in 1985, geared to compound at 11.8 percent to their glorious quarter-million-dollar maturity 22 years hence. (Something you buy for $21,450 that grows to $250,000 in 22 years is growing—trust me—at 11.8 percent, compounded.)

But now that interest rates had fallen and zeros needed only to promise to compound at nine percent or so to attract buyers, I could sell mine not for the $21,450 I had paid but for around $37,500. At that price, a buyer holding on for 21 years until the glorious maturity would have seen *his* money compound at a little more than nine percent, while I, meanwhile, would have turned a $16,000 profit on $21,450 in a year and a half. Not enough to make up for Offshore Logistics, perhaps, but something.

Of course, there would be commissions. My broker offered to do the trade "for an eighth," meaning $312.50,** to cover the cost of the three minutes he and his trading desk would spend handling this transaction. But what's $312.50 when you're talking about a $16,000 profit? (Never mind that it would have been the same $312.50 if we had been talking a $16,000 loss.) And, really, I'm not being fair. The brokerage has $50-a-square-foot rent and megamegacomputers and $1,000,000 bonuses and a national TV ad campaign to pay for. So $312.50 (and maybe a similar commission when I bought the bonds) is not so bad.

But what about the spread?

"What spread?" my broker grins over the phone.

You've got to understand: My broker and I are very good friends. It has given me enormous pleasure over the years to see his net worth mount.

"The *spread*," I persist.

"Oh, the spread!" he says. "Hold on."

My broker has never, ever dealt anything but fairly with me, but he has put me on hold. And even then, he has the ability to make me feel as if I'm his only client. Sometimes he puts me on hold to exchange a few more words with someone else he has on hold—he always has calls waiting—but sometimes, as now, he puts me on hold knowing I'm impatient and am likely to let him off the hook.

"You there?" he comes back half a minute later.

"Yeah," I disappoint him.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," he says—one of his stock phrases—apropos of nothing in particular, which is exactly what he hopes we will now discuss.

It's not that he means to conceal the spread his firm maintains in trading these bonds or avoid the hassle involved in finding it out. What he hopes to avoid, I think, is the inevitable bitching and moaning he knows he'll have to sit through, and the same old discussion where I say the spread's outrageous and he says, "Hey, if you think it's an easy business, go ahead—

WICKED WILLIE

WICKED WILLIE Gay Jolliffe

set up shop yourself."

"What's the ----ing spread?" I remind him gently.

"Oh, ---- you," he says. "Hold on." This time, I know he means for me to stay on the line, silently, while he calls his bond trader to find out the spread.

The spread on these zero-coupon bonds turns out to be 45 basis points. A basis point, as you may know, is one hundredth of one percent. A bond that yields 9.02 percent is trading one basis point higher than a bond that yields only 9.01 percent. Right? In this case, the brokerage firm would *sell* the bonds at a price that would yield the buyer nine percent—or *buy* them at a lower price that would yield 9.45 percent. I know this can get confusing, but the dialog's a snap:

"Forty-five basis points!" I wail, reaching for my calculator. (My broker, I think, makes a point of not having one nearby.) "That's some spread! What does that work out to in dollars?"

"I don't know," he says, handling our conversation on autopilot. He can talk to me and be hypnotized by his computer screen at the same time.

"Well!" I announce triumphantly, having yet again caught the brokerage industry in its act, "that's a $3400 spread!" Meaning, they would buy the bonds for $3400 less than they would sell them for.

"It is?" mumbles my broker. "Well, I don't know—it's not a round lot. The spread's narrower with a round lot."

(With stocks, 100 shares constitute a round lot. Buy fewer and there's a small nuisance charge to pay. With zero-coupon bonds, though you can buy them in virtually any quantity, the really big players—pension funds and such—deal in multiples of $5,000,000.)

"What's so puny about a quarter-million-dollar face value?" I demand.

"You want to get into this business?" he asks, still on autopilot. "No one's stopping you."

"I mean," I continue, having heard all that before, "it's not as if these were some obscure municipal bonds that traded once every four months." (If they were, the broker might have to hold them in inventory for a while in hope of finding a buyer—collecting interest on them all the while.) "I mean, these things trade like crazy." (If the obscure municipal-bond issue were the equivalent of a flight from Allentown, Pennsylvania, to Omaha, Nebraska—not the sort of route much subject to discounting—my zeros would be the equivalent of New York to Chicago.)

"You're going to Chicago?" my broker chuckles.

"Oh, forget it." I give up.

"Have a nice tr——"

The spread in this case was so wide—it worked out to $37,500 bid, $40,900 asked—that, given my guess that interest rates might continue to decline (and, thus, bond prices continue to rise), I decided to sit tight. Sitting tight, in a world where each transaction clips you for commission, spread and taxes, is often a swift move.

HOW WIDE SHOULD A SPREAD BE?

The spread on Meyers Parking System, Inc., one of the largest parking-lot chains in the country, is 22–26. Buy it for $26, sell it for $22. Ask your broker to punch it up on his computer—NASDAQ symbol MPSI—and you'll see. There are six market makers in the stock, all presumably competing to do trades in Meyers, but the spread, as I write, is still four points. Add in commissions and, on 100 shares, you've got to see Meyers rise from 22 to 27 bid—almost 23 percent—before you begin to make a dime. If it falls five points instead—these things can happen, even in the parking business—you're really hurting.

Why so wide?

With an inactive stock such as Meyers, market makers have a couple of factors to consider. First, if they buy some from you, that ties up capital until they can sell it. With a stock such as Apple, that would be maybe three minutes later; with Meyers, it could be a week or two. To you or me, buying a stock at 22 and selling it, even three weeks later at 26, would more than justify tying up capital. To turn $22 into $26 every three weeks, compounded, would be to turn $22 into $400 by the end of the year.

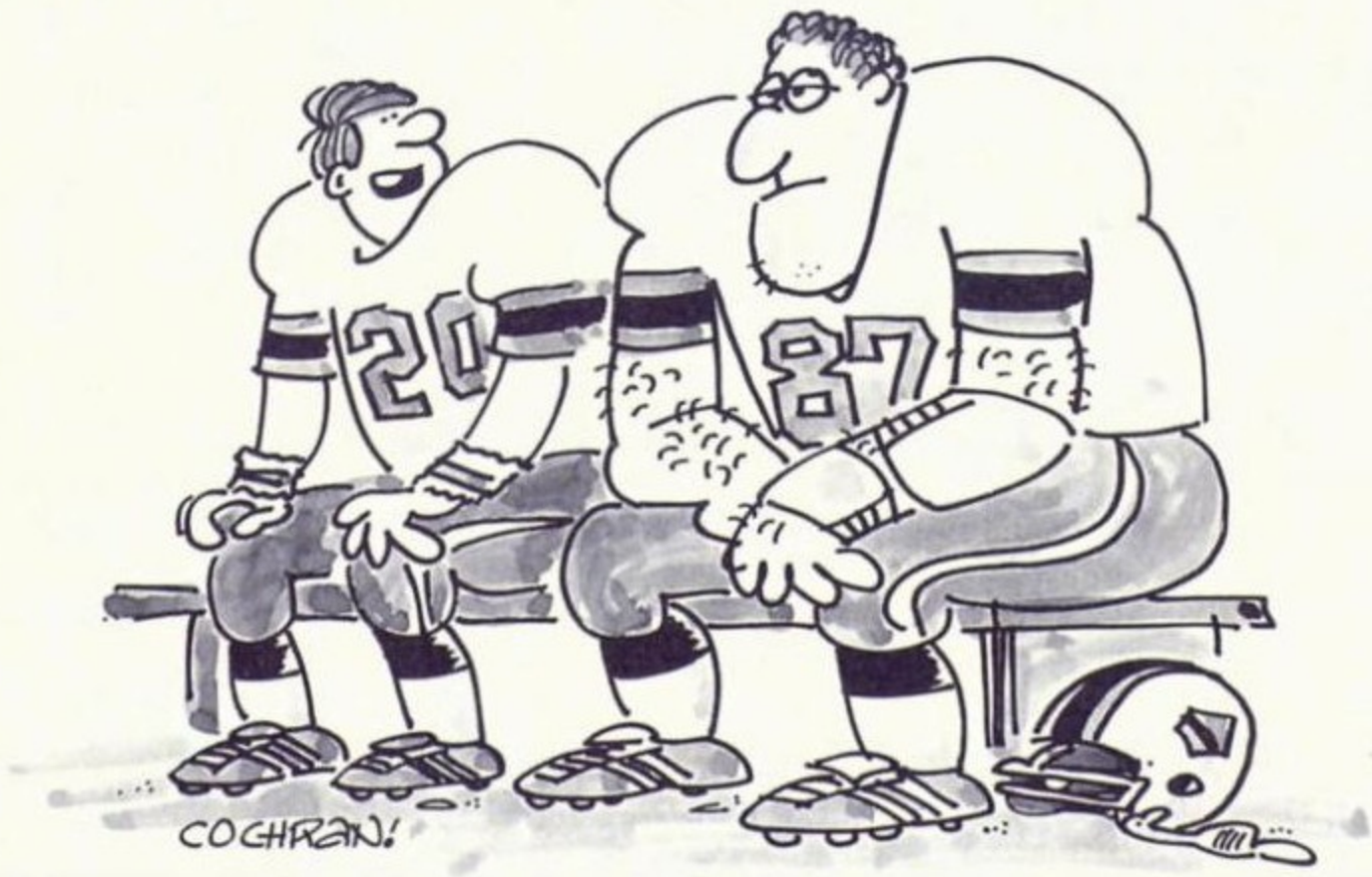
But market makers are a suspicious bunch, and they figure that if someone wants to buy Meyers Parking System stock, maybe there's a reason. Maybe Meyers is about to announce the condominiumization of all its parking lots.*** Maybe oil's been discovered bubbling through the macadam underneath that '83 LeSabre in the last row on the left.

So even though the market makers in this stock follow the company pretty closely and haven't heard any such rumblings, they're still afraid they'll sell shares at 26—very possibly shares they don't even own, going short—and five minutes later, when they try to buy them back, the stock will be 50.

Anything that dramatic rarely happens—basically, this is a business of buying at 22 and selling at 26—but the wide spread is justified by the notion that someday the market makers might actually (yes!) suffer a *loss* on a trade or two.

Yet if the market maker occasionally gets blind-sided, so may he occasionally reap a windfall. There he was, having just purchased 1000 shares of Meyers at 22 from a fellow whose reason for selling was no more perspicacious than that he'd gotten sick of waiting for parking-lot stocks to catch on as a Wall Street fad, and he needed some cash to pay his taxes. Now, when he's expecting to sell it to somebody else a few days or weeks later at 26 or so, for a $4000 profit, give or take—*now* the news of that oil hits, and *now*, once it's confirmed that the oil is truly bubbling out of the ground and not just leaking from the LeSabre, people are falling all over themselves to buy that 1000 shares not at the 22 he paid or the 26 he had planned to charge but at 50.

So the market's moving up or down, causing that 22-to-26 spread to move up to 38 to 43, say, or down to 16 to 19, probably



"I think you should learn to talk, Bubba. Then you can go into broadcasting when your playing days are over."

Last year, an outbreak of herpes made her miss the boat. This year, with the help of her doctor, she missed the outbreak instead.

Whether you have a mild, intermediate or severe case of genital herpes, you should see your doctor to help gain new control over your outbreaks—especially if you haven't seen your doctor within the past year.

The medical profession now has more information than ever before about the treatment of herpes, as well as effective counselling and treatment programs that can help you reduce the frequency, duration and severity of your outbreaks.

If in the past you were told that nothing could be done for herpes, it's no longer true. Herpes *is* controllable.

Ask your doctor about these treatment programs, and whether one of them would be suitable for you.

See your doctor...there is help for herpes

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works in the market maker's favor almost as often as it clips him off side.

Stay in this business long enough, in other words, buying at 22 and selling at 26, and you can put your kids through some very nice schools.

YOUR BOTTOM LINE

It's a free country and if, without collusion, the market makers in O.T.C. stocks and corporate and municipal and zero-coupon bonds want to charge us through the nose, well, that's what makes this country great. *Somebody*'s got to pay the 25-billion-dollar tab of running the brokerage industry. Limos and $300 lunches and $600,000 trader salaries and $111,000 broker salaries (that's what the average Merrill Lynch rep with two or more years' experience earned in 1985) don't come from thin air. The tab is paid primarily out of commissions and spreads. A nickel here, $3400 there.

And I say, more power to them (though, if you want to know, even a lot of guys on Wall Street think that the largess is getting a little out of hand).

But it's a free country for you, too.

When it comes to mutual funds, for example, you are free to avoid those that charge sales fees (so-called load funds) in favor of those that don't; you may also know to beware of so-called 12b-1 funds that charge no sales commission up front but hit you for an extra percent-and-some every year for "distribution costs."

When it comes to trading stocks, you're free to minimize commissions by placing your trades through a discount broker—or by getting your full-service broker, if you do enough business with him or her, to knock 50 percent or more off the posted rate.

When it comes to stocks and bonds, you're free to complain about the spread. Whining is a good idea, too: Sometimes, the spread is negotiable. Don't let your broker off by accepting the first quote he gives—try to get him to get his trader to shop around. And, most important, don't invest, in the first place, in a stock or a bond (or anything else) that involves a wide spread unless you truly understand the handicap this places on your chances and have reason to think it's a handicap worth accepting—as it sometimes is.

With the best of the thinly traded stocks that sport big spreads, it's really as if you're buying into a private company. The spread between what you could get if you did have to sell and what you'd have to pay if you insisted on buying out one of the partners can be very wide, indeed. Yet despite this illiquidity, this enormous spread, some private companies do, indeed, thrive and, eventually, make their shareholders very rich.

With the best of these thinly traded stocks, two things will happen. First, their prices will rise dramatically over the years as they grow; second, the spread will become progressively narrower as, having grown, their shares become more actively traded.

But your average guy doesn't invest in stocks such as National Superstars for the long term; he invests because he can buy 10,000 shares (*gosh*, that has a nice ring to it) for a mere $6250 (or sell them for $3750), and if the stock just hits ten in a year or two—is ten a big number? No, it is not—he's turned his $6250 into $100,000.

Lotsa luck, sucker.

**OK, here's how. The Treasury issues one billion dollars' worth of bonds that promise eight percent, let's say, for 30 years—that's 60 semi-annual interest payments of $40 each on every $1000 bond, plus a 61st payment: your original $1000 back when the bond is redeemed. Some big firm like Goldman Sachs buys the entire billion, let's say, and "strips them" into 61 separate pieces of merchandise, as a chop shop strips a stolen car. You want to buy just the 48th semi-annual interest payment? OK, you got it. Twenty-four years from now, when the Treasury pays it, it will be used by Goldman Sachs to pay off your bond. Until then, nothing. That particular piece of merchandise is called a 24-year zero-coupon bond. The Treasury may have thought of it as "just another goddamned $40,000,000 semi-annual interest payment we'll have to make on September 1, 2010—don't forget," but the clever folks at Goldman or Salomon or Merrill, in return for a nice spread, turned it into a $40,000,000 zero-coupon-bond issue that they sold to brokers such as yours or mine to sell—with another nice spread—to guys like you and me.*

***Bonds are sold in $1000 increments but are quoted in cents on the dollar. A bond trading at par (face value) is quoted at 100, not 1000. So adding "an eighth" makes it 100.125—$1001.25 per bond. Of course, my bonds would not be up to par for another 21 years. They were quoted around 15—$150 a bond—so adding an eighth meant $151.25. Multiply that extra $1.25 by 250 bonds and you get $312.50.*

****That's where the real money in real estate is. Residential parking spaces in Boston's Brimmer Street Garage on Beacon Hill, I'm told, have risen from their initial offering price of $7000 to more than $50,000 today.*

"It's just that there are 120 lawyers in this firm, and 119 of them are partners."

HIT THE BRAKES!

(continued from page 106)

start to slide. Find this point, then massage it, tickle it.

Former race-car driver Skip Barber, who now heads his own racing school in Canaan, Connecticut, explains, "The key is modulation of braking pressure, keeping the wheels rolling to maintain steering but just at the threshold of lockup. Back off a little if a wheel starts to lock; push a little harder if you're short of the threshold."

To find that threshold, open your senses to what your car is telling you: If the steering is light and mushy, your front wheels are locking. If the back end swings out of line, your rear tires are sliding. You can also hear tires start to slide even before they scream in pain. When you do, back off a bit or you'll grind them flat.

"Your tires have only so much traction," Barber reminds us, "so you have to relax braking pressure a bit to steer around something you'd like to avoid." And remember, modulation means backing off just a little, not a lot. It is *not* pumping the brakes, as you might on glare ice.

Someday, threshold braking may be unnecessary, because all cars probably will be equipped with electronic or mechanical antilocking brake systems (A.B.S.) that are standard on new BMWs, Corvettes, Pontiac STEs, most new Mercedes-Benzes and certain Audi and Lincoln models. With electronic A.B.S., a computer senses when any wheel is about to lock up and slide because of hard braking. It then instantly sends a signal to the brake on that wheel to release a little pressure so that it will keep turning. Thus, in an A.B.S.-equipped car, no wheel can ever lock up, no matter how slick the surface or how hard you stand on the brake pedal. But threshold braking is the next best thing. Find a safe place to practice.

Senior Editor David Stevens—who's in charge of PLAYBOY's automotive features—recently attended a BMW/Skip Barber Advanced Driving School at Wisconsin's Road America race track. Among other things, he learned how to threshold brake and cut 20 feet from his stopping distance from 40 mph, almost matching the 62-foot mark set by an A.B.S.-equipped BMW.

Finally, when all else fails and you know that you can't avoid a collision with an immovable object, Barber points out that "you may as well turn the wheel the way you want to go and let off the brakes completely at the last second." As soon as you release braking pressure, the front tires will regain traction and steer the car abruptly whichever way they're pointed. Use this technique to take on the ditch or a guardrail instead of a truck.

Next in our new *Street Smarts* series, we're going to teach you winter-driving techniques: steering on ice, how to avoid getting stuck, etc. Stay tuned.

We hope you'll have a sip of our oldtime Tennessee whiskey sometime soon.

A TRIP TO THE WAREHOUSE is the quickest part of the slow, slow way we make Jack Daniel's.

With a knowledgeable driver (and some husky barrelmen) we can put this whiskey to rest right quick. But then it will take years and years to reach maturity. And prior to all this, it will have dripped in unhurried fashion through room-high vats of tightly tamped charcoal. Getting Jack Daniel's to the warehouse is the fastest part of all. But, we assure you, it's the only step where any hurrying is allowed.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

FAST FORWARD

MARK HANAUER

RICHARD LEWIS

autoneuroticism made easy

How neurotic is Richard Lewis? He's so neurotic, say his friends, that he makes Woody Allen look like Mahatma Gandhi. He claims to fear "close to 100,000 things," including assassination attempts, giant Seltzer bottles and, of course, social diseases. Until recently, this last phobia almost immobilized him. "I would generally insist, before making love with a date, that we boil ourselves," he says.

But despite his fear of rejection (number one on his list), Lewis is now one of the country's hottest stand-up comics. His *I'm in Pain* cable special got rave reviews, and his concerts are drawing turn-away crowds. Not that he completely enjoys success: "I have trouble taking pleasure personally," he confesses.

Lewis, 36, started out in advertising in New Jersey. He developed his stand-up act in New York and moved to L.A. to join the *Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*, a job he quit after two weeks. "In one sketch, I played a rutabaga in a chef's-salad dance number," he recalls. "My own mother literally didn't recognize me."

Lewis makes regular TV appearances—usually wearing his favorite color, black—and spends much of his time writing screenplays and other material. He's almost never without a stack of yellow legal pads, on which he scribbles new jokes. Many of them are centered on his comically miserable love life.

Now he's in a happy relationship, but Lewis isn't worried that it will dry up a source of much-needed anguish. "I'm still manic, obviously," he says. "It's just that now there's a sense of calm gnawing at me." —ERIC ESTRIN

JAMES SCHNEPF

ANDY FRIENDLY

edward r. murrow meets dick clark

The high-tech TV monitor in the corner of Andy Friendly's office plays constantly, usually flooding his penthouse suite with the sound of MTV. "I keep it on all the time," he explains. "It's like video art—like a painting, except that it moves."

For Friendly, music video is more than decorative. The 34-year-old producer has created a weekly hourlong TV series, *The Rock 'n' Roll Evening News*, which hits the airwaves shortly. A combination of slick graphics, superstar firepower and neojournalism, the show could do for the music business what *Entertainment Tonight* did for show business. Not coincidentally, Friendly produced and co-wrote *E.T.*'s first 52 episodes.

A second-generation TV whiz, Friendly was born the same week as the premiere of *See It Now*, the documentary show his father, TV pioneer Fred Friendly, produced for the legendary Edward R. Murrow. Years later, his father landed him an interview at WNBC-TV in New York, and Friendly found his niche. He hooked up with a quirky new talent named Tom Snyder and became one of the producers of Snyder's *Tomorrow* show.

Back in L.A., Friendly earned an Emmy nomination for *E.T.* at 30 and then produced Richard Pryor's concert film *Here & Now*. "That kind of elevated me to a place where I could have my own company," he says.

Friendly has five other shows in development. "Right now, there's a lot of heat on me in this business, and I don't know how long it will last," he says. "All I need is for one of these ideas to stick, and then I can do pretty much whatever I want."

—E.E.

ROBERT HAYES

give 'em shelter

Growing up on Long Island, Robert Hayes says, "My role models were probably closer to John Foster Dulles than to Mother Teresa." True to his roots, he got a law degree from N.Y.U. and a job with a conservative Wall Street firm. Soon, though, the promising young attorney started to display deviant behavior; for one thing, he began showing up in court to defend the rights of New York's growing population of homeless men, women and children—hardly his natural clientele.

The transformation began innocently enough. "People would come up to me on the street and ask for a quarter," Hayes recalls. "I'd invariably get involved in a conversation with them. All those myths I had heard about homeless people, like they're all hopeless drunks or mentally ill, were debunked. I concluded that people live outside because there's no place to go inside."

Gradually, Hayes, 33, pulled away from corporate law to found the National Coalition for the Homeless, a loose confederacy of more than 100 churches, agencies and individuals dedicated to helping the homeless with food, shelter, research and legal services.

That isn't to say that he has lost touch with his old cronies. "We have 15 cases pending around the country, and on almost all of them we have prestigious corporate-law firms as counsels. It's been a terrific mixture, because you go in not only with the saints but with the established corporate bar. That combination tends to impress judges."

For his dogged persistence, Hayes has earned the enmity of government officials around the country. "One of my favorite quotes is from New York mayor Ed Koch, on his last birthday," he laughs. "His first wish was that Bob Hayes would say something nice about him. I've been trying, but I haven't had any success yet."

—ROBERT P. KEARNEY

BENNO FRIEDMAN

hush puppies

(continued from page 110)

"He considered giving a Valium to Sandy, but it would make him feel like Claus von Bülow."

The dogs had been a problem since the first night. There were three of them, and he'd spent at least part of every night listening to Sandy complain, often working herself into a state of near vapors. When they started dating, Paul had thought it odd that someone in the Eighties, particularly an attractive, extremely bright 24-year-old, would get the vapors. But Sandy did—not often but often enough. Once, he caught her using an old-fashioned folding fan, just like Scarlett O'Hara. Later, he got used to her spells and, in time, like so many other of her idiosyncrasies, they began to seem normal.

He went downstairs and found Sandy in the kitchen, obviously upset. "I couldn't sleep," she said. "It's the dogs."

"They are loud," Paul agreed. "There must be some acoustical weirdness to living in a cul-de-sac." He put his arm around her and watched her drill four tiny holes in a lamb chop with the vegetable peeler. It wasn't a new chop but one left over from dinner and retrieved from one of the few Hefty bags not on a window. Paul knew it was not normal to drill holes in lamb chops at three A.M., but he also knew when to keep his mouth shut.

Sandy opened a bottle of Valium.

"Those are my Valiums," Paul pointed out, watching closely.

"I know."

"You're putting them in a lamb chop," he said.

"I know," she answered.

"I'm sure there's a good reason for this, but I'm afraid to ask what it is," he said, taking a few steps back and sitting on the step stool. "There *is* a reason, isn't there?"

"Of course," she said matter-of-factly. "I haven't slept since we moved here, so I'm going to drug the dog next door so it will stop barking." She paused for effect. "I'm pregnant," she reminded him. "I need my sleep."

Paul pondered taking a Valium himself. He would have, too, but he was due at work in not too many hours. He briefly considered giving a Valium—or maybe four or five—to Sandy, except that she was pregnant and it would make him feel like Claus von Bülow.

"Isn't that a little extreme?" he countered. "I mean, you can't go around drugging the neighborhood dogs every night. What if you get caught? What if the dog dies?"

Paul knew that these were stupid questions. In Sandy's neurotic universe, sleep was high enough on the list of priorities to outrank Paul himself. And now, of course, she was sleeping for two. Certainly, a dog that died so that Sandy and the baby-to-be could sleep would not have died in vain. Over the three years of their marriage, Paul had not only been charmed by such logic, he had come to accept it as having a certain, albeit twisted, legitimacy. After all, a happy Sandy was a joy to live with. An unhappy one was not.

"It won't die," she said exasperatedly. "I'm giving it only twenty milligrams. It's a big dog, it's right next door and it's loud." She picked up the chop, looked at it admiringly and started for the door.

"I really don't think you should do it," he said. "We barely know our neighbors. They might not take kindly to someone's drugging their dog."

It was then that Sandy gave him *the look*. It was a look of sadness and vulnerability that had once caused him to shoplift a tin of Almond Roca from a department store that wouldn't take any of their credit cards. Another time, she had given him the look at a Bruce Springsteen concert, and he had promptly told three burly Mexicans in the next row to sit down and stop dancing so that his wife could see the show. It was a look that said, "If you don't take care of me, *I'll never be happy again*."

Paul took the chop and reluctantly went outside. He fed it through the green chain link to the golden retriever next door and waited. Twenty minutes later, the dog stopped barking, rolled over on its back and began snoring peacefully.

When Paul returned to bed, Sandy was still awake. "Well?" she asked.

"He likes lamb," Paul snapped. "Right now, he's snoring away, exposing his genitalia for passing aircraft."

"Good," said Sandy. "I'll sleep better."

"No, not good," he said. "It's stupid. I don't know why I did it."

"You did it for me, silly," she said, adjusting her uncomfortable frame in the bed. "I wish we could do something about the other dogs." The two remaining dogs continued their chorus as Sandy finally drifted off to sleep.

•

The next night was not a good one, nor were the two after that. The dogs were making Sandy miserable. Her eyes were surrounded by sad, dark circles, and one day, she even called in sick to her job at the bank. Before, when she talked of their child, whom they had temporarily named Zarco, she had brimmed with joy and anticipation. Now it was as if little Zarco would be better off in Beirut than here in a quiet suburban cul-de-sac, surrounded by picturesque woods, near convenient shopping and, of course, fine schools. They had searched for six months, throughout almost every neighborhood in the city, looking at dozens of houses, before they found this one. They had thought of it as a dream house. But now, Sandy's only dream was of moving.

Paul tried the Valium trick once more, this time using bread instead of meat—it was all he could find—but it only seemed to make the retriever slur its barks.

"You didn't give it enough Valium," complained Sandy, as she was trying to arrange pillows to support her stomach in bed that night. "A golden retriever is a big dog. You should give it an adult dose."

"Those are my Valiums," he reminded her in a less-than-friendly tone. "I have to call the doctor every time I'm out, and he makes me feel like I'm two steps away from the Betty Ford clinic. I'm not going to waste my Valium on a dog when you're giving me a nervous breakdown as it is."

"I'm pregnant," she replied sharply, counting off her problems on her swollen fingers. "I have trash bags on my windows and we're having a housewarming party in four days. I've complained to the neighbors about the dogs and they do nothing. I have hemorrhoids, I look like shit, the house is a disaster and *I can't sleep*." She turned away from Paul. "I hope this isn't affecting the baby," she said softly, placing her hand on her stomach. "I worry about that. I really do."

Paul stared at the Steel-Sacks as he searched his mind for a neutral topic. "Any chance the Levolors will be here in time for the party?" he asked.

"That's the least of our problems, isn't it?" she answered. Paul said nothing. He counted dog barks to himself. It occurred to him that the dogs were barking at one another, one bark sparking the next, in some sort of vicious cycle. A big, heaving bark on the right, followed by a high-pitched, piercing yap from the little dog in the back yard on the left, which seemed to trigger a bark from the old German shepherd in the yard next to the small dog. Back and forth, back and forth—the repetitiveness of it was almost as unbearable as the sound itself. Paul kept counting, or at least he thought he was counting, well into the triple digits, until he awoke and noticed that Sandy was no longer in the bed.

Downstairs in the kitchen, he found her staring blankly at an array of kitchen supplies she had lined up on the counter. Comet. Clorox. An economy-sized bottle of Drano. Some silver polish. A large mound of ground chuck.

"I read this in a mystery novel once," she said. "I think some combination of these is poisonous."

Paul began to feel sick to his stomach. The idea that he was married to a woman who would actually kill a dog did not make him happy. It made him feel that something was terribly wrong.

"Please," he said. "Don't make me think that you're crazy."

She walked to him very slowly and put

her head on his shoulder. "I'm not crazy," she said. "I'm just desperate."

He kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Go upstairs," he said. "I'll put everything away."

Sandy had obviously been crying when he returned to bed. Paul pretended not to notice. "Are you talking to the caterer today?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Do you think he knows how to make Dranoburgers? I'm sure our guests will love them."

Sandy laughed, and as they held hands under the covers, Paul could feel her tense up with each bark. He watched her moist brown eyes but never saw them close. When he awoke in the morning, he doubted that she had even blinked.

•

Early the next morning, Paul took a quick stroll around the cul-de-sac. The dogs were still barking—apparently, like Sandy, they never slept—and he found it impossible to believe that his neighbors could sleep through the constant noise.

The big, mangy German shepherd at the last house had a raspy, old bark. The owner had bragged that Shep, the dog's woefully unoriginal name, was 14 years old. "That's ninety-eight in human years," the woman had added by rote. Paul had taken heart in that number.

Soon, he told Sandy, Shep would be dead. "There will still be two others," she answered.

Shep did not take kindly to Paul's presence. He hurled his aging body against the chain link gate by the driveway in protest. Maybe if I stand here long enough, the dog will knock itself unconscious, thought Paul. The more the dog bounced against the fence, the more Paul hated it. It was a mean, ugly, noisy dog, and it was making his wife—his *pregnant* wife—very unhappy. Paul used to like dogs. Now he wanted all three dogs to die. Especially this one.

He walked back to his house and got into his Saab, an act that seemed to further infuriate Shep. With one more push, the dog knocked open the gate and ran to Paul's car, circling and snapping as dawn edged into day. Paul started the engine and slowly backed out of his driveway, allowing the dog plenty of time to get out of the way. He might hate Shep, but even he couldn't knowingly run over an animal in the very shadow of its owner's house. He swung the car around and headed down to the corner, with the aged dog in pursuit. Even within the safety of the Saab, there was something creepy about an angry German shepherd, something that made Paul feel threatened. It made him want to speed up, to watch the dog disappear in his rearview mirror. Instead, he inched along, giving it plenty of time to keep up.

He turned the corner and traveled for two more blocks, stopping an extra few seconds at STOP signs, keeping a watchful

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eye on the mirror. Shep had determination. He was still there.

Finally, Paul stopped and the dog, tired and panting, gamely stood up and looked in the passenger window. Paul rolled down the window a touch to see how angry Shep was. Shep responded by attempting to give his hand a slobbery kiss through the crack. He opened the door and the dog jumped in.

"I wish Sandy were here," Paul told the dog. "She reads mystery novels. She'd know what to do with you." He put his head on the steering wheel to think, and Shep sat—quietly, for the first time in their brief acquaintanceship—in the passenger's seat and wheezed.

"I could let you go in the woods here," Paul continued. "We could see how well you fared with the coyotes. I could sell you to someone very, very stupid. Or maybe the Mafia has junior-grade hit men who will handle dogs. . . ." His voice trailed off as he pondered his options.

He felt like a primitive computer, testing possible solutions in his head as Shep sat peacefully by, unaware that his fate was being decided. One idea kept popping up, and no matter how many ways he looked at it, he saw few flaws and the best possible outcome. It seemed stupid, since the dog was right there in the car and no one knew they were together, not to give it a try.

Paul drove to a veterinarian's office in the shopping center he passed every morning on his way to work.

"This is my dog," he told the woman in the white uniform. "He's very old, and I'm moving into a small condo at the end of the month. I've tried to find another home for him, but. . . ."

The woman listened sympathetically. "He *is* old," she said. "And he's much too large to live in a condominium."

Paul nodded. "This isn't easy for me. I've had him since I was a teenager."

"I understand," said the woman. "You're only being fair to the dog."

"I don't have to stay, do I?" Paul asked.

"No," said the woman, handing the bewildered dog to a young male assistant. "Will this be MasterCard or VISA?"

Paul envisioned his monthly statement: ONE MURDER—$150. Thank God for credit cards, he thought as he drove to the car wash, where the Saab was scrubbed inside and out. He felt jumpy and nervous, not at all sure that his crime was as perfect as it seemed. It might be best to tell no one, he decided, not even Sandy.

•

"Your car looks nice," Sandy said as the valet pulled the shiny Saab up in front of the restaurant. "I didn't even notice it earlier. Did you get it washed?"

"Yes," Paul answered, wanting very much to change the subject. "How are things going with the caterer?"

"We talked about decorations today. We're having red, yellow and green helium balloons all over the back yard—don't ask me why; he just sort of talked me into it—and he'll be stringing hanging lights from the deck to the big oak tree in back."

"Sounds OK," Paul answered absently. He still felt vaguely unsettled. He'd never been involved in a hit on a dog before. For that matter, he'd never even heard of one.

"You know," said Sandy, "when we're away from that house, I feel very happy. I almost forget how miserable I am there." They'd been spending less and less time at home lately, eating out virtually every night and visiting people they didn't even like on weekends.

"It's not the house, it's the dogs," he said. "Without them, you'd be happy."

She nodded and reached out to squeeze his hand. "I know I've been hard to live with," she said. "It's just that I'm so tired and so concerned about the baby. You know that I love you."

It was Paul's turn to nod as they pulled into the driveway, past the fliers reading LOST DOG that were taped to every lamppost. Sandy didn't notice, but she did hear the two remaining dogs barking. She was still complaining when they turned out the light to go to sleep.

"It seems a little quieter to me," said Paul.

"I still can't sleep," said Sandy.

Paul got up, went to the bathroom and got the Valium. He went downstairs and searched through the refrigerator for some appropriate cut of meat. He found one old steak in the freezer, frozen as hard as Formica. Maybe I'll just beat the dog to death, he thought, and then eat the weapon. He tapped the counter a few times with the steak to get the feel of it. He imagined headlines in the local newspapers: "STEAK SLAYER STALKS SUBURBS"; "COPS BAFFLED BY GRISLY T-BONE MURDERS"; "BEEF COUNCIL DENIES RED MEAT–VIOLENCE LINK."

He put the steak in the microwave and hit the DEFROST button. Then he counted out 12 Valiums. "An adult-sized dose for an adult-sized bark," he said, looking out the window into the moonlit night.

•

The caterer was mincing about wildly when Paul came home the next evening. "This is a disaster," he moaned, looking at Paul. "Are you Mr. Balloonman?"

"No," said Paul. "I'm Mr. Host."

"Sorry," he said crisply. "Everything is late, and I so want *your* party to be perfect."

"I'll settle for B plus," said Paul. "Where's my wife?"

"Upstairs, getting dressed," answered the caterer. "If you hear gunshots, it's just me killing myself. There are no balloons, and we're missing two cases of white wine."

"I'm sure you'll think of something," Paul said and headed for the bedroom.

"Your friend downstairs seems to be in a bit of a tizzy," he told Sandy as she put on her make-up in the bathroom.

"I know. The balloons are late, but they're supposed to be here by seven, and the liquor store shorted us on a couple of cases of white wine and one case of beer. They're bringing it by later."

"If it's left over, can we return it? I have a feeling people are going to leave early, if they show up at all."

"You always say that," Sandy said, making a wide blue arc around her eye. "Besides, I invited the neighbors."

"That's a staggering bit of news," Paul said, genuinely stunned. "I thought you hated them and their dogs."

"I do," she replied logically, "but I knew they'd hear the party and it seemed impolite not to. Anyway, if we make a good impression, maybe they'll put their dogs to sleep."

Paul winced and turned away. He heard the doorbell ring. "Who is it?" yelled the caterer.

"Liquor Locker," came the reply.

"Thank God," said the caterer as Paul went downstairs to get a drink.

The guest list was unusually large by their standards, mixing several groups of people. His co-workers from the ad agency, hers from the bank. His parents, her parents. A few old friends from college. Some neighbors from the old apartment and, apparently, some neighbors from the new house.

A few guests had already arrived when Mr. Balloonman and his hyperactive helium team showed up. Paul greeted the guests and watched with amazement the number of balloons that were festooning his back yard. Either helium balloons are very cheap, he thought, or I'm spending an enormous amount of money.

His back stiffened when the couple from next door appeared. There's nothing like drugging your neighbors' golden retriever to make you feel ill at ease, he thought.

"I'm glad you could come," said Paul. "How are you?"

"Actually, we're a little sad," answered the wife. "Our dog died today."

"I'm very sorry," said Paul, who was already lightheaded from the wine. "What happened?"

"He must have had a virus," said the husband. "He'd been moping around for the past few days, not being himself at all. We just didn't think he was that sick."

"This morning, he never woke up," continued the woman. "He had been vomiting, but we didn't know it. I feel so guilty for not paying attention."

"You shouldn't blame yourself," said Paul in his most consoling voice. "I heard him barking last night, and he sounded fine to me."

"It's a very sad day for Mrs. Carson, too," the woman said, pointing in the direction of the last house in the cul-de-sac. "Her dog got out the other day and never returned. She's going crazy looking for him."

"I'm sure he'll turn up," said Paul.

"He's a very old dog," offered the man. "You just never know what will happen next. Like they say, bad news comes in threes."

Paul excused himself and quickly

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scanned the crowd for Sandy. He dragged her aside and—without mentioning his own complicity in either case—told her that one dog was dead and another missing. "There *is* a God," she answered and urged him not to drink too much, a warning that had come too late and would be ignored, anyway. Then she bounced happily back into the fray, smiling brightly, as if she had just received wonderful news.

•

"Did I have a good time?" Paul asked woozily.

"Too good, I'd say," replied Sandy as she got into bed. "I hope you enjoyed it, because when the baby comes, you're not going to have very many evenings like that. You'll be totally useless tomorrow."

"Did *you* have a good time?" he asked, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Yes, I did. I think everyone did."

"Everyone human," added Paul. "Two down, one to go." He put his finger to his lips. "Shhhhhh."

In the background was the squeaky little bark of the small dog to their left.

"Almost perfect?" he asked.

"Almost," she smiled. "Certainly livable."

"Were the owners of the little dog at the party? I don't recall seeing them."

"They're away for the weekend," she answered. "And you were too drunk to see or remember anything."

"At least you'll sleep tonight," Paul said.

"I will if you either get in bed or leave," she said.

"I'm going downstairs to survey the damage, then I'll be up."

It was nearly two A.M., and the caterer was long gone, taking with him the lights that had hung over the yard. There were two bottles of white wine in ice behind the bar and, of course, two unopened cases on the floor. Paul grabbed a bottle and went out to sit on the redwood deck, choosing the chair with the best view of the electronic bug zapper. He sat and watched as the occasional mosquito and gnat headed straight for the ultraviolet light, only to be fried with a loud buzz on the electrified grid that surrounded the long, glowing blue tube. Sometimes, Paul noticed, a hearty moth would be drawn to the zapper, tricked onto the grid and jolted senseless but not killed. The moth would try again for the light, get stunned once more and fall, only to try again and again until one last shock sent it falling into the tray with all the other dead bugs.

Besides the buzz of doomed insects, Paul listened to the barking of the last dog. The bark had a lonely quality, as if the dog were wondering what had happened to the voices that used to answer back. Paul had drunk half a bottle of wine when he decided to approach the dog.

He wasn't sure what type of dog it was. The small breeds always confused him. It was sort of fluffy and, as he discovered when he reached over the white-picket fence, unusually light. "I could mail you to Jersey for twenty-two cents," he told the dog. The dog snapped at Paul, almost nipping him in the face. "Don't ever do that to my wife or child," he said, and he dropped it the full three feet into its own back yard.

Paul lay down on the grass, looking at the moon, watching the dozens of balloons—their colors changed by the ultraviolet glow of the bug zapper—sway in the breeze. He drank a little more wine while the dog barked at him incessantly through the fence.

He thought about the dogs that had died and about Sandy and embryonic little Zarco, but he was much too drunk to come to any conclusions. Besides, who could think with that nonstop yapping?

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Paul had an idea, and without giving it more than a second's consideration, he sprang into action. Within minutes, he had collected all the balloons and tied them together. He carefully grabbed the fluffy little dog next door and tied the balloons to its harness. Then, by the eerie light of the bug zapper, he let go.

The dog rose slowly at first, as if it were being pulled straight up by a string. Then the balloons caught the breeze and the dog, yipping frantically, was carried out over the house, over the streetlights and toward, it seemed, the moon itself.

"Sorry, dog," Paul said. "Bad news comes in threes."

In his drunkenness, Paul thought that the sight of a small, furry dog held aloft by dozens of brightly colored balloons silhouetted against the full white moon was the prettiest thing he'd ever seen. He wanted to wake Sandy to show her, but that, of course, would defeat his purpose. He watched until the dog disappeared over the woods nearby. Even after the balloons had dropped from sight, Paul thought he heard barking. Then it was quiet.

He went upstairs and undressed. Sandy was sleeping soundly and barely stirred when he slipped beneath the covers. The room was spinning, and Paul felt strange.

His wife reached out to touch him. "It's so nice and quiet now," she said groggily. "I feel like everything's going to be OK."

Paul immediately felt better and promptly joined his wife in the deepest sleep he'd had in weeks.

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 116)

"The Rams are certain to be contenders for the N.F.C. championship. They could make it to the Super Bowl."

this fall. The Lions will be improved, because coach Darryl Rogers has a genius for getting much out of limited talent. The offensive line, led by tackle Lomas Brown, is a major plus. The passing attack, with veteran quarterback Eric Hipple or rookie Chuck Long, will be considerably improved. The most desperate talent needs are a linebacker, a running back and a dominating defensive lineman. Some of this year's rookies should help those problems.

The good news in Minnesota is that Jerry Burns is the new head coach, a job he should have been given the first time Bud Grant retired. The Vikings have no obvious inadequacies, though quarterback Tommy Kramer has to get back into his pre-injury form. There were many top-quality rookies last year (seven were starters by season's end) and several could make big contributions this year, because help could be used everywhere except the offensive line. The Vikings are a young squad, and they're getting better. With Burns at the helm, the future looks bright.

The Packers seem to have a proclivity for 8–8 seasons (last year was their third in a row). Head coach Forrest Gregg has restructured his staff with five new assistants. The Packers' major strength this year will be the defense, which has improved dramatically over the past two years. The quarterback position is the key problem. As the team goes into pre-season drills, no one is a certain starter. Don't be surprised if Jim Zorn wins the job. Rookie runner Kenneth Davis will be a big hero his first season.

Tampa Bay wasn't as bad last year as its 2–14 record suggests. The early weeks of the season were Suicide Alley, and the players were worn out by December. The defensive unit desperately needs reinforcements, but the offense, with runner James Wilder, quarterback Steve Young and a good offensive line, should score a lot of points. The Buccaneers had top priority in last spring's draft and got a bumper crop of recruits.

•

The Rams have improved steadily since coach John Robinson took command four years ago. They should be even stronger this fall, because the talent stockpile is one of the league's best. The only apparent deficiency last fall was the passing game, but that was because the running attack, featuring Eric Dickerson, was so impressive that the Rams rarely threw the ball. Look for quarterback Dieter Brock to go to the air more often this season. Another big plus is the defensive unit. The linebackers (especially Jim Collins) and the front linemen are among the best in the league. The Rams are certain to be contenders for the N.F.C. championship. With a little luck, they could make it all the way to Pasadena for the Super Bowl next January.

Last year, San Francisco suffered the disadvantage of all reigning champions—it was viewed by every opponent as *the* team to beat. An inept defensive line and weak special teams didn't help. This year, the 49ers' offensive unit will again be superb. Quarterback Joe Montana is as valuable for his leadership as for his playing skills. Dwight Clark and Jerry Rice are top-grade receivers, and Roger Craig is one of the league's best runners. If coach Bill Walsh can fix the defensive line, this could be a big year in San Francisco.

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NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	11–5
San Francisco 49ers	10–6
New Orleans Saints	4–12
Atlanta Falcons	4–12

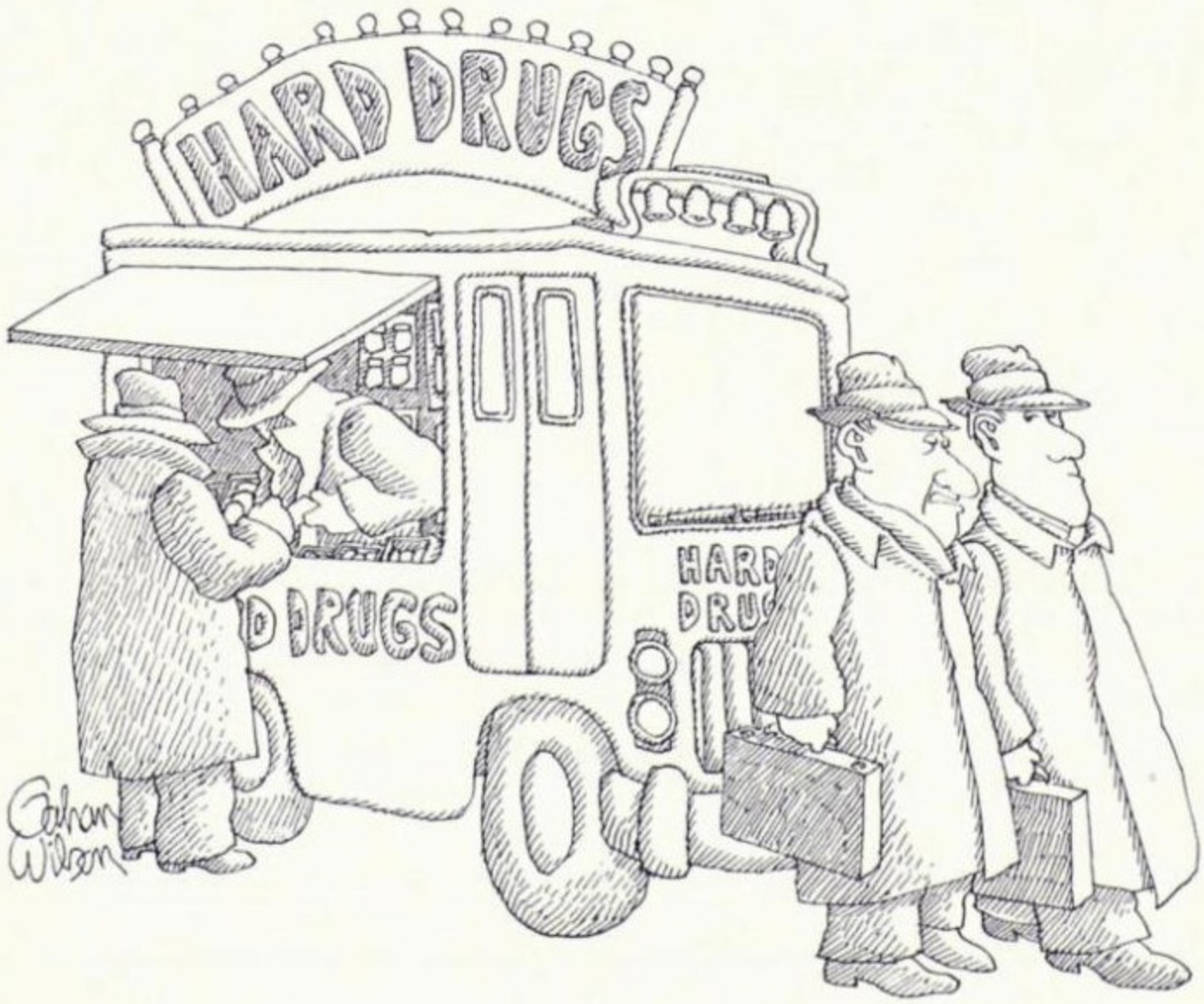
The Saints always seem to be in the middle of rebuilding efforts. This year, the construction plans are truly grandiose. A new coaching staff, led by Jim Mora, will restructure everything except, possibly, the defensive line, last year's only apparent strength. Biggest needs are a good runner and some skilled pass defenders.

The Saints' best hope for a better future (they've never had a winning season) is new general manager Jim Finks, the first ever to have been given the power by the owners to do what has to be done. Finks isn't a frustrated coach who doubles as a general manager (a past problem in New Orleans) but an experienced and intelligent athletics executive. He could be the best in his profession.

If you think New Orleans has problems, take a look at Atlanta. The Falcons have also had a major front-office shake-up, and the returning talent is even thinner than the Saints'. Gerald Riggs is a top-grade runner and the defensive line is adequate, but there are problems almost everywhere else. The key quarterback position is the major problem going into pre-season drills, and the starter will be newcomer Turk Schonert. The Falcons had early choices in last spring's draft, and they need all the help they can get. Rookies Tony Casillas and Tim Green will double the efficiency of the defensive unit.

•

The Jets will be the best team in their division this year if coach Joe Walton can fix the inconsistent play of the offensive line. Last year, it was great one week but crappy the next. Fortunately, the defensive unit is excellent, especially pass rushers Joe Klecko and Mark Gastineau. Quarterback Ken O'Brien throws incredibly long



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passes and is bright and very tough, both physically and mentally. Another asset is the running of Freeman McNeil. The Jets, in short, have almost everything in place. If they can avoid crippling major injuries, they'll be Super Bowl contenders.

Miami's problem is a weak—sometimes pathetic—defensive unit. The Dolphins won 12 games last year only because the explosive passing of quarterback Dan Marino scored so many points. A superb kicking game, featuring Reggie Roby and Faud Reveiz, helped hold off opponents. This year, coach Don Shula's priorities are to rebuild the defensive unit and to find an explosive running back to complement the passing attack.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New York Jets	11–5
Miami Dolphins	10–6
New England Patriots	9–7
Indianapolis Colts	6–10
Buffalo Bills	5–11

The Patriots were an unbelievable Cinderella team during last year's late-season games and play-offs. That will be a hard act to follow, because it will be difficult for them to sneak up on opponents. Fortunately, the Patriots have no glaring weaknesses. Their major strengths will again be the defense (especially the linebackers, led by Andre Tippett) and two capable quarterbacks, Tony Eason and Steve Grogan, who are interchangeable without disruption of the offense. The running game, led by Craig James, should be even better than last year's.

The Patriots' disastrous Super Bowl loss probably won't have a bad effect on squad morale, because the team always bounced back after disappointing losses last year. The off-season drug scandal, however, could be psychologically devastating.

The Colts did much better last season than most observers had predicted, winning five games. The good news for this season is that owner Robert Irsay will be a less disruptive factor, because his highly publicized divorce will be taking up much of his time. (There's a possibility that his wife may be awarded custody of the team or that it may be purchased by one of several investment groups interested in bidding on the franchise.) The bad news is that the early-season schedule is a killer. The Colts could play very well and still be 0–5 after five games. The offensive line is much improved, and the running game, featuring Randy McMillan and George Wonsley, is very good. The passing attack, pitiful last season, will be vastly improved by newcomer Gary Hogeboom.

Buffalo's new coach, Hank Bullough, inherits mind-boggling problems. The quarterback position is unstable, the Bills led the league in penalties last season, the offensive line is aging and both the running attack and the defense against running are poor. After the coaching turmoil of the past two years (the Bills won only two games last season), the club may settle down under Bullough. He is a blue-collar type and a Duffy Daugherty disciple whose misplaced metaphors delight the sports press. To rebuild the Bills, he has to find much better depth of talent everywhere. Fortunately, Buffalo had early draft choices last spring. Its primary need is for a power fullback to go with halfbacks Joe Cribbs and Greg Bell.

"I enjoy smashing their boats, but I don't like swallowing the seamen!"

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cleveland Browns	10–6
Cincinnati Bengals	8–8
Pittsburgh Steelers	8–8
Houston Oilers	7–9

This will be a tossup year in the A.F.C. Central Division. Any team could win the title. We think Cleveland has the best chance, but don't bet any money on it. The Browns were close to greatness last season, dominating Miami in the play-off game only to blow it in the last two minutes. This year, offensive coordinator Lindy Infante will install a completely new offense to fully utilize quarterback Bernie Kosar's great talent and make maximum use of tight end Ozzie Newsome. The main need is for a speedy long-distance receiver.

Last year, the Bengals had their best offense in the team's history. That was largely the result of a superb offensive line led by Anthony Muñoz and Dave Rimington, plus the emergence of quarterback Boomer Esiason and rookie receiver Eddie Brown. The defensive unit, unfortunately, is below par. Another problem is the Bengals' strange proclivity for miserable early-season starts. They don't wake up until the first frost, and then it's too late.

Last year, the Steelers suffered from an inconsistent offense due to quarterback injuries. Ideally, that problem won't recur this fall; and with a crew of good receivers

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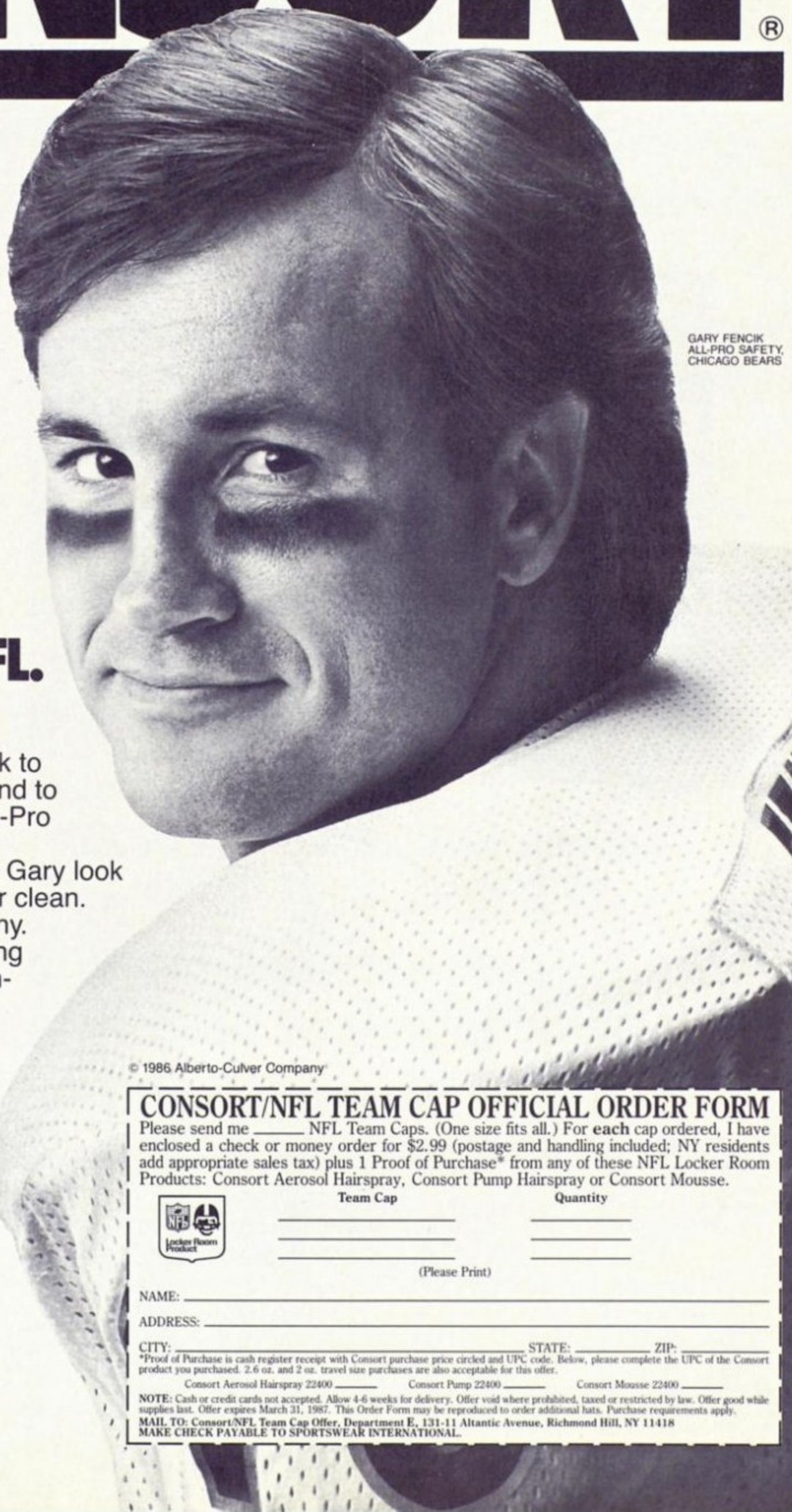

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in camp, the passing game could be excellent. The running attack will also improve. Frank Pollard may be the most unrecognized and underrated runner in the league.

The Steelers need a better pass rush. That problem will be solved if defensive end Darryl Sims, a disappointment as a first-round draft choice last year, gets his act together.

Houston could be the surprise team of the league this fall. The Oilers are a very young bunch and have lacked the maturity and confidence that characterize most winning teams. The raw talent is as good as that of many teams that made the playoffs last season. The future looks bright. It all depends on how soon a new coaching staff, headed by Jerry Glanville, can build confidence and on how much this year's draft choices can contribute.

•

Denver has an excellent chance to get to the Super Bowl this year. Its passing game, with quarterback John Elway and receivers Steve Watson and Vance Johnson, is superb. The running attack needs reinforcements, but there are no other obvious deficiencies. The starting line-ups are stable, and if last year's crippling defensive injuries don't recur, this will be the best year in the history of the Denver franchise. The Broncos have been almost great for the past several years. We have a hunch that this season, they'll finally hit the jackpot.

The Raiders' big problems are an uncertain quarterback situation and an aging offensive line. Quarterback Marc Wilson has the inside track because he was the starter last year. But Jim Plunkett, in remarkable condition at the age of 38, could reclaim the job. Runner Marcus Allen will again be the main offensive weapon. If the Raiders make it big this year, it will be largely due to a defensive unit that terrorizes most opponents. Lineman Howie Long may be the most overpowering and underpublicized defensive player in the league.

A Seattle assistant coach told us, "This year, our players are going to suck up their guts and do what they were supposed to have done last year." They'd better, because last year, the Seahawks set an all-time record for inconsistency: Either they were unbeatable or they rolled over and played dead. Other than solving their psychological problems, the only improvement coach Chuck Knox must make is in upgrading the offensive line, where bigger players are needed.

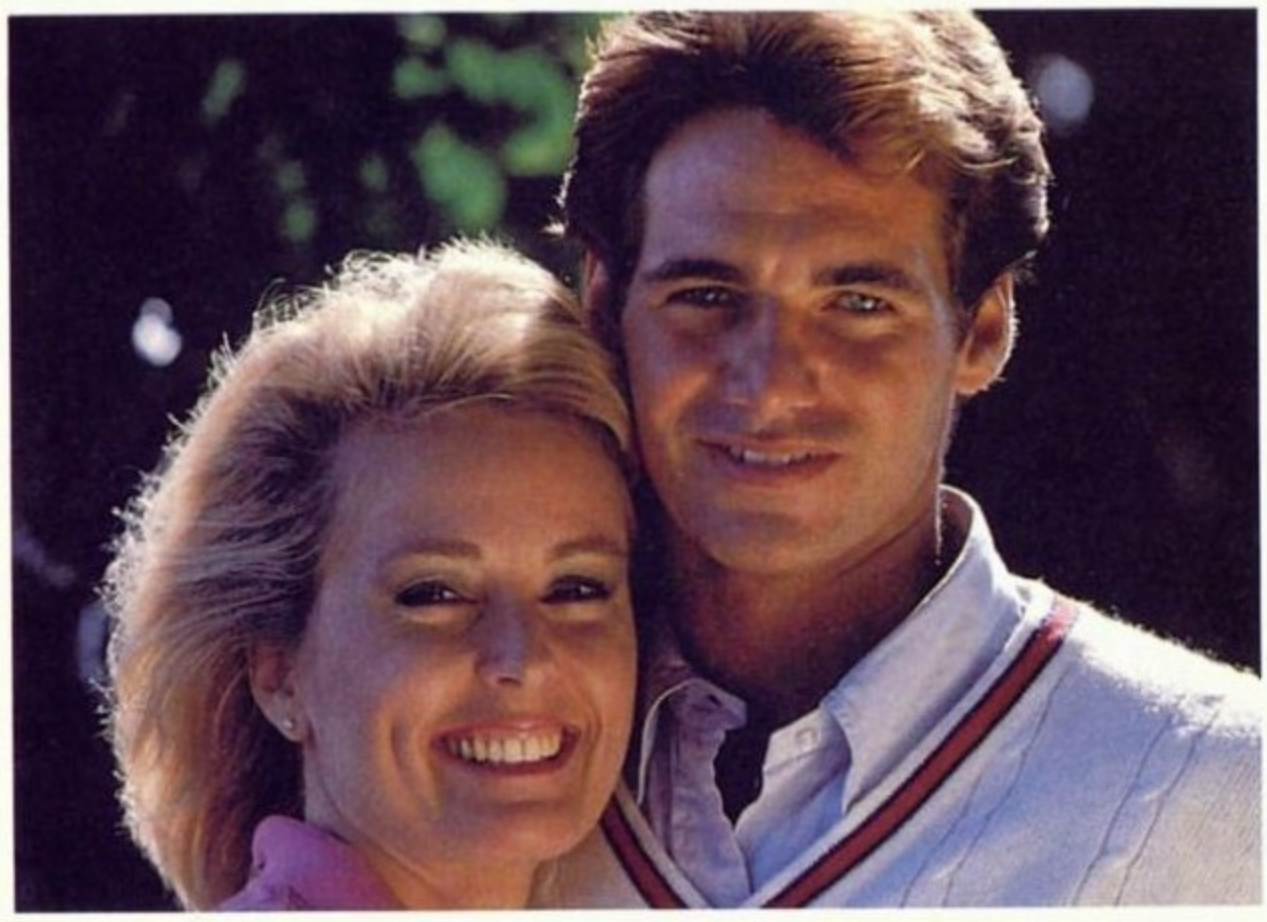
WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Denver Broncos	12–4
Los Angeles Raiders	8–8
Seattle Seahawks	7–9
San Diego Chargers	6–10
Kansas City Chiefs	6–10

For longer than anyone cares to remember, the Chargers have had one of the weakest defensive units in the league. Each year, coach Don Coryell promises to trade or to use prime draft choices to solve that problem, but it never happens. The passing attack, called Air Coryell by its fans, has been consistently excellent, but quarterback Dan Fouts's knee problems make the future of the high-scoring offense questionable. Another problem is a kicking game that is a little better than mediocre. The Chargers' major assets are all-purpose back Lionel James and linebacker Billy Ray Smith. Coryell apparently hasn't learned a basic fact that other N.F.L. coaches have long recognized—a great defense and an adequate offense can win a championship. The reverse can be a disaster.

The Kansas City team also has a splendid passing attack, with quarterback Bill Kenney and a fleet of great receivers. Unfortunately, the running game is weak, and both lines should be upgraded. An intimidating linebacker would also be a big help. New defensive coordinator Walt Corey could solve many problems, but fresh young talent is needed on both units before the Chiefs become competitive.



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VIDEO DUBBING (continued from page 69)

"Home copying does, however, raise another philosophical question. I mean, is it worth the bother?"

mind is the original dubbing machine. It records everything in the memory and can reproduce it, with varying quality, at will. Do I owe Whoopi Goldberg a nickel every time I think of her and wince?

There is a proposal afoot to tax VCRs, audio dubbing decks, blank cassettes, video tapes, etc. This tax would supposedly replace royalties lost to home taping. By that logic, paper and ink should have been taxed to compensate illiterate balladeers for their drop in income when mankind learned to read. Who would get this cash? Would it go to the winsome celebrities who sing, dance, set their hair on fire in Pepsi commercials and otherwise work so hard to bring some idle loitering into our lives? Some of it would. But more would go to corporate executives, lawyers, managers, agents and other people who never amuse anyone.

The electronic gear that makes home copying possible (if not the home copying itself) is a boon to the entertainment industry. There's much more public enthusiasm about movies now than there was five years ago. It's not because the movies are better. Home video provides studios with a new source of profit from successful films and allows productions that flunked at the box office to make money in a second incarnation. The kind of person who builds a home tape library from dubbed rental movies is the kind of person who rents a lot of movies and, in fact, goes to movie theaters more often than a healthy, normal person should. And the kind of person who bothers to put his LPs on tape cassettes already had an untreatable addiction to record stores. Entertainment-industry executives don't want to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, exactly. But they would like to give it a good shake and see if they can get those eggs prescrambled.

Don't worry. Whatever it says in that sinister block of copy at the beginning of your rented video tape, the FBI is not going to bust down the rec-room door and take your kid away for watching a second-generation dupe of *The Care Bears Movie*. You can, in the privacy of your home, in all good conscience, do what you want with electronic entertainment. You've paid for the content. It's yours, like your underpants. Wear it on your head if you like. (Be sure to rewind afterward, out of courtesy.)

Home copying does, however, raise another philosophical question, and this overshadows law, ethics, morals and everything. I mean, is it worth the bother?

I like to make my own stereo cassettes. I take cuts off various LPs and arrange them to make theme tapes: "Melancholy Drunk," "Water Bed Reptile," "Driving at 100 Mph," "Big Fight with My Girlfriend," etc. I get my records out, spread them across the floor, fix a pitcher of mai tais, smoke a joint and then step on an irreplaceable Country Joe and the Fish album. Mai tais and marijuana do nothing to increase physical coordination or good sense. By the time I've finished making tapes, I've dropped half my record collection and left the other half on top of a hot radiator while I pass out on the couch. What I get for my efforts is a cassette full of songs I heard so many times in the Sixties that I never want to hear them again. And these are interrupted by my miscuing the tonearm, bumping into the turntable and fiddling with the output levels to make fancy *segues* that cut the songs off in midchorus. Plus, I've recorded everything on some kind of strontium-90 oxide cassette that makes my ancient tape deck sound like Darth Vader singing *Volare* in a metal shower stall.

I've never tried to copy a video tape. I can't even figure out how to set my VCR's digital clock. It's been flashing SUN 12:00 AM for the past two years. I finally Scotch-taped a sweat sock over the thing so it wouldn't drive me nuts while I was watching *The World of Nude Badminton*.

I consulted my lawyer, who'd already told me that this article was going to get me sent to Federal prison. "Sure," he said, "I know how to do it. That's why I bought two VCRs in the first place, to make tapes for the kids. They'll watch anything. It keeps them quiet."

We went over to his house and shooed the kids out of the TV room, which set them to screeching like cheap brake shoes. "We'd better make this quick," said my lawyer, and he grabbed the first tape that came to hand, something called *Tax Forms for Shut-Ins*. "All you have to do," he said, "is take this cord and plug it into here and take that cord and plug it into there."

He pushed the RECORD button and caused an electronic howl that was as loud as the kids, who ran back into the TV room and howled even louder than that, "You're taping over *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe*!"

I left. My lawyer called a couple of hours later and said he had gotten the dubbing setup to work; but it turned out his kids *wouldn't* watch anything, especially not if it was about tax forms. My lawyer also informed me that it was just as simple to duplicate computer software onto a floppy disc. "Do you want to hear about it?" he asked.

No. I don't want to hear about any of this ever again. I don't want to listen to any more garbled cassettes of scratchy old Chiffons 45s. I don't want to see any more *Best of Rich Little* on umpteenth-generation tape full of glitches and static and visual pickles. And I don't want to play any more computer games.

It's easier just to rent a new copy of *The Color Purple II: In the Pink* or buy a new cassette of *John Cougar Mellencamp Sings Perry Como*. And it's probably cheaper, too. And I'll tell you what's easier and more intelligent than that and free, besides: Go to the public library and take out a book. A book requires no equipment to read. You never have to touch its dials. You can take a book through airport metal detectors 100 times and it won't hurt the quality of the literature. And a book is guaranteed not to contain Matt Dillon in a leading role or any singing wrestlers.

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"And I was so close to orgasm."

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WINES TO BANK ON

(continued from page 113)

the demand for California reds dropped. California wineries that had had to allocate their fine cabernet sauvignons and chardonnays to retailers in the late Seventies saw those merchants turn their backs on the same wines. After a period of significant price escalation for California wines, prices first stabilized and then declined sharply.

As for imports, it was the fine-wine regions of France, particularly Bordeaux, Champagne and Burgundy, that benefited the most and had an uninterrupted period of booming sales. The dollar, which traded as high as ten francs in 1985 (a whopping 150 percent higher than its value in 1979), made France's best Bordeaux, champagnes and Burgundies look modestly priced.

Today, the dollar, after giving a beating to all the major wine currencies—the French franc, the Italian lira, the Spanish peseta and the German mark—for the past four years, is in full retreat on the international money market. This means that prices have skyrocketed for European wines. In addition, the current trade war brewing between the United States and the European Common Market may result in high tariffs on European wines in retaliation against European tariffs on American products. Lastly, the increasing wine scandals involving lethal chemical additives in Austrian and Italian wines have created an era of apprehension on the part of many wine consumers.

In short, the international wine market in 1986 is in a state of rapid change. Consequently, it is essential for wine consumers to devise an intelligent buying strategy to maximize the value of their dollars. Here are my guidelines for buying wines over the next 12 months.

CALIFORNIA

For the immediate future, California looks set to make a strong rebound in the market place. The 1984 and 1985 crops are the best two vintages for California since 1974. And prices should remain stable and attractive compared with the prices of imports.

So what California vintages would I buy over the next 12 months? For chardonnay, the 1983 was maligned by the California wine press before the grapes were even picked. In reality, the vintage produced very stylish and lovely chardonnays, particularly in Napa Valley. Top producers of 1983 chardonnay include Sonoma-Cutrer, Chalone, De Loach, Château Montelena, Matanzas Creek, Simi, Trefethen, Kalin, Robert Mondavi's Reserve and Acacia. All of them are priced between $12 and $20 a bottle. For value, Fetzer and Stratford consistently produce delightful chardonnays in the $7.50 to $9 range. The just-released 1984 chardonnays from California are more opulent, powerful and fruity than the more reserved, elegant 1983s.

California's best cabernets are also again on the verge of challenging the French for market supremacy. The 1982 vintage has turned out some fruity, immensely drinkable wines that are perfect for consuming now while waiting for the excellent 1984s and classic 1985s to become available. The 1984 cabernets, deep, ripe, with a creamy richness, are well-balanced wines loaded with fruit. They should prove to be the best over-all vintage for this grape in California since the great 1974s. Most of the 1984s will be released in the next 12 months. This is a must vintage to buy.

In assessing the wines from barrel samples I have tasted, I find the following 1984s potentially outstanding: the cabernets of Diamond Creek, Ridge's Montebello, Ravenswood, Santa Cruz Mountain Vineyard, Dunn, William Hill, Caymus, Joseph Phelps, Buehler and Shafer. Interestingly, many of these wineries plan to offer prearrival future prices à la Bordeaux that will be significantly lower than the normal suggested retail prices. I have generally been opposed to buying wine futures from California, but given the quality of these wines in 1984 and the high prices that now exist for Bordeaux wines, this may be an opportunity to stock up on high-quality cabernet very reasonably.

FRANCE

French wine prices are on a dangerous upward spiral. Both red and white Burgundies have reached levels that are absurd. I see no reason whatsoever to buy white Burgundies such as Meursaults and Puligny-Montrachets that are now selling for between $25 and $50 a bottle, when much better chardonnays from California and Australia are available at one half to one third the price. The situation for red Burgundy is much the same.

The area in France that still merits considerable consumer interest is Bordeaux. It remains the leader in the world for producing large quantities of superb wines. The 1985 vintage, a very good one, is now being offered as a wine future. The prices asked for these wines, which will not be delivered until spring 1988, are approximately double and sometimes triple the prices asked for the very similarly styled 1981s and the better 1982s. Furthermore, it is the largest crop Bordeaux has ever had. There are many delicious, very charming wines, but on the assumption that one buys Bordeaux futures to save money, it is my belief that the great majority of 1985s will come onto the market in two years at no higher than 20 percent above current prices. The exceptions may be the small limited-production estates of Pomerol and Saint-Émilion, two areas that had a much stronger vintage in 1985 than elsewhere in Bordeaux. These intense, sumptuous wines should see a great deal of futures activity directed their way.

However, if 1986 turns out to be an even better vintage for Bordeaux, the high prices for 1985 Bordeaux futures may go down. Today's best Bordeaux bargains are not the 1985s or the great 1982s but the 1979s and the 1981s—two vintages that produced very good, stylish, elegant wines that were ignored when the media and consumer attention were directed to the 1982 vintage. Prices for the 1979s and the 1981s, wines that by and large can be drunk now, are approximately one half of those asked for the 1985 futures and one third of those 1982s that remain in stock. I would look for the following châteaux in these two vintages: Gruaud-Larose, Talbot, Ducru-Beaucaillou, Léoville-Las-Cases, Branaire-Ducru, Giscours, Chasse-Spleen and Cos d'Estournel, all of which are making some of Bordeaux's finest wines.

Elsewhere in France, champagne prices, like those of Bordeaux, have increased significantly. However, despite the high prices for Burgundy, Bordeaux and champagne, there are bargains still to be had in French wine. The 1985 Beaujolais was a great vintage, and one of the best producers is Georges DuBoeuf, whose wines sell at quite reasonable prices of five to eight dollars.

Some of France's most distinctive wines are produced in scenic Alsace on the German border. By and large, they also represent the greatest white-wine values in all of Europe. From the spicy Gewürztraminers and smoky tokays to the steely rieslings and straightforward pinot blancs, there are plenty of top-notch wines at excellent prices. In Alsace, 1983 was an outstanding vintage, and the market place is loaded with these wines. I would look for bottles from such top producers as Pierre Sparr, Leon Beyer, Hubert Trimbach, Jean Hugel, Zind Humbrecht, Dopff and Irion and Domaine Weinbach. These wines, contrary to what many consumers think, are quite dry and taste much more full-bodied and powerful than their counterparts made across the Rhine in Germany from the same varietal grape.

ITALY

Italy produces and consumes more wine than any other country in the world. However, the current international furor over the criminal adulteration of cheap wine with lethal chemical additives is having a far-reaching effect on Italian wine sales. The top producers in Italy make majestic wine and for years have tried to improve the image of Italy as a producer of great, not cheap wine. My buying strategy with respect to white wine from Italy would be to concentrate on two areas that offer spectacular values. The vibrant, zesty, light, refreshing white wines of Fruili-Venezia Giulia at less than seven dollars a bottle have no peers in the world for freshness and lightness. These wines, made from such grapes as riesling, ribolla, chardonnay, pinot grigio and muller thurgau, never see an oak barrel and are bottled and sold several months after the wines are made to retain their vivacity and freshness. The 1985s are excellent and the 1984s are certainly quite good. The best producers consistently are Gnemiz, Abbazia di Rosazzo, Borgo Conventi, Felluga and Bortoluzzi.

The other white wines of Italy that offer great value are from the scenic countryside of Tuscany. Vernaccia di San Gimignano is a dry, medium-bodied wine that is refreshingly crisp and flavorful and an ideal complement to fish and poultry. The 1985s are excellent across the board in Vernaccia and cost less than six dollars a bottle. My favorites are the wines from such noteworthy producers as Falchini, Strozzi, Pietraserena and Ponte a Rondolino.

Italy has made tremendous progress with its white wines in recent years, but the real glories of this country are its majestic, long-lived reds. Italy's greatest red wines come from Piedmont and the best of them are the massive, very tannic, rather tough, stern barolos and the more elegant, yet no less complex, barbarescos. Both are made from the nebbiolo grape and are not inexpensive. Expect to pay from $15 to as much as $45 a bottle for the greatest wines from the best producers, such as Gaja, Giacosa, Ceretto, Ratti, Gresy, Pio Cesare, Valentino and Aldo Conterno. These are world-class wines that in a great vintage require a full decade of cellaring to reach their summit of maturity. A less expensive and time-consuming way to introduce yourself to the glories of the red wines of Piedmont is to try a wine called Nebbiolo d'Alba, or Piedmont's answer to Beaujolais, the soft, fruity Dolcetto. Both of these wines have broad popular appeal in Italy but have yet to be discovered by wine enthusiasts in this country.

OTHER AREAS

From Australia, there is a quantity of increasingly high-quality wine. Traditionally, the big, high-alcohol reds have been the stars here. One suspects that if Rambo drank wine, he would drink an Australian red. However, with modern wine-making technology, the quality of this country's white wines has increased dramatically. Australia is beginning to turn out beautiful chardonnays that are well under ten dollars a bottle. Most of them compete

"So much for making love in a new-mown field of hay."

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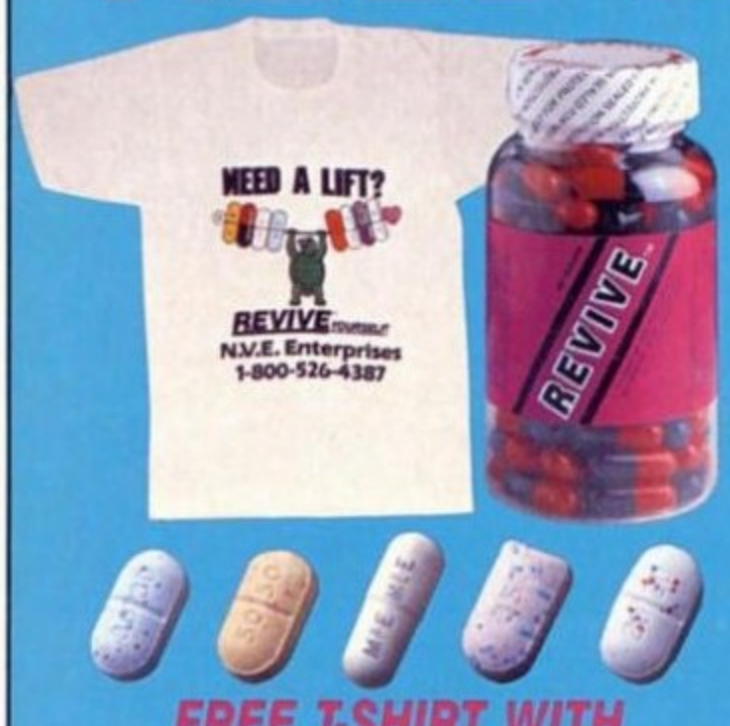

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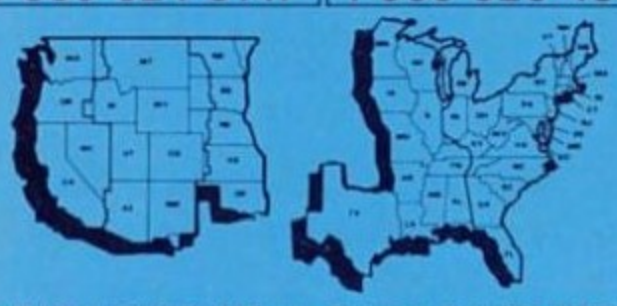

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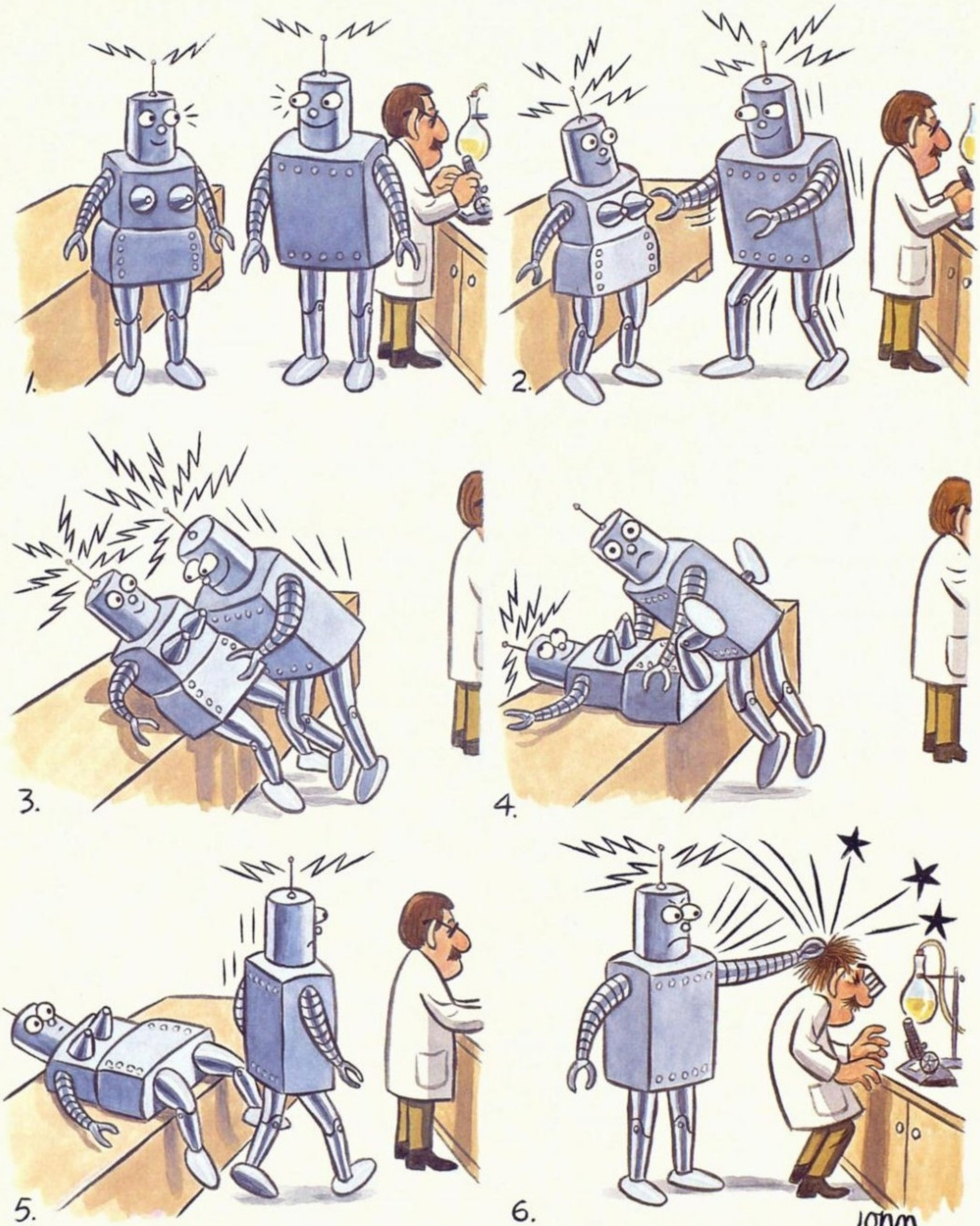
with the best chardonnays of California and with the highest-quality French white Burgundies. Distribution in America is still rather poor, but should you see any of the chardonnays available from such producers as Tyrrell, Montrose, Rosemount, Lindeman or Peter Lehman, don't hesitate to give them a try. Only the powerful, opulent Rosemount sells for more than ten dollars a bottle.

South American wines are normally relegated by wine merchants to the back shelves, but there is one producer from Chile that should arouse considerable interest. Chile's best winery, Cousiño Macul, is finally getting deserved distribution in many American cities. It produces three wines of stunning quality for the price. The chardonnay at five dollars a bottle is produced with modern technology and is a clean, fresh wine with an applelike fruitiness. Be sure to try only the most recent vintages, 1984 and 1985. The regular cabernet sauvignon from Cousiño Macul for the same price in vintages such as 1981 and 1982 offers another excellent value. Its uncomplicated, supple, blackcurrant fruitiness and well-defined style are a joy to drink. It won't be long-lived but for the next two to four years offers a great bargain. The best wine from Cousiño Macul is its cabernet sauvignon Antiguas Reservas. This is quality wine comparable to very good Bordeaux and some of California's best cabernet sauvignons. It sells for a mere $6.50 a bottle. Both the 1978 and the 1979 are deliciously soft, fragrant, complex, rich, well-balanced wines that should drink well for at least another four or five years.

Lastly, shrewd wine consumers the world over are cognizant of the fact that Spain's best red wines offer, dollar for dollar, the best red-wine values in the world. The two areas that are filled with good buys are Rioja and Penedes, both in northern Spain. One should remember that the Spanish style of wine is more noticeably oaky in taste than others, as this has considerable appeal to the Spanish palate and increasing numbers of Americans. In Rioja, try one of the red wines from the Marques de Caceres or Olarra for its mellow, savory, mature fruitiness and toasty, oaky aroma. Neither winery sells any of its reds for more than seven dollars a bottle. In Penedes, the huge Torres Winery produces a bevy of great red-wine buys ranging from its low-end, four-dollars-a-bottle, fruity, delicious Coronas, its midrange, complex, rich, full-bodied Gran Coronas, to its majestic Black Label Gran Coronas at $15 a bottle. Vintages are rather consistent, but 1978 and 1982 are the two recent ones the local growers consider the best.

Yes, the world-wide wine market is changing considerably; but armed with the right facts and an awareness of the top values and the top vintages, a consumer can still maximize his purchasing power.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2.
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John Dempsey

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GREGORY HINES

(continued from page 109)

said. But at that moment, I understood something new: Colored meant me.

8.

PLAYBOY: What did growing up in show business teach you?

HINES: It was an unmatchable education. My father used to take my brother and me to a club of tap dancers—something like the one in *The Cotton Club*—and we'd meet these old greats, who sat around and talked about their art and music and sex and women. They loved women—women they'd slept with, women they wanted to sleep with, great dancers and singers. As I got older, in the Fifties, I noticed that these guys stopped talking about sex and started talking about drugs, because drugs had become the thing. You know, within the black show-business community, they were everywhere and they were taking people out. Also, in those days, black people didn't get to travel much—but we did. We got to Europe and Las Vegas. Often, we were the first black act ever to break into a white night club, and that felt wonderful.

9.

PLAYBOY: Defend break dancing.

HINES: It's a fantastic, amazing thing. You see kids out on the street isolating one joint, moving that one joint and then—whooze—moving another; it's just breathtaking. Shit, I wish I could do that. These kids do stuff that seems superhuman.

10.

PLAYBOY: What would American popular culture be like if black people hadn't been around to save us from *Volare* and *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?*

HINES: Wait a second. The latter's not a bad song. It's not within me to think what things would be like *without* black people. When I saw *Star Wars*, I remember, halfway through it, I realized there were no black people in there, and that made me uneasy. So, no, I wouldn't like to venture a guess about what things would be like without black people. I just like to think how groovy they are with us.

11.

PLAYBOY: A lot of kid performers get to a point where they can't stand working anymore. Did you have anything like that—an early mid-life crisis?

HINES: When I was 28. At that point, I'd been in show business with my family for 24 years. I'd married my high school sweetheart—we had a baby, Daria, a gorgeous apartment, everything. One day, I woke up and said to myself, "You've never done anything on your own; you've always been connected to your brother and your father. Who are you?" It wasn't that I didn't love my family—or my wife. My first wife is a really fine woman, and we coparent our daughter now. But I was just miserable. The marriage fell apart. This was the time of "Tune in, turn on and drop out," and I wanted to do all of that. I left New York, moved to Venice, California, played in a rock-jazz band, lived on $40 a week, did some drugs, experienced a lot of women. After a whole bunch of years of this, I met Pamela Koslow, the woman I'm now married to. She was a hippie, a feminist, a single parent—like myself. She was also someone who allowed me to be completely myself. At a time when my family was disapproving of me, Pamela said, "Who you are is who I love," and that was just great. We've been together since 1973. Three years ago, we had a little boy, Zachary.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that while you were living in Venice, you joined a male consciousness-raising group?

HINES: Yup. When my first marriage ended—and I did an awful lot to make that happen—I spent a lot of time staring into the mirror and saying, "Either you're never going to get married again or you're going to try to learn what happened." I couldn't seem to relate to women as friends. If I wasn't sexually involved with a woman, I didn't want to spend time with her. Sometimes, I'd meet a great, great woman and she'd say, "Let's have lunch." And we'd have lunch and I'd start hitting on her. And she'd say, "Gregory, you're a nice guy, but I'm not turned on by you and I just want to be your friend." I was able to work a lot of that through. Also, Pamela, who was an important leader of the women's movement out in Venice, did a lot to educate me. I have a lot of sympathy for women—for their struggles.

13.

PLAYBOY: You didn't dance in Venice. How'd you get back to it?

HINES: By 1978, things weren't going so great for me in California. I couldn't find work as a musician and songwriter; Pamela was supporting us—and I felt terrible about that. What's more, my daughter had moved East to be with her mother, and I felt horrible that I was losing touch with her. It was a real down time. So in January 1978, my brother said, "Come back to New York; you can live with me." My mother even bought me a plane ticket. I kissed Pamela goodbye and said, "I'll send for you as soon as possible." The day I got to New York, my brother got me an audition for a Broadway-bound musical, *The Last Minstrel Show*. Which, in fact, was what it was—the play closed out of town. I did get the part, though, for $750 a week, and my career was back on course. After years of not dancing, it was agony to get in shape again, but it all paid off. *The Last Minstrel Show* led to *Eubie!*, which led to *Sophisticated Ladies*, which led to my movie career.

14.

PLAYBOY: And now, after 36 years in show business, you're finally making it as a film star. Is it worth the wait?

HINES: I'm glad it didn't happen earlier. Being real famous can be weird. When I was a kid, I wanted to be famous, because that was a way to get more work—I never figured it meant that I couldn't have an argument with my wife in a restaurant without a stranger's butting in with, "Hey, you were great in *Beverly Hills Cop*."

15.

PLAYBOY: Movie-star status can make a man vain—are you?

HINES: Well, making movies can give you an unhealthy feeling about yourself. When I see myself in a film, I'm so big—it's impressive. Happily, my wife keeps me down to earth. Once, I was doing interviews every day and I'd go home and *all* I'd want to do was talk about myself: how I felt about this issue, what my future plans were, what I liked and what I didn't. Finally, Pamela said, "Honey, I love you a lot, but let's talk about anything but you."

16.

PLAYBOY: What was the sexiest situation you've been in—without having sex?

HINES: The love scene in *The Cotton Club* with Lonette McKee. She's a lady with a really sexy way about her. I had to fight to get that scene in the movie. As soon as I got the part, I kept saying to Francis Coppola, "You've got to write a love scene into the black story line." It would be a real breakthrough for audiences to see a black man and a black woman relate to each other in a romantic way. You don't see that much in movies. When I was a kid, I was just dying to see a black cat up there kissing a black woman, a Chinese woman, a white woman. I was a black *boy* who was going to be a black *man* someday, and I wanted to see *me*! I mean, you didn't see a lot of black men in the movies in the first place, and you certainly didn't see a lot of warmth and real loving from them.

17.

PLAYBOY: Which black roles wouldn't you do?

HINES: I've turned down pimp parts. I wouldn't play a drug dealer, either—not unless the story had other dimensions. I once read an interview with Charlie Mingus, and he, at some point, had women working for him. Now, Mingus might have been a pimp, but he was also a great jazz player. If someone wanted to do *The Charlie Mingus Story*, I'd play a pimp then—but I wouldn't play Charlie the pimp. You see, what I'm concerned with is doing what hasn't been done before—breaking the stereotypes. In *Cotton Club*, I tried to present a *vulnerable* black man: a real man who was frightened in a frightening situation, aroused in an erotic one, confused, happy—the whole human range. If I'm trying to say anything with my characters, it's "Look, there's more to the black experience than what you've seen."

18.

PLAYBOY: Any particular reason you wear three earrings in your right ear and none in your left?

HINES: The whole thing started when I was living in California. I was in an elevator and Lyle Waggoner, from *The Carol Burnett Show*, got on; he had this earring, and it looked great. So, about a week later, I asked a friend to pierce my ear. Then I started collecting earrings. And soon I pierced some more holes. People are always asking me, "What does it mean?" The answer is, "I saw this guy with an earring and it looked great and this was the first time I'd seen a guy with an earring who wasn't a sailor in a movie."

19.

PLAYBOY: Will Gregory Hines go to any length to get a part? We hear you danced on producer Robert Evans' desk in order to get cast in *The Cotton Club*.

HINES: On his coffee table. I was just trying to describe to him the potential of my character. You know, sometimes people who make decisions in Hollywood don't have a fantastic imagination, so you have to show them stuff concretely. Now, it happens that Evans does have a good imagination, but I really wanted that part. Evans really wanted Richard Pryor. So I kept calling him up, meeting with him, bugging him. I hounded him. He actually got angry with me a couple of times. But, I mean, it wasn't as if I scratched his furniture or anything. I wasn't wearing taps. I was just showing him my art.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in reincarnation?

HINES: Absolutely not. About ten years ago, I flew to New York for the funeral of a childhood friend who had been murdered and went to the place where he was laid out. I couldn't believe he was really dead—so I reached down into the casket, squeezed his arm as hard as I could, dug my fingers into him. I kept expecting him to scream, to say, "Hey, stop it—you're hurting me." Of course, he never did. He was dead, and that was all there was to it. When I worked on *Cotton Club*, Coppola asked me what I wanted to name my character. I said, "Delbert," because that had been my friend's name. That was one way to make him live again. It was about the only way.

"I can face losing Central America. I never really felt it was mine, anyway."

Why They Love Us *(continued from page 90)*

"'It's the last place with beaches and bars and girls and everything cheap. This is the last frontier.'"

nice people.' When my father asked, I said, 'Little brown women.' My wife—I hated her, anyway—I told my wife when she was 40, I was trading her in for two 20-year-olds."

The way cooks dream of opening gourmet restaurants and bibliophiles devise the ideal bookstore, Fulfer designed his dream bar. With $2000 capital, he found a place called Saddletramp that had never prospered. "It was a shithouse," he remembers. "The first time I walked in, I cried. It had two barmaids, seven girls. Most of them were ugly, couldn't speak English and had Filipino boyfriends. I told the cashier she was fired. 'You can't do that,' she said. And I said, 'Well, you ain't getting paid and you can't stay here, so I guess you're fired.' Then I started slinging beer."

Heaven is a mellow, medium-sized place, with a pool table in front and a jukebox that's gone from rock to country-and-western records. ("You have fewer fights with shitkicker music," Charley opines.) Behind the bar are half a dozen rooms for "short times." Velvet paintings and a shark's jaw ornament the bamboo walls. Another ornament—ice-cold beer. That's Charley's doing: "To the Filipino, a cold beer is a bottle of warm beer and a glass full of ice cubes. You better believe I put an end to that shit fast." There are 26 girls, Charley's Angels, and seven barmaids, and the house's basic nightly goal for each is $100 in beer sales and "bar fines," which management charges customers who go outside or out back with the girls.

"The girls don't steal or fuck over their customers or hustle," says Charley, "and they get their smears on time. I don't care if three sisters died and their mother's getting pregnant, they go to social hygiene and they get their smears. Even the barmaids. Even the cherry girls."

Lately, Charley thinks he has gone about as far as he can go with Heaven. He thinks he may try another business or another country. But it's hard to picture another place that would suit him as well. "This is the last frontier," he says. "It's the last place with beaches and bars and girls and ships coming in and everything cheap and you can do what you want. Japan's gone. Hong Kong's about gone. Singapore never was. There's just Thailand and here. This is the last frontier."

BABY, AS LONG AS I GOT A FACE, YOU GOT A SEAT

"Nothing is more important than our bases in the Philippines," President Ronald Reagan remarked not long ago. Under the current five-year agreement, which runs through 1991, it costs the U.S. $900,000,000 for the use of Subic Naval Base and its companion Clark Air Force Base, about 50 miles to the north. The Pentagon shudders at the thought of losing them and moving and at the estimated cost: five billion dollars or more. Even then, though various military functions could be parceled out and scattered from Seoul to Perth, a place such as Subic could never be duplicated.

"We're 21 sailing days from the West Coast, 14 more to Gonzo Station in the Indian Ocean and 70 minutes' flying time from the Russian base at Cam Ranh Bay," a Navy briefing officer remarks. He talks about power in the Indian Ocean, the western Pacific, the South China Sea. He points out the strategic straits of Sunda, Lombok and Malacca. He gestures at a sparkling bay flanked by the toast-brown Zambales Mountains on one side, the bulky green shoulders of the Bataan Peninsula on the other. "We've got room for a full Navy to come in here."

There are Filipinos, and not just Communists, who loathe the American military presence. Lawyer-politician-human-rights activist José Diokno, the best-known current critic, believes that the bases demean and endanger Filipinos, infringe on their sovereignty and corrupt relations with the U.S. Even Corazón Aquino expressed reservations about the bases when she campaigned against Ferdinand Marcos. Whether her high-minded doubts will survive when faced with economic realities remains to be seen.

And if you want to see economics in action, check out the ship-repair facility, where 4500 Filipino employees—welders, pipe fitters, painters, carpenters and the like—some of them third-generation workers, service 200 ships a year, operating huge floating dry docks that can sink below a 50,000-ton battleship, then lift it out of the water, high and dry. Skilled workers earn perhaps $5000 per year, one seventh Stateside scale. "It's by far the lowest-paid work force the U.S. forces have anywhere," says a base employment officer. "And, base-wide, there are 40 applications for every vacancy."

There's Cubi Point Naval Air Station. More earth was moved for its construction than for the Panama Canal. There's the naval supply depot, 7,000,000 items in stock, ranging from transistors and diodes to gun barrels and aircraft engines. There's the fenced and closely guarded naval magazine, with 56 miles of fine road weaving through a 9700-acre rain forest dotted with 160 carefully spaced

"It's just not what I expected you to wear on our first date. . . ."

magazines. In late afternoon, as if in a scene from a postnuclear movie, rhesus monkeys wander over grass-covered bunkers where bullets and bombs repose.

There's more. There's housing and office areas, elementary and high schools, a main exchange store and minimarts, all replicating the confident America of the Fifties, land of softball games and ice-cream parlors, bingo games and beer parties, 50-cent movies, $1.35 haircuts, all garnished by an endless supply of 100-peso-per-day maids, cooks, yardmen and seamstresses.

"I can live here the way the British lived in India in the days of the raj," a young officer tells me. "I've got a yardman working for me, and I don't even have a yard. He'd wash my car, but I don't have a car. What he does is, he polishes my shoes."

Want to see something odd? Want to visit the saddest place on earth and sometimes the gladdest and, either way, final, smoking-gun evidence that They Love Us Here? Drop by the U.S. Navy Recruiting Station. The Philippines is the only country where the U.S. is permitted to recruit foreigners—400 males per year these days. Every year or so, the station takes applications for a month: That month results in 100,000 inquiries. The rest of the time, recruiters shred 300 unsolicited letters a day, except for some "classics" that go into an office scrapbook: the fellow who sent ten applications in one day, the fellow who sent a Valentine's Day card, the guy who wrote that he liked "world-wide adventure, the dollar, excitement and possibilities," the poor soul who pleaded, "I hope through the innermost chamber of my heart you will pity me."

If you're lucky, they'll let you sit in on the English-language-proficiency exams they give their Filipino applicants, a dozen eager-to-please youths, smiling, polite and, alas, terribly tongue-tied. One of the candidates this morning is a clear winner; he was raised in New Jersey. Three others are adequate. There are twice as many losers, though, and you remember them—the downcast eyes, hesitations, terrible, groping silences. You remember the floundering youth who suddenly burst into an irrelevant description of his home town—gorgeous black-sand beaches under a towering volcano—followed by an unasked-for paean to "sophisticated innovations in ships and armaments," and everyone knew he was rattling off something he'd memorized at one of the dozens of U.S. Navy preparation academies around the country. "It's gut wrenching every day," a recruiter remarks. "I've had them cry, get down on the floor, grab me by the knees and refuse to leave."

Finally, there's the 18-hole Binictican Golf Course, where aborigines, short, dark Negritos, live in bamboo thickets just off the fairway. Some Negritos work as trackers, escorting Marine patrols, and there are stories of their displaying severed heads on fence posts. Old stories. These days, the golf-course Negritos retrieve errant balls from a jungle that has kraits, vipers, cobras and constrictors. You don't own golf balls at Subic; you just lease them from Negritos. Old joke.

SIXTEEN EMPTY MISSILE TUBES
A MUSHROOM-SHAPED CLOUD
AND NOW IT'S MILLER TIME

Father Shay Cullen is not smiling. From the drug-treatment center he runs on a bluff overlooking Subic Bay, the Columban priest can see the city of Olongapo, the naval base, the coast road meandering out to Subic City. He can see the U.S.S. Enterprise anchored out at Cubi Point and there, in the very mouth of the harbor, another ship about which he has his doubts. It appears to be a freighter and has a few containers on deck, but Father Cullen suspects that it is a nuclear laboratory, a kind of atomic Flying Dutchman that never comes to port.

"Olongapo is a city of 255,000 people whose livelihood and economic survival are based on sex for sale," he says. "It's an economy controlled by the two percent who control everything in the Philippines, and it's so tight here, it's probably just one percent. They'll tell you otherwise. They'll tell you that base employment is what matters. But our conservative estimate is that there are 16,000 people involved in prostitution. And then, what about the men, whom you turn into waiters and cleanup boys? Where's the pride and dignity? And the rest of the population in support services, renting apartments to girls and sailors so they have a place to shack up? And the legal profession, some of them spending their time servicing quarrels with sailors? And the police turned into a service also, geared to keeping the streets safe for free-spending sailors? It's all a form of dehumanization, an affront to human dignity."

Cullen is rough on Olongapo, skeptical of Mayor Gordon's reforms ("basically cosmetic") and harshly critical of the mayor himself: "He lives in a kind of self-induced fantasy." (The antagonism is mutual. Gordon calls Cullen a Judas Iscariot disguised as Jesus Christ.) But Cullen's harshest barbs are pointed across Shit River.

"The high tradition of the Navy, of officers and gentlemen, is being debased because of a lewd attitude, a failure to condemn wrong," he says. He thinks the Navy should leave. "If bases like this are so vital, they should be put in places where they're not vulnerable to political instability—places like Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean. There's nobody there, nothing but a few donkeys. An appropriate location for such a death-dealing facility."

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girlfriend while he was taking a knife away from her. The woman is asking $5000.

• A sailor is accused of using his cigarette to burst balloons that were part of the act at a downtown go-go place. Of course, he had no way of knowing that the balloons were filled with helium that would burn the dancer's face. He denies the whole thing, anyway. Nine hundred dollars.

• A lance corporal off the U.S.S. Pelileu recalls hearing that "getting laid was easy in Olongapo." He liked Olongapo fine. He liked Subic City even better. He did not like the letter he received from a waitress at Sergeant Pepper's, who accused him of (1) taking her virginity, (2) reneging on a promise of marriage and (3) giving her V.D. He denies everything. She starts by asking $27,000.

No Mesdames Butterfly here. We are in the world of "international legal holds," men kept on base while their cases wind their way through the Philippines' legal system. These are American men accused of such exotic infractions as grave slander, grave oral defamation, slander by deed ("That's giving someone the bird," a lawyer explains), concubinage and seduction. There are as many as 500 cases a year like these, some valid complaints, some fortune hunting. Almost none end in jail sentences, few in convictions: The system encourages settlement. "A lot of these situations come up when a man has gone more than one night with a girl," says Lieutenant Frank J. Prochazka, a Navy lawyer. "They rent a place, they set up housekeeping. There's emotion involved in the relationship. Whether or not it's stated, the girls get their hopes up of marrying and going to the States, and it's that extra emotion, even if it's one-sided, that makes things harder."

Call it the bar girls' revenge. You can't help rooting for them, the odds against them being so long, their stories so drearily uniform: born in the provinces, father a farmer/fisherman, family of six/12, came to the city to attend school/find work, remitting earnings to family that doesn't know/doesn't want to know about her. Lives papered together out of song lyrics and comic books, dreams of marriage to an American and escape to San Diego. On another part of the base, an eloquent but despairing black man fights a battle he cannot win against just such a group of dreamers.

"I don't have the slightest idea why your husband-to-be came 7000 miles to fall in love with you," Chief James R. Taylor tells a class of more than 20 pretty Filipinos who are parties to the nearly 1000 marriages proposed at Subic every year. His audience is captive: Attendance is required. In theory, Taylor hopes to encourage second thoughts among his listeners. In fact, he'll settle for first thoughts. He quotes figures showing that nine out of ten of these marriages will fail.

"I've got a simple test for you this morning," he tells the women. "Three questions. What is the full name of your husband-to-be? Where was he born? When is his birthday? I know that 80 percent of you don't know the answers."

Taylor is a performer. He takes to his task like a Southern preacher, winding around themes, rolling, crescendoing, diminishing, doubling back and gaining strength.

"Six months ago, some of you wouldn't have dreamed of talking to an American. You'd have walked to the other side of the street. But you came to Olongapo, and Olongapo is a fantasy city. It's not the Philippines you know about. It's not the provinces you grew up in. It's a carnival, a circus. And some of you spent more on a manicure and a pedicure and a hair style to come to this meeting than your family earns in a month."

Now he turns on the men, the absent suitors. Sometimes he adopts a Leon Spinks imitation, getting the part of a shuffling street-corner dude, all shrugs and monosyllables. "Your boyfriend thinks you're cute, so petite, so small, so cuddly, like a Barbie doll. He never had a beautiful girlfriend before. He got the ugly, snaggle-toothed girls, the nappy-haired ones nobody else wanted. Now he's got himself a Barbie doll. He sticks out his arm and you fit right under it. He can put his hand around your tiny waist. He can sit you on his lap and move you from knee to knee, just like a doll. But what happens when he doesn't want his Barbie doll anymore?"

It's heartfelt, decent advice, all of it, and mostly in vain. Taylor knows it. The girls know it. "You want to go to America," he concludes, a trace of despair in his voice. "You don't care who buys the ticket. You just want to get there."

LIQUOR IN THE FRONT
POKER IN THE REAR

You hear about Subic City from a guy named Pete, a burly, balding naval officer. "I used to live there," he says, "and I would go to get a blow job with the same casualness with which I'd buy a six-pack of beer, and for the same money. What am I going to do back in the States, talking about getting sucked off under a table? What do you do with yourself when you come from a place where you can fuck a woman up the ass for two apples and a candy bar? It sounds weird, but you just have to be there."

You hear about Subic City from a bright young Navy wife. "I told my husband that as long as he doesn't bring back any diseases, if he goes out there for relief while I'm away in the States, it's all right. If he were with a pretty American girl, or an ugly American girl with brains, I'd be worried. But I've been there, and I know the girls. L.B.F.M.s—little brown fucking machines."

You hear about Subic City from a guy on the Shore Patrol. It's the town where anything goes, the bargain shoppers' paradise. Back in Olongapo, at a place like California Jams, a "short time" with a girl costs 630 pesos (about $31). Here in Subic City, you can pop into a room in back of the bar for 100 pesos (five dollars). Sex shows? By arrangement. Sample blow jobs? You name it. A great little minor-league town, where the girls are either too young or too old to work in the big leagues.

You hear about Subic City from a short, bespectacled chap who'd define the term nerd anywhere else but who walks like Johnny Wadd in the impoverished Philippines. "Subic City," he says, "is the home of the three-holer."

And now, here you are, and it looks like a Mexican town, something the Wild Bunch might ride into, everything facing a main street, with jeepney after jeepney of sailors tumbling out, the smell of barbecue mixing with diesel fumes, cute, lively, incredibly foulmouthed girls saying hello and asking what ship you're from and offering head, and the jukeboxes from a dozen bars playing all at once, and the song you notice is Julio and Willie doing *To All the Girls I've Loved Before*, and you climb to King Daryl's, where dozens of girls await just you, and you take a chair right at the edge of the balcony, with a King Shit view of the street, and you have a beer in one hand and a pork-*satay* stick in the other, and a woman between your legs, which are propped up against the railing, and you know you have come to a magical place, all right, a special magic for a 19-year-old Navy kid, the magic of a place where anything is possible. And cheap.

You go down a street, past the Urgent Inn, past Blow Heaven (SERVICE TO THE FLEET), and head for the most notorious bar of all: Marilyn's. Where the record for short times by one woman in one night is 27. Where the business card offers, among other things, doggy style, "with barking and yelping." Where the girls don't flash their teeth when they smile; they show off their gums. Want a girl? An orgy? A menthol blow job, cigarette and gum included? Or step into the corner with your buddies, sit down at the famous table for a game of smiles. Drop trousers as you sit. Movement under the table, a girl or two up to no good. And the game of smiles begins. The last one to smile wins.

Even on quiet nights, weekdays, there are special entertainments in the land where America is loved. Behind the bar at Marilyn's, one of the barmaids shows off her child, one-year-old Valerie. Who waves, smiles, laughs and flicks her little tongue on cue, when her mother whispers, "Blow job." A nativity for Subic. Little Valerie. Harbinger of a generation that may realize a paradox: that if the base ever shuts down and the fleet sails away, it won't be because it didn't belong here. It will be because it did.

 (continued from page 134)

"'Engaged? To Maerose? She's like a relative to me.' Charley gave God time to strike him down."

him want to adjust his clothing whenever he thought about it.

Worse, sitting inside his cup and making it runneth over, he thought, was Mardell, a mountain of loving movements. She had hair like radishes floating in honey, an ass you could play handball on, toenails like canoe paddles and golden eyes that were so big and scared that sometimes when he looked at her, he almost busted out crying. He lost himself in Mardell and he saw himself in Maerose. Maybe the Arabs were right with their rules that it was OK to have a couple of wives—but who told the wives? That was the kicker—who told the wives?

•

Charley had to go to Miami to do the job on a South American coke manufacturer's representative named Little Jaimito. Mardell put up a fuss at his leaving, so he took her with him. They had reservations to spend the weekend after he did the work at Disney World.

At eight o'clock in the morning, in Miami, Charley installed himself in the penthouse suite of the Bolivar across the hall from Jaimito's apartment; they were the only two apartments on the floor. He changed into a T-shirt and a white jump suit, which was what the hotel's handy men wore, and, at a quarter to ten, sat in a chair and looked through the hole he had bored in the door until Jaimito and his four bodyguards left the suite and went down the hall to the elevator. Charley waited ten minutes, then he went across the hall and removed the lock from the front door of Jaimito's suite. He replaced it with a remote-control lock and tested it. He went into the suite and put identical locks tied to the same circuit box into the door to the terrace and the only other inside door, which led from the living room to a hall that gave access to the bedrooms.

He hung a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob, put a gas mask over his nose and mouth, got up on a light aluminum stepladder and fixed the grenades to each of the chandeliers at either end of the room. They were suspended on release wires that were controlled from his circuit box. When the grenades were released, they would drop to face level and the copper wire would pull the pins, liberating the cyanide gas.

While he worked, the other door opened and a small blonde with black eyebrows came into the room wearing a short nightgown. She was about 19 and very wise-looking. "Whatta you doing up there?" she said sharply. "Why you got that thing on you face?" She walked over beside the ladder and stared up at him.

He kicked her on the point of the chin. He climbed down from the ladder, stripped off her panty hose and used them to tie her hands and feet together behind her back. He dragged her along the bedroom hall to the second bedroom, jammed a big ball of tissue into her mouth to keep her quiet and dumped her in a closet. He returned to the living room and cleaned everything up before he took the DO NOT DISTURB sign off the door and went back to the apartment across the hall at 12:10.

He waited in the apartment across the hall. At 3:20, he could hear Jaimito and his men returning, making Spanish noises like a pet shop in a fire. Charley broke the electronic connection with the door to the suite that released the lock, so when the goon got there, he said, "Hey, boss, the maid forgot to lock the door."

"You guys go in first," Jaimito said in Spanish.

Charley watched them through the peephole as all five men disappeared into the suite and shut the door. He activated the remote electronic locks on all three doors, securing them. Then he triggered the chandelier mechanism, which dropped the grenades and pulled the pins. He waited 20 minutes, then he slipped the gas mask over his face and went into the apartment. The five bodies were sprawled around the room, on chairs and on the floor. Charley released the lock on the terrace door and opened it wide to let the ocean breeze ventilate the room, so that when the night chambermaid came in to turn the beds down, the air in the room wouldn't make her sick.

He was back at his hotel with Mardell at 6:30. Mardell was preoccupied. Her voice sounded far away.

"Did you have a good day at the office?" she asked.

"Very good."

"A woman called you today."

"Yeah? Who?"

"She said her name was Maerose Prizzi."

He had his back to her.

"She wanted to know what I was doing in your room," Mardell said.

"It must have been some crazy woman."

"She said she was engaged to be married to you."

He turned to face her. "She said that?"

"Yes."

"She had no right to say that. I never said I was engaged to her."

"Who is she, Charley?" Mardell asked as if she were talking over a recipe for a ham sandwich.

"She's the granddaughter of the man I work for. She's much younger than me."

"How much younger? About twenty years? Is she nine, Charley?"

"Listen—I know her all my life. I mean, she's had one of those schoolgirl crushes from away back."

"Then you are not engaged to marry her."

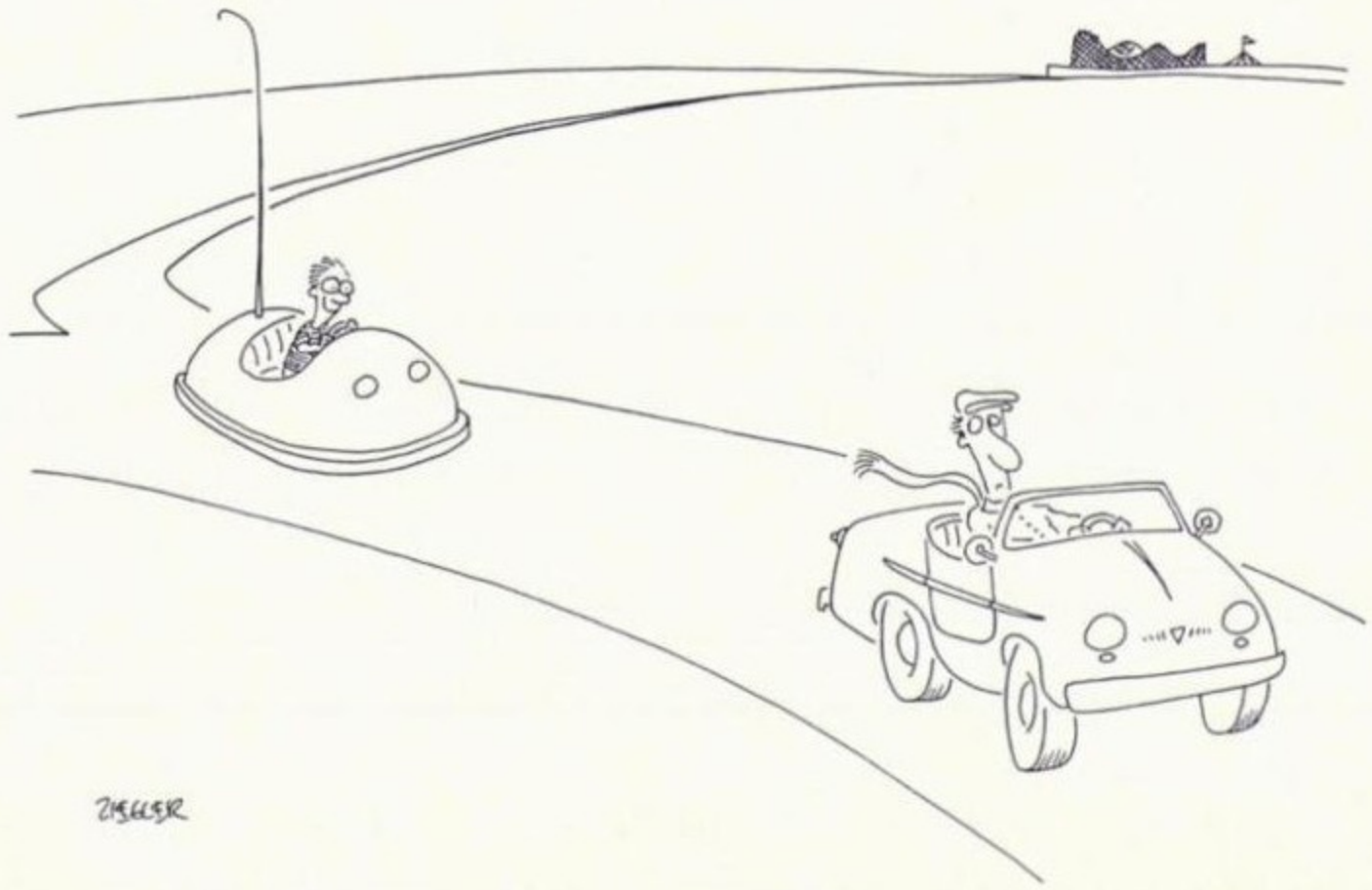
"Engaged? To Maerose Prizzi? Mardell—she's like a *relative* to me." He gave God time to strike him down. "I mean like a second cousin or a kid sister."

Mardell got into bed, took two pills, shaking them out of the vial elaborately, snapped out the light on her night table and lay on her side, facing away from the other side of the bed. "Don't talk to me anymore, Charley."

Charley jammed himself into his pajamas and stamped off into the living room. He dropped into a chair, lit a big cigar and stared at a racing form. He was a condemned man.

•

Maerose appeared to be looking out the window of her office, which faced a pleasant, landscaped back yard behind the



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double brownstone her company occupied in Turtle Bay, but she was looking into her mind and seeing Charley. Her face was blank, her eyes were like the Xs in the eyes of a cartoon character after it has been wonked over the head with a fact of life. She couldn't believe it. She had called the Prizzi hotel in Miami Beach, she had asked for Mr. Charles A. Partanna and a woman had answered.

"Put him on the phone."

"Mr. Partanna is not here."

"Where is he?"

"He's at his office."

It was one of those superior voices. Charley's office! "Who is this?"

"This is Mrs. Partanna."

The shock was like an icy sword thrust into Maerose's bowels. "*Missus* Partanna? When did that happen?"

"To whom am I speaking?"

"This is Maerose Prizzi. Please remember that name, so that you can get it right when you tell Mr. Partanna I called. I am Mr. Partanna's fiancée."

It was the broad's turn to take the kick in the head. Maerose could hear her gasp. She could hear her make a light geek sound. "His fiancée?"

"What's your name?"

"Mardell La Tour."

"Listen, Miss La Tour. I'm calling from New York, or else I'd come over there and we could *both* break a couple of chairs over that son of a bitch's head. When do you get back to New York?"

"Monday, I suppose. But, really, Miss Prizzi——"

"You and I will have a little talk. I'll call you."

•

The moment she hung up on Mardell La Tour, Maerose put detectives on Charley. If he continued to two-time her with that woman, she'd break his back.

She knew from her father that Charley was in Miami to handle a problem with a schmeck producer, but he had told the woman that he had to go to an office, not that he would have told her why he was there, no matter what; but the point was, the woman couldn't be in the environment, because any woman in the environment knew that men like Charley didn't have an office when they went to Miami.

Maerose looked deep into her future and knew that she needed Charley. All her plans depended on Charley. Finding out that he had a woman with him in Miami only made the feeling sharper.

•

Maerose wore flat-heeled shoes and very little make-up to create the little-girl effect for her grandfather. She put on a kilt with a Fraser plaid and a Shetland pullover, then a tartan tam-o'-shanter with a chin strap and a big tuft on top. She stared at herself in a full-length mirror and wondered how Scottish transvestites dressed.

The phonograph was playing Vincenzo Bellini's *Il Pirata*, a Sicilian story. It was in the middle of the melting cantilena, *Pietosa al Padre'*, when she entered the don's room. Her grandfather smiled at her and bowed his head but held up a hand to keep her from speaking until the aria was finished. Maerose sat down with her feet held primly together.

The room was a replica of the duke's bedroom from Corrado Prizzi's boyhood. There was hardly a space on the wall that was not covered with a 19th Century painting or an aquatint in a baroque frame. The furniture was dark, heavy and overstuffed, and everything in the room except the don had fringe on it.

The aria ended. The don stood and opened his arms to her. She rushed into his embrace—but carefully, because he was so small and fragile.

"My beautiful girl," the don said. "Come, you must sit down and have a cookie, my dear."

They sat side by side with a small tabouret holding a heaping plate of Sicilian sweets and cookies between them.

"How good it is to see you," the don said.

"I wanted you to be the first to have the news, Grandfather. I haven't even told Poppa yet."

"News?" he said delicately.

"I am going to be married to Charley Partanna."

"Oh! What wonderful news." He clasped his hands before his tiny chest and rolled his eyes heavenward. "The two most perfect young people of my life—a marriage!"

"I have come for your blessing."

"You have my blessing a thousand times, if you are sure this is what you want and that there will be a marriage."

"We are sure, Grandfather."

"Then we must have a big party and make an announcement. Because it is for you—my *fa*vorite granddaughter—it will be the biggest party people have seen for months. At the old Palermo Gardens. Four weeks from now?" He held out his hand and she kissed it. She left the room with

"We started out together 27 years ago, but she engaged in lewd practices to rocket her way up the corporate ladder."

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wet eyes. On the phonograph, the quintet, and soon the sextet, began to develop with comments from the chorus. It was a beautiful moment. She had nailed Charley to the stage.

•

The day after Charley got back to New York, a political situation—namely, the coming election of a new mayor—had presented dangers to him. Pop, who had people everywhere, had found out that the reform candidate intended to go on television and charge Charley with the murder of a man who was high up in the narcotics business. And then the reform candidate intended to announce that the mayor was a part of the business, too. So Pop insisted that Charley get out of town. He was sent to New Orleans under the protection of Gennaro Fustino, the *capo* who handled Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and southern Arizona, who was married to Don Corrado's baby sister, Birdie.

When Charley got to New Orleans, Maerose called him from New York. She started out cordial.

"Cholly? Mae."

He leaped out of the chair and took the call standing at attention. "Hey, Mae!"

"How come you didn't call me?"

"Well—maybe they told you—this was an emergency trip."

"I am not going to wait around until you get back, Charley. I am coming to New Orleans."

"Mae! Wait! Check it with Pop before you make a move. I got a job your uncle Gennaro wants me to do. I won't have any time to see you—as much as I want to."

"Either this whole thing matters to you or it don't. If you won't come to New York, I'm going there. And don't try to dummy up on me, either, Charley. I talked to that woman you took with you to Miami. I'm gonna make you drop the other shoe. And you know something else?"

"What?"

"I hate big sloppy broads."

"Who?"

"You know who."

"She may be big, but she ain't sloppy. And I'd say the same for you, Mae, if anybody ever said that about you."

She slammed the phone down. He was bewildered. What did he say wrong?

•

Monday at 12 minutes before noon, Charley watched Maerose come off the ramp from the plane at Moisant airport. She was wearing a fitted knee-length red-wool suit with a black-fox collar and cuffs and a zip-front jacket. She wore spike-heeled Italian winkle-picker shoes with long pointed toes. He had never seen her look so gorgeous. She was smiling broadly as she rushed up to him and threw her arms around him. "Jeez, Charley," she said, "we gotta catch up."

"You gotta be the classiest thing ever come into this airport."

On the 11-mile ride back into town, they held hands, but that was all, because the driver was an old friend of Vincent's and he wouldn't stop talking. When they finally got into Charley's hotel room, they both started to talk at the same time, stopped, then Maerose put her arms around his neck, holding on silently. After a while, they kissed.

"What's it gonna be, Charley?"

"Mae—I gotta say it—we ain't engaged. You know that."

"I didn't come all the way down here to have you tell me stuff like that, Charley."

"We gotta get this straightened out."

"Get it straight the right way! You and me were meant for each other. We live the same way, we think the same way." Suddenly, she switched to Sicilian. "We speak the same language, Charley."

He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "Yeah. I know. You're right, Mae. But we're talking about a lifetime, so I can't fool around with your life. We have to be sure. Give me two weeks against a lifetime, Mae."

She took him in her arms and pulled him toward the bed.

"That'll never work, Charley. It'll just go on and on. I saw the don. I told him—formally—that you and me are gonna get married."

Charley's legs gave way. He dropped into a chair beside the bed. "You told the don *that*?"

"He wants to set a date. And after I give him a date, he wants to give us a big engagement party and bring in the people from most of the families around the country. I gotta tell him whether it's on or off, Charley. That means you gotta tell me."

"Set a *date*? Jesus, Mae——"

"A line has to be drawn, Charley. We can't go on and on like this."

Charley thought of his father and mother. He thought of the don and the family and how he had never lived outside it, because, as far as he was concerned, there was nothing outside the family. If only Mardell were the kind who would take a bundle of cash and forget the whole thing.

"Yeah," he said to Maerose, staring into her eyes. "We gotta set a date."

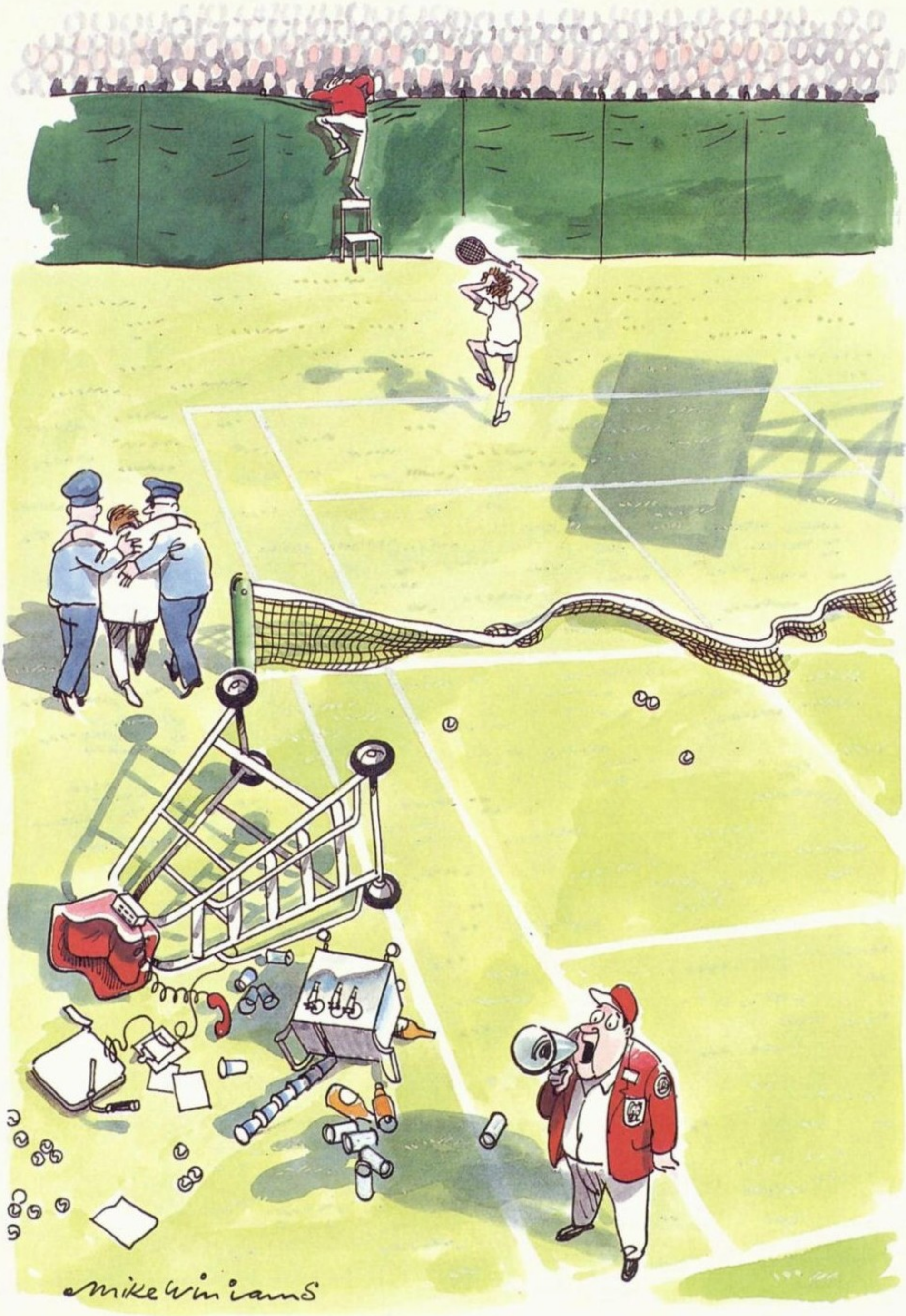
She kissed him. "It better be settled in your mind, Charley, because by now the don has told a lot of people. Like my father."

•

Two days later, in New York, Maerose ran a finger over the heavy engraving on the parchment paper and drank in the words that glowed like jewels under her eyes.

Mr. Vincent Prizzi
of
New York City
announces the engagement
of his daughter
Miss Maerose Amalia Prizzi
to
Mr. Charles Amadeo Partanna
son of Mr. Angelo Partanna
of New York City

(continued overleaf)



"Is there a psychiatrist in the house?"

Maerose reread the small card that was an invitation to the reception at the Palermo Gardens. It was the absolute clincher.

She folded one copy of the formal announcement and stuffed it into a heavy cream-colored envelope, then dropped the small card into it. Smiling serenely, she sealed it and addressed it to Miss Mardell La Tour. She stamped the envelope and put it carefully aside in a small drawer of her desk before beginning to address the other envelopes from the long list at her elbow.

•

Four hundred and nine announcements and invitations went into the mail, to a net of 812 guests. All Prizzis, Sesteros and Garrones down to the age of 18 were included. When the list was finally approved and all the invitations mailed, 196 tuxedos were sent to dry cleaners around the country, a total of $476,000 was spent on dresses, furs and hairdos; 83 advance reservations were made for 137 stretch limousines, and travel and airlines customer-relations people felt a strain.

There weren't going to be enough available suites in the three midtown Prizzi-owned hotels, so 27 of the year-round tenants were given free, premature holidays in the Prizzi hotels in Miami, Atlantic City or Las Vegas—the spa of their choice—together with $500 worth of chips. They went out; the guests went in.

Eight judges and three Congressmen, feeling sufficiently anonymous in a crowd of that size, had accepted with pleasure. Two Cabinet members, 11 U.S. Senators and the White House sent their wives or secretaries out into the stores in Washington to select suitable engagement presents. In all, 419 invitees spent $405,289 on gifts for the young couple; a future boss of the Prizzi family was going to marry the granddaughter of Corrado Prizzi.

Lieutenant Davey Hanly and the entire borough squad accepted invitations as tokens of the New York Police Department. The mayor of New York personally provided the motorcycle escort to take the

"In about four seconds—the ultimate experience."

bride-to-be and her father to the reception, and he also pledged to her and to her fiancé a seven-year lease on a six-room apartment in the new luxury Garden Grove apartments, which were rapidly being constructed in an emerging part of the city, even if it wasn't Brooklyn.

The principal families of the *fratellanza* from across the nation sent contingents. In addition to the more spectacular guests, the third generation of Prizzis, Sesteros and Garrones, the strictly legitimate members of the family, had to be accommodated, because each one of them knew there was no way to get out of attending the engagement party of Maerose Prizzi.

Maerose didn't sleep much. She kept sipping champagne all through the work of planning, so she didn't eat much. She wasn't really physically ready for it when, ten days before the engagement party was to happen, the people she had following Charley reported that he had gone directly from his New Orleans plane connection to Mardell La Tour's apartment and had been spending every night there.

That really did it. Maerose's wig slipped. She went into a kind of controlled hysteria that pulled her closer to the edge of doing something irreversible.

She couldn't believe the written report that she held in her hands and read over and over. In New Orleans, he had looked her in the eye and renounced the woman. That was how she remembered it. She tried to firm it up in her mind, but now that she thought about it, it was all kind of vague. He had pulled her onto the bed, held her in his arms and said—maybe she was kidding herself, she knew she couldn't remember much after they got into bed. But he knew the engagement was officially announced, because he knew she had told her grandfather, so he should have known that the woman had to be thrown away.

Everybody knew Charley was a goddamn dummy where women were concerned, and she had been willing to make every allowance for that. Her second thoughts were that Charley didn't deserve to live. He had dishonored himself, and by dishonoring her, he had dishonored the Prizzis. She decided the quickest way to have the job done on Charley was to tell her father. She knew her father. He would get out a contract on Charley. Charley wouldn't last two days after she finished massaging her father, but even while she was thinking that way, she knew she couldn't let anybody give it to Charley. If her plan to take over the family was going to work, she needed Charley. He was her ticket to the whole thing. But if he resisted her about Mardell, would he also resist her in her plans for her future? Damn!

•

Motorcycle cops of the escort were talking together on the street in front of Vincent's house when Charley got out of the stretched car and went up the walk to the house. They were waiting for him. The front door opened and they were all dressed to go. Maerose was dressed more beautifully than even she had ever been dressed in her life, or maybe it was because he had never seen her wearing this kind of long dress with all the bare everywhere and the hair like a helmet. Charley kissed Mae on the cheek. She stayed hanging there after he finished, as if she were waiting for something more. They went out to the car. Both men were wearing tuxedos like a couple of waiters.

Maerose sat between the men inside the enormous tonneau and listened to Charley's silence, interpreting it as indifference. It was the biggest night of their lives so far and she was getting no vibes from Charley, just cold waves. She knew she hadn't won. She would be standing there for the rest of her life with an armful of cold fish.

There was time to think. Her contingency plan was flexible. Maerose stared at her dreams: having Charley, running the legit operation, dominating the family across the board, from the street side to the board rooms—with Charley at her side. But if she could not swing Charley over to her side, then she could also have overrated the ease with which she could take over the Prizzi family. The one thing naturally followed the other. The first thing was the absolute measure of the second. If she went along with what was set up for them tonight, none of it was *ever*

going to work, and nothing could be more clear than that.

She was going to have to move right away to get herself off the hook. It was going to total a lot of people. Her father would go out of his mind. When she did what she had to do, it would bring a lot of punishment down on her, but she had time on her side. All she had to do was watch and wait and after a little while, her grandfather would let her back into the family and she could move ahead on getting what she wanted with some alternate plan.

•

The enormous room was arranged so that all the guests were seated at large tables on three sides of the dance floor. The table of honor, where Maerose and Charley sat with the don, Aunt Amalia, Vincent, Father Passanante, Angelo Partanna and Eduardo, was at the center of the room. Over all of it, banquet room and dance floor, hung three large chandeliers from which were festooned crepe-paper ribbons of red, white and blue from one side of the room and red, white and green from the other. Balloons bobbed against the ceiling in a dozen colors, rising in the warmed air. There was a raised stage with two alternating orchestras: the four-piece band of musicians who were traditional fixtures at all Prizzi affairs and a modern, 11-piece group that provided music of more current interest (up to 1955). Along two of the walls were long, two-tiered tables that held heaped platters of salads, antipastos, cold cuts and sandwiches; mountains of tiny macaroni and *farfelline*; piles of *salciccia* and banks of pastries and ice cream. On the third wall, there was a bar where the extra men congregated. There were six bottles of two colors of wine on each table. At the tables on either side of the table of honor sat the representatives of the families and one row removed from the dance floor were the statesmen, conglomerate heads and prelates, including the papal nuncio. All the men, except the prelates, wore tuxedos. The women were dressed merely spectacularly. The clergy wore scarlet or purple soutanes. On each wall hung enormous sepia portraits: Arturo Toscanini, Pope Pius XII, Enrico Caruso and Richard M. Nixon in heavy gold frames.

Maerose began the evening by clamoring so loudly for champagne that Vincent felt she was making it necessary for him to order at least a token glass of champagne for everyone in the room, which he resented bitterly and which necessitated hurried telephone calls followed by the rushed dispatching of large trucks from warehouses. Mae refused food. She was getting drunk. Charley kept asking her, then telling her, to take it easy. She said, "You want me to sit at this table or you want me to roam around and make a coupla new friends?"

During one dance with Charley, she began—by mussing the hair of other women and occasionally goosing the men.

"Mae, fahcrissake! Whatta you doing?" Charley said, locking in a fixed smile.

"Whatta you mean? I'm celebrating. We're gonna get married, remember?"

Charley was on the dance floor with Julia Fustino, Gennaro's daughter-in-law, who had helped entertain them in New Orleans. Julia had won the Harvest Moon Ball in the Lindy Class the year before she was married. She was a terrific dancer. Maerose began to behave like a jealous woman. She kept calling out to Charley from her table, "How come you don't dance with the old bags, Charley? How come you go straight for the gorgeous women?" or (very loudly) "Hey, Charley—come on! This is your engagement party, not an orgy," and "Come on, Charley, drag her into a telephone booth and get it over with, why doncha?"

Gradually, conversations at tables near the dance floor stopped altogether as the guests watched Maerose and little else.

Charley and Julia were dancing a sedate fox trot when Mae lurched out of her chair and grabbed Julia's arm, pulling her away from Charley. "I saw that, you son of a bitch!" she yelled and whacked Charley across the chops. There was one great gasp from a few hundred throats and no gasps were greater or more horrified than the gasps from the center table directly on the dance floor.

Maerose pushed Charley away and half staggered to the bar, where a line of young men had been drinking and watching the dancing. She grabbed a tall, dark one and pulled him onto the dance floor, where she went into as lascivious a dance as either Vincent or his father, who took a large gross out of pornography, had ever seen. Vincent was trying on a case of apoplexy. The don looked as if he were going to turn her into stone. Only Father Passanante at the main table seemed to be enjoying watching the dance. After one turn around the dance floor, which Eduardo said could have got her pregnant, as Charley came forward from having returned Julia Fustino to her table, Mae threw her arms around the young man, socked her hips violently into his hips and kissed him passionately. Vincent rushed out onto the floor, got there ahead of Charley and pried the two of them apart.

He grabbed her arms and began to pull her toward the door and said, "We're going home."

She jerked her arms loose. "Go home, Poppa," she said. "It's past your bedtime." She grabbed the young man's arm and pulled him away. She yelled at everyone, "In your hat and over your ears," and sprinted out of the Palermo Gardens, pulling the young man along behind her. They disappeared from the room. Nobody knew what to say. Then, all of a sudden, everyone knew what to say.

Hitting the outside pavement, dragging the young man, Maerose yelled, "Zingo!"

The driver broke away from a knot of drivers. "Yes, miss?"

"Get me out of here. Where's the car?"

Zingo ran to the illegally parked limousine, four feet from the entrance, and backed it up in front of Mae. She got into the car and pulled the man in behind her.

As the limousine pulled away, Charley and Vincent came running out of the building.

"What the hell is this?" Vincent said. "Did somebody put something in her drink?"

"Holy shit," Charley said. He wasn't sure what had happened, but he knew Mae had made her move and that he didn't want it that way. She had gotten him off the hook, but she had fallen into the soup. It was bad enough the way it had been, but who needed this? He couldn't figure out what to do except to let her sober up, then take her out to Vegas and marry her and stay away until the whole thing blew over.

He knew she hadn't been any drunker than Father Passanante, who didn't drink. She had set the whole thing up because she thought he wanted to get off the hook but that he didn't know how to do it. He knew one thing: It was never going to blow over with Vincent. As far as Vincent was concerned, she had dishonored him in front of the most important people on the planet. She was dead where he was concerned.

"I am ashamed in front of you, Charley," Vincent was saying. "She spit on all of us." He was so shaken he spoke in Sicilian. "She ain't my daughter no more."

"Come on, Vincent. It's cold. We gotta go inside."

"How we gonna face all them people?"

"We're Prizzis, Vincent. That's enough for them. We found that out tonight."

When they got back to the table, Pop wasn't there. They took their seats. Charley began a conversation about the Mets. Eduardo talked with Father Passanante about the stock market. Vincent took three pills. Don Corrado remembered, aloud and in close detail, some wild boar he had eaten years before on a trip with his wife.

•

Charley sat in the don's room in the don's house the next morning at 11:20. He looked into the don's tiny, cold eyes. "What will happen to her?"

"Her father must be considered. He was wronged in front of all those people. The family was wronged. She will be taken care of, but she must be banished from Brooklyn. What I am asking you to understand is that she will be banished from the family—and you are a part of the family. She is banished from you. She banished herself from you."

"I understand, *padrino*."

"Have a cookie, Charley. Have a nice cup of coffee. Now, tell me about how you handled Little Jaimito in Miami."

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

Take back-seat driving to its logical extreme and you've got the Car's the Star couch—the one pictured here having been fashioned from the rear end of a classic Caddy. Yes, the taillights work and an early Elvis tape slipped into the couch's Alpine AM/FM stereo cassette player completes the feeling of *déjà vu*. A Kansas City, Missouri, company named 50's AutoArt, Inc., will custom manufacture this nifty tribute to Fifties nostalgia to specifications; just pick out the make, model, year, color and interior material and three months later you've got yourself a 250-pound love seat that's perfect for watching late-night reruns of that ever-popular TV series *My Mother the Car*. The price: $12,000 to $18,000.

NICK VEDROS

Warning: Custom car furniture can be addictive. After you've purchased the Caddy couch pictured above from 50's AutoArt (P.O. Box 13061, Kansas City, Missouri 64199), you'll probably want to move on to something else with impressive chrome—maybe AutoArt's cocktail table made from the bosom bumpers on 1955 to 1957 Cadillacs or dining tables, bars, chairs and desks reconstructed from cars of the past. Vrooom!

VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© 1986 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You don't drive or sail hovercrafts, you *fly* them; they ride on a cushion of air that's produced by a large fan and contained inside a heavy-duty skirt around the base of the hull. Our identified flying object below, the Sunrider II, can skim across a level surface—land, water, ice, snow—at a speed upwards of 35 mph, carrying a maximum pay load of 440 pounds. The fiberglass craft has two engines: a 500-c.c. main thrust unit that provides the forward push and a 250-c.c. lift motor that powers the downdraft fan, which gets the critter off the ground. The Sunrider's builders have been in the A.C.V. (air-cushion vehicle) business for four years; they bought the original design in Europe (where A.C.V.s are widely used by the military and as seagoing car and passenger ferries) and re-engineered it to comply with U.S. Coast Guard regulations. It carries two comfortably and features a tinted windscreen, a jazzy instrumentation panel and a padded seat. Base price is about $11,000. A camouflage package is optional for those who want to play Delta Force.

CHRIS CUNNINGHAM

Look! On the street, in the field, over the river and across the swamp or the frozen lake—it's a hovercraft, dang blast it, and look at that sucker go! Like all hovercrafts, the one pictured here, the Sunrider II Liberty Edition, from Hovercraft Industries, Inc., 11352 Space Boulevard, Orlando, Florida 32821, rides on a cushion of air insulating its two passengers from rough terrain or choppy water. Get up and go for about $11,000. Yeeha!

SEE THE WORLD—SAFELY

The World Status Map is a unique publication whose time has come. A year's subscription gets you a monthly color newsletter pinpointing all the international trouble spots from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe, along with pertinent country-by-country info on requirements for passports, visas, vaccinations, length of stay, etc. More than 2000 travel agents subscribe to the map, and you can, too, for $36 sent to World Status Map, P.O. Box 466, Merrifield, Virginia 22116.

GERM OF AN IDEA

Cellular biologist Dr. Ruth Kavenoff knows a good thing when she sees one. That's why she formed Designer-Genes Ltd., a line of T-shirts, underwear, sweat shirts and other products that are decorated with genes at which Dr. Ruth has been peering through her electron microscope. Immortalized on the tank top and undies shown here (no, our model isn't Dr. Ruth) are glow-in-the-dark reproductions of chromosomes that have been magnified more than 100,000 times. The ladies' undies are $8 and the tank top is $10, postpaid, sent to DesignerGenes Ltd., P.O. Box 100, Del Mar, California 92014. A real buggy ride.

ELITE TREAT

What's the most deliciously decadent thing that you can think of to eat? Keep it clean, guys, and try Chips Au Chocolat—yeah, chocolate-covered *potato chips* that Yuppie Gourmet, Inc., in Racine, Wisconsin, is distributing to better goody emporiums nationwide. The price for a one-pound box is about $17, and they *are* plenty tasty. Hold the salt, please, and we don't recommend eating them with an onion dip.

NICOLE
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COMPUTER IN YOUR WALLET

The SelecTronics 2K computer pictured here is the product's actual size—and it's as slim as a credit card. Called the Personal Directory, it will house about 100 telephone numbers and addresses by name and recall them at the touch of a button. Or store reminders, messages and personal information in its bank of 2040 characters. And, of course, it's also a calculator that even has an automatic percentage key and the ability to convert English measurements to metric equivalents. The best news is the price: $36.50, postpaid, sent to Lloyd Fischel & Associates, 8 Hearthstone Circle, Scarsdale, New York 10583. We're talking tiny; we're talking smart.

FIVE-STAR JACKPOT

Harrah's Hotel and Casino in Stateline, Nevada, was the location for this year's *Mobil Travel Guide* Five-Star weekend—an honor that's bestowed upon only the *crème de la crème* of American hotels, motels, inns, resorts and restaurants. New to the list was the Hotel Bel-Air in L.A.'s Westwood Village, while Chicago's own Le Perroquet restaurant was reinstated to Five-Star status after a year in limbo following a change of owners. The guides sell for $8.95 each. Buy.

OFFICE HANG-UPS

The oversize softcover *You Don't Have to Be Crazy to Work Here . . . But It Sure Helps* (Price/Stern/Sloan), by Wayne B. Norris, is the book we've all wanted to create—an accumulation of nutty cartoons, crazy lists, funny form letters and even a couple of blank pages with a fancy border on which you can create your own hang-ups to paste on the water cooler when the boss isn't looking. All this for only $7.95. Say, didn't we just see you in the unemployment line?

ANSWERS PRICE LIST

Answers ..... **75¢**

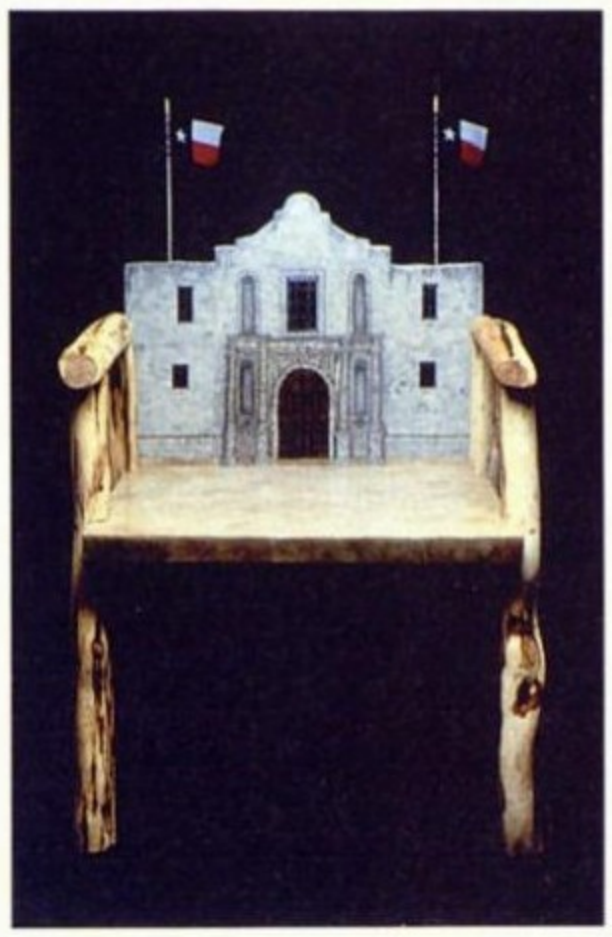
Answers (Requiring Thought) **1.25**

Answers (Correct) **2.50**

Dumb Looks Are Still Free

ON THE ALAMO

In 1836, when 180 Texans made a valiant stand against Santa Anna's army, little did they know that 150 years later, people would have the opportunity to park their posteriors on a limited (ten) collector's edition of an Alamo mission chair. Texan interior designer Adam St. John crafted his Remember the Alamo chair from roughhewn cedar coupled with a *faux*-finished back that meticulously re-creates the mission's old stone walls. The price for Remember the Alamo is $2500. But if Texan lore doesn't fit your decorating scheme, consider another St. John creation—McChair ($2500), a tribute to the spirit of McDonald's. We'll take seating for six—to go.

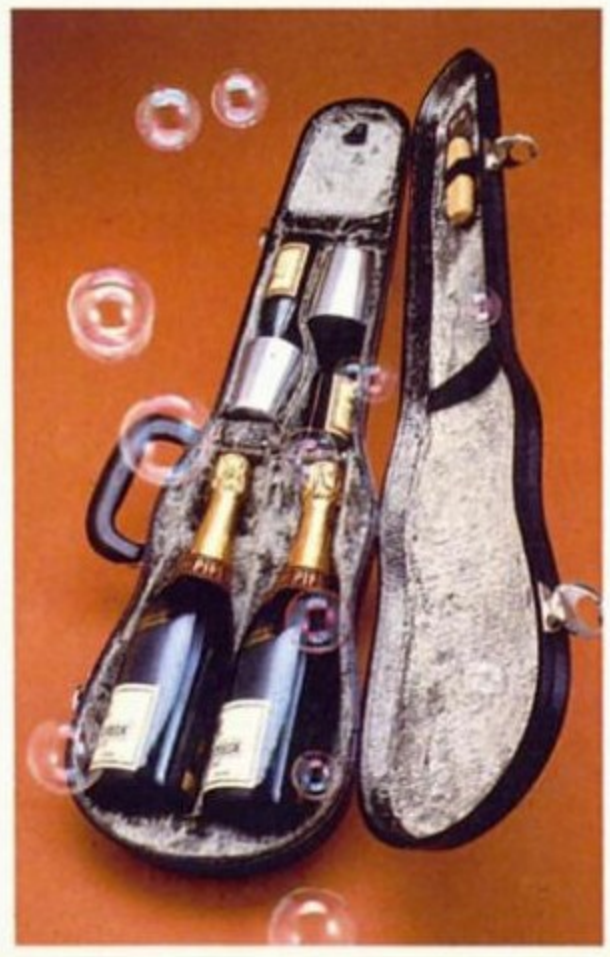


THE SHOWER'S CUTTING EDGE

Who wants to stand over a sink, scraping away whiskers, when you can complete the chore in the cozy confines of your shower—and listen to tunes, the weather or traffic reports, too? Rhythm in the Rain gets it all together in the form of a white molded-plastic shower valet that features an unbreakable mirror and individual niches for razor, blades, shaving cream, etc., with a removable AM/FM radio—all for a song: $34.95 sent to The Magni Company, P.O. Box 17999, Anaheim, California 92817.

CASE FOR SLUGS

As faithful watchers of *The Untouchables* reruns already know, Chicago's love affair with violin cases goes back to the days of Prohibition, when gangsters used them as repositories for tommy guns rather than for the family fiddle. The Pintail Corporation, 91 Great Hill Road, Naugatuck, Connecticut 06770, is now marketing a violin case—but the slugs you get from it are hard liquor (or wine) instead of hot lead. Inside are the fittings for two full-sized bottles, plus two small ones for soda or tonic, a bottle opener and a recipe booklet—plus the German-made molded-composition case is lockable. The price: $160, postpaid. Play on, maestro. How about *Cocktails for Two*?



ALAN HOUGHTON

Need a Little Advice? Ask Miss Landers

Remember when JUDY LANDERS (with sister Audrey) graced the cover and the pages of PLAYBOY in January 1983? Well, as anyone can see, like fine wine, Judy is still improving. She has two movies out currently, *Stewardess School* and the John Candy comedy *Armed and Dangerous*. And if anyone can bring off the perfect wet-look look, Judy can. We're convinced.

ALAN HOUGHTON

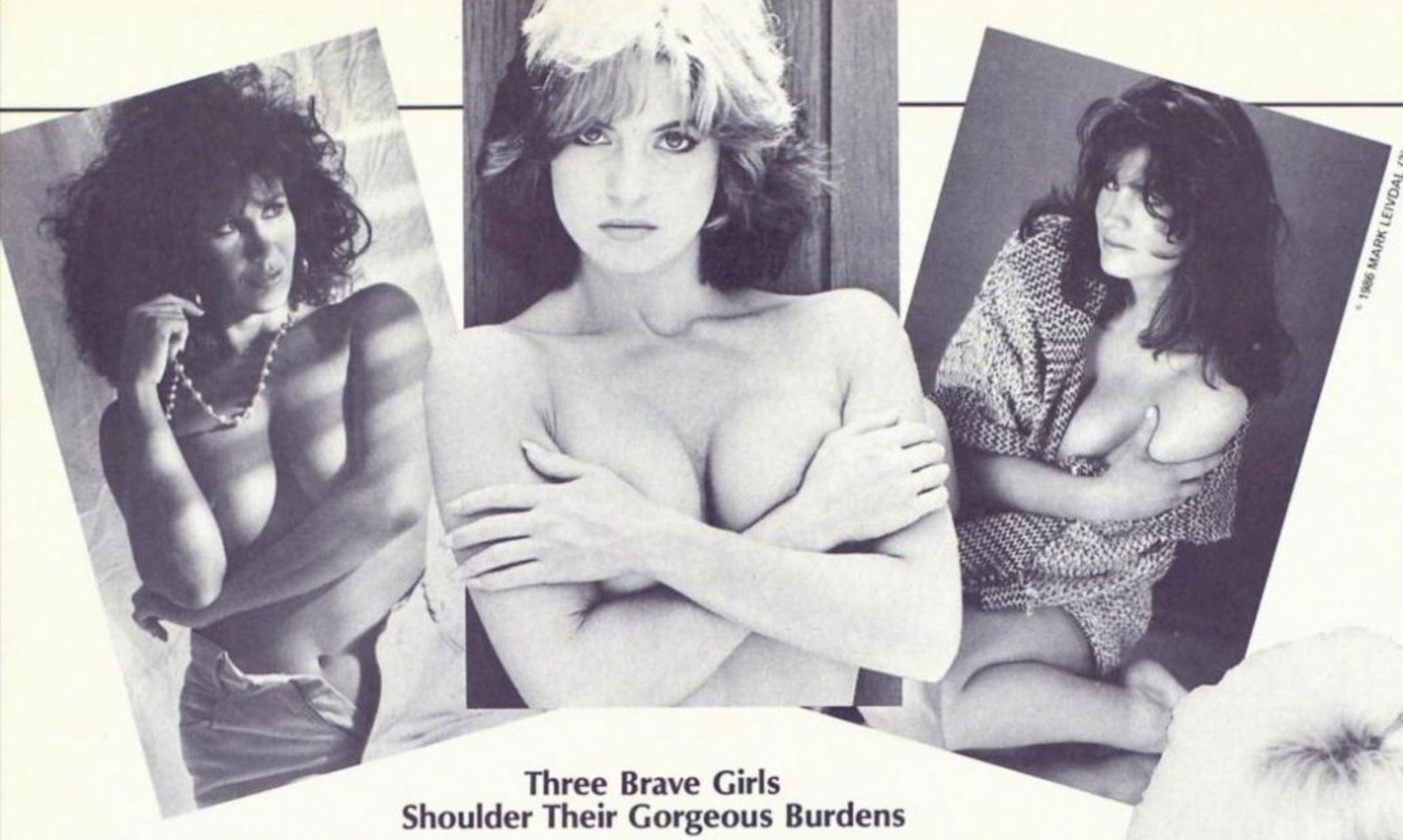
Disarmed and Dangerous

Motor City Madman and guitar whiz TED NUGENT is covered pretty well by LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS, namesake of his most recent album. Nugent just released his list of the World's Ten Most Dangerous Women, topped by Imelda Marcos. "She's brought a totally new meaning to the word decadence. I understand she douches with gold dust."

© 1986 ROSS MARINO

Style Conscious

When actress SUSAN STYLES isn't appearing in guest spots on *Divorce Court*, *Dallas* and *Mike Hammer* or making movies such as *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* or *Losin' It*, she sells real estate in Southern California. But not in this outfit, which is why, as a public service, we're bringing you this photo. *Grapevine* never sleeps.



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL (3)

Three Brave Girls Shoulder Their Gorgeous Burdens

This is our triple threat for September, from left to right: NATASHA MARKOVICH, RIO and GINA CALABRASE. They're all terrific to look at, so we wanted to share. Markovich has been a TV weather girl, owned a chocolate-chip-cookie factory, competes as a bodybuilder and will be featured in the action/adventure movie *Doomsday Express*. Rio appeared on the soaps *Capitol* and *The Young and the Restless*, as well as in two films, *Ice Castles* and *Corvette Summer*. Look for Calabrase in Roman Polanski's *Pirates* and in *Red Moon*, in which she plays guitar in a futuristic all-girl rock group. Natasha, Rio and Gina have beauty, talent and fine shoulders.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

What Makes Sammy Run?

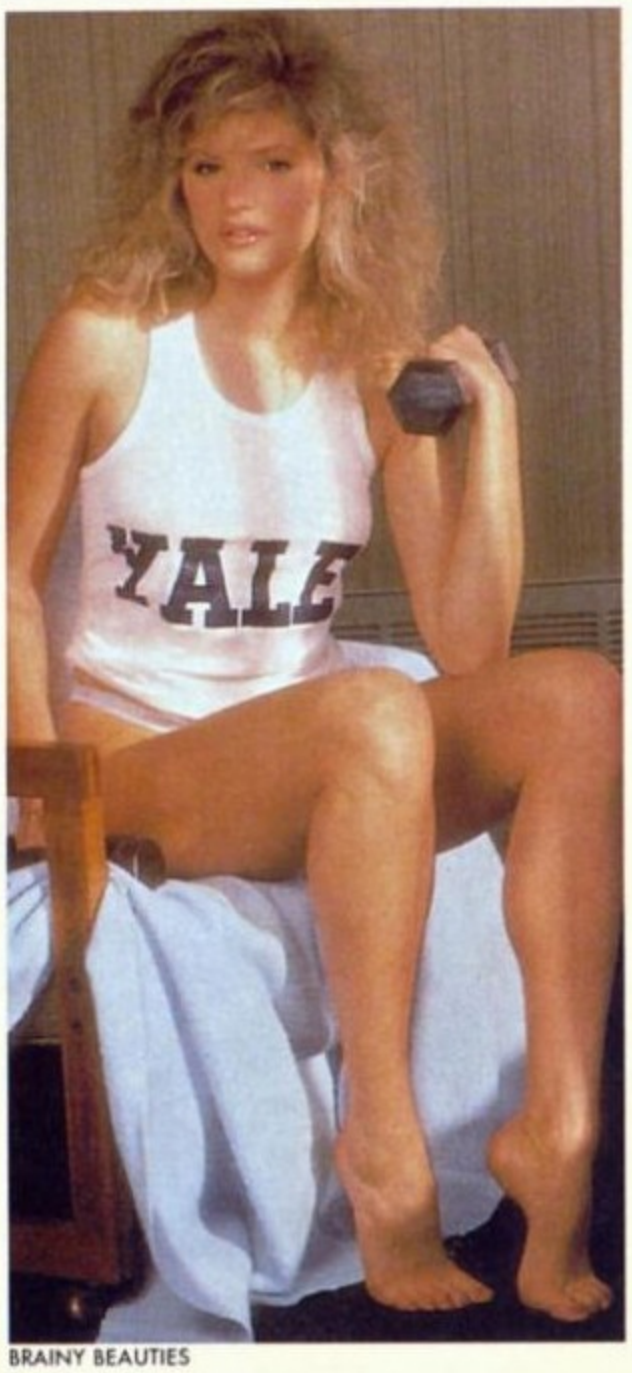
The newly reconstructed Van Halen hit the high spots in *Billboard* with its recent album, *5150*. Here are SAMMY HAGAR and EDDIE VAN HALEN doing a little celebrating out on the concert trail. David Lee Roth is off doing his own thing, and Van Halen fans don't seem to mind. We miss the old floor show, but not while Eddie's playing.

© 1986 ANDY PEARLMAN / SHOOTING STAR

Murphy's Romance

Actress TARA MURPHY's body stocking is slipping, which is a big break for us. She's been too busy lately to pull it up. You've seen Tara on TV in *The Young and the Restless* and on the big screen in *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* and the upcoming *Hollywood in Trouble*. We think Tinseltown is in great shape if Tara's there.

NEXT MONTH



BRAINY BEAUTIES

SEX POLICE

NIGHT VISION

WILD WENDY

"SOMEBODY OUT THERE DOESN'T LIKE US"—U.S. INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES THINK IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE QADDAFI'S HIT SQUADS AND OTHER INTERNATIONAL TERRORISTS BEGIN PRACTICING THEIR DEADLY ART IN AMERICA. ARE WE PREPARED? A DISTURBING ARTICLE BY **SENATOR ALAN J. DIXON**

"POLITICALLY CORRECT SEX"—NEVER MIND BIG BROTHER. IN THE BEDROOM, IT'S BIG SISTER WHO'S WATCHING YOU. SHE AND HER ALLIES CALL THEMSELVES WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY, AND THEY WANT TO CONTROL NOT ONLY YOUR ACTIONS BUT YOUR THOUGHTS AS WELL. AN ESSAY IN DEFENSE OF MEN'S RIGHTS TO NATURAL SEXUAL EXPRESSION—BY THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR, **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

"20 QUESTIONS: JIM MCMAHON"—THE PUNKY QUARTERBACK OF THE SUPER-BOWL-CHAMP BEARS TALKS ABOUT BLITZES, HEAD BUTTS, HEADBANDS AND HOLDING YOUR NUTS

"WOMEN OF THE IVY LEAGUE"—THE BEST COMBINATIONS OF BRAINS AND BEAUTY FROM WHAT MANY BELIEVE ARE AMERICA'S BEST COLLEGES ASSEMBLED IN ONE PLACE, JUST FOR YOU

"FIRST DATES"—TO TAKE THE UNCERTAINTY OUT OF ONE OF THE MOST TERRIFYING EVENTS IN LIFE, A GUY NEEDS TO KNOW ALL THE UNSPOKEN RULES. ADVICE FROM ONE WHO'S BEEN THROUGH IT, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE *PLAYBOY* ARTICLE AND HIT BOOK *REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE*—**BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

"WENDY O. WILLIAMS UNVEILED"—THE PLASMATICS' FORMER LEAD SINGER, SOMETIMES CALLED A ONE-WOMAN RIOT, CALMED DOWN LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO TAKE SOME VERY SPECIAL PHOTOS

"NIGHT VISION"—A KANSAS KID, NEW TO NEW YORK CITY, HOOKS UP WITH A SURVIVALIST—AND BARELY SURVIVES THE ENCOUNTER. A PRIZE STORY BY THE WINNER OF *PLAYBOY*'S FIRST COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST, **PHILIP SIMMONS**

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